Scoop! Don Ameche tells "Why I'm Quitting First Nighter"

Radio MIRROR

JUNE

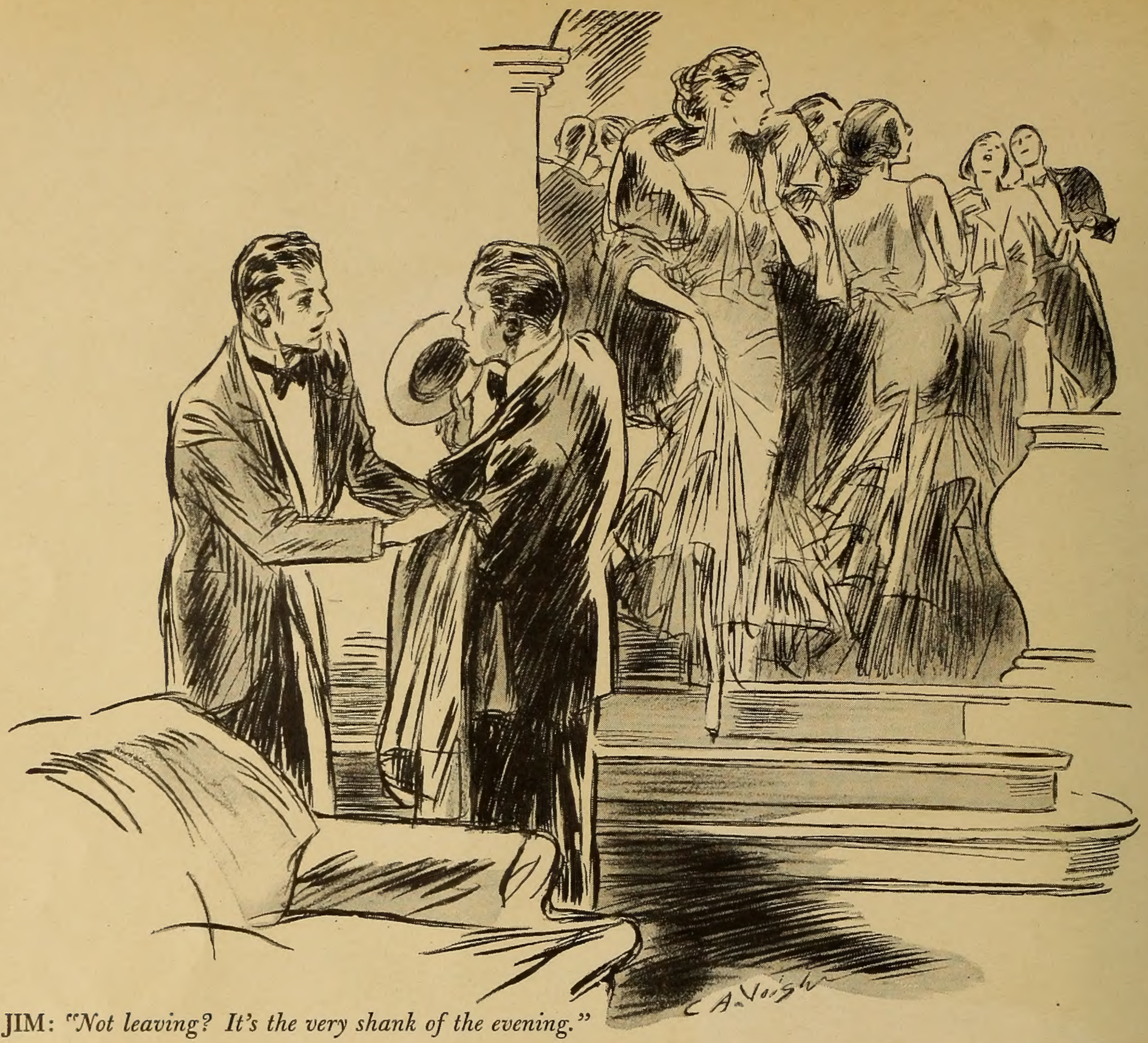
10¢

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

CAROLE LOMBARD
FRED MACMURRAY

READ - "MY STORY"
ACTUALLY WRITTEN BY
DEANNA DURBIN

WHAT
CAROLE LOMBARD
TAUGHT
FRED MACMURRAY



JIM: *"Not leaving? It's the very shank of the evening."*

FRANK: *"You'd leave, too, if you had to dance with the girl I brought. She's got 'It'*—the wrong kind.*

*Nothing offends like halitosis (bad breath); nothing remedies it so well as LISTERINE.

Cute but *Careless*

By Jane Brown

AT A RECENT house party, to which I was unlucky enough to be invited (I had a good book at home to finish), my attention fell on an exceptionally attractive young girl—the kind of a girl you'd think men would simply lose their minds about. Yet everywhere in that gay crowd, she seemed a sort of fifth wheel.

Young men would drop down beside her for a moment, then dash off. Occasionally they danced with her, wearing expressions indicating acute martyrdom.

I couldn't understand it, so I asked my hostess about her.

"Marjorie?" she confided, "of course she's cute . . . but she's also careless."

"Certainly not about her clothes!"

"Not about her clothes or her manners, but about her breath. It isn't . . . well . . . nice, and nobody has the heart to tell her about it."

I suppose I should have been shocked, but in my work I've come in contact with so many girls, so many women also, with exactly the same trouble, that I merely shrugged.

For the life of me, I can't understand why any woman in social or business life dares to assume that her breath is always beyond reproach, when so often the reverse is true.

And when it *is* true, what a terrific hurdle the woman has ever before her.

As I said, I can't imagine any woman, or man either, running the risk of offending others when a good mouth wash like Listerine will take care of an unpleasant breath so promptly.

ACTS TWO WAYS TO SWEETEN BREATH

Don't expect tooth paste, powders, or digestive tablets to cure halitosis (unpleasant breath). What you need is a safe antiseptic and quick deodorant.

Listerine Antiseptic is so effective against halitosis for two reasons: First, it quickly halts the fermentation of tiny food particles on tooth and mouth surfaces—a major cause of breath odors. Second, it then overcomes the odors themselves.

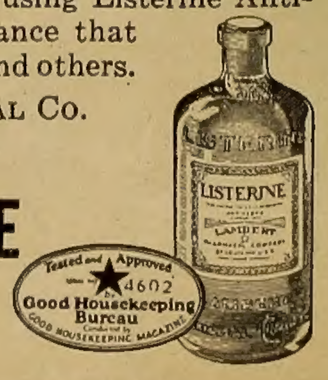
After you have used Listerine Antiseptic your entire mouth is fresher, cleaner, more hygienic, and your breath is sweeter and hence more agreeable.

Never go forth to a business or social engagement without first using Listerine Antiseptic; it is your assurance that your breath will not offend others.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE

checks Halitosis



Hearts were Trumps

[UNTIL SHE SMILED]

She evades close-ups... Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored the warning of "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

THAT chance meeting—what it has done for thousands of girls. That first glance—what it has done to thousands of men. Even before a word is spoken—*an opinion is formed, an impression made.*

And then—*she smiles!* What a triumph if that smile is lovely, winning, captivating. But if it reveals dull teeth and dingy gums, how quickly the spell is broken—how swiftly the glamorous moment is lost.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

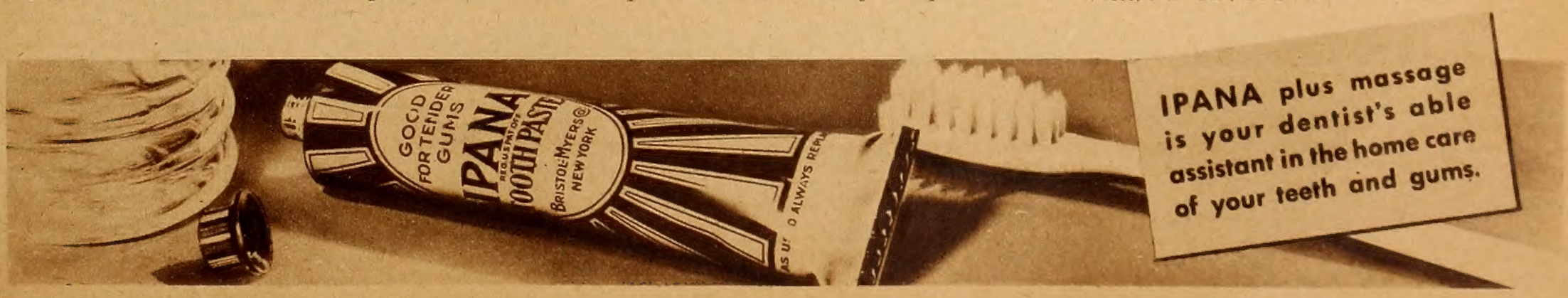
Play safe—*protect your smile!* If your tooth brush has flashed that warning tinge of "pink"—*see your dentist.* For "pink tooth brush" is a signal of distress from your gums. It *may* be the first sign of serious gum disorders—it is *emphatically* something that should not be left to chance.

Don't take chances. You may not be in for serious trouble—*but your dentist should decide.* Usually, however, the verdict will be "just another case of lazy, underworked gums—gums robbed of exercise by our present-day soft and fibreless foods." They need more work, more stimulation—and as so many dentists frankly suggest—the stimulating help of Ipana and massage. For Ipana is a double-duty tooth paste that not only keeps teeth white and sparkling but, with massage, helps gums stay firm and healthier. Rub a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens. Gums become firmer. Your teeth sparkle with a whiter, brighter look.

Change to Ipana and massage today—help safeguard yourself from troubles of the gums. Regular use of Ipana with massage will do much to keep your teeth brighter—your gums healthier. Keep your smile a winning smile—*lovely, captivating!*

• • •

LISTEN TO "Town Hall Tonight," starring Fred Allen. Every Wednesday, N.B.C. Red Network, 9 P. M., E. D. S. T.



JUNE 1937

Radio MIRROR

VOL. 8 NO. 2

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FRED R. SAMMIS, EDITOR

BELLE LANDESMAN, ASS'T EDITOR

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On Sale May 26

One of the most daring features ever published! Next month Jimmie Fidler becomes Radio Mirror's movieland reporter, bringing you his own column of exclusive news with all the fearlessness that has made his Hollywood broadcasts famous.

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It's their Birthday.. but Your Gift!

Photograph copyrighted by NEA Service, Inc.

Mothers—ACCEPT THIS "DIONNE BIRTHDAY BOOK"

THE whole world shares a thrill of joy as those darling Dionne babies toddle past their *third* milestone—"bigger and better than ever"!

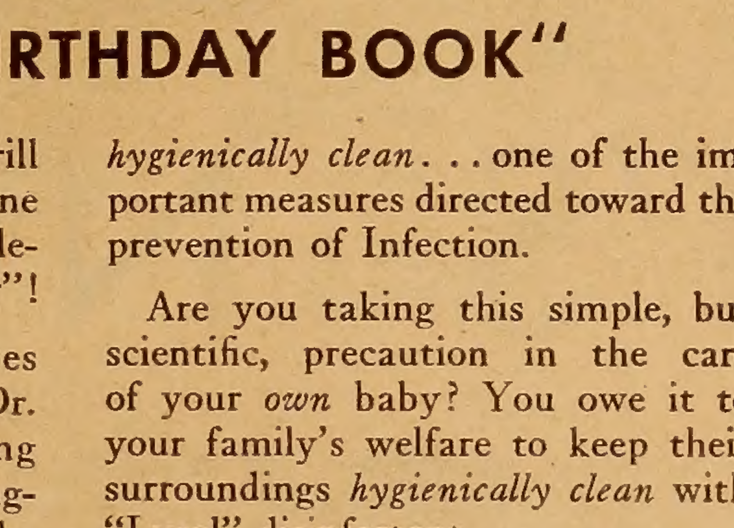
"Lysol" disinfectant celebrates with a birthday gift for *you!* Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe's own thrilling story of the methods used in bringing up his five famous little wards. Illustrated with many of their most appealing photographs! *Free* with each purchase of "Lysol"!

Dr. Dafoe talks to mothers on the radio (Columbia network) every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning. This is the only book containing the important information he has broadcast, as well as many additional facts of fascinating interest to everyone. While these books last, your druggist is authorized to give one *free* to each purchaser of "Lysol" disinfectant.

Since the day the Quins were born, May 28, 1934, "Lysol" has been the only disinfectant used to help keep their surroundings *hygienically clean*. . . one of the important measures directed toward the prevention of Infection.

Are you taking this simple, but scientific, precaution in the care of your *own* baby? You owe it to your family's welfare to keep their surroundings *hygienically clean* with "Lysol" disinfectant.

Use "Lysol" in *all* your household cleaning. Add "Lysol" to the laundry tub for washing towels, bedding, handkerchiefs, etc., especially when there is any sickness about. "Lysol" adds no work; hardly any cost—because it is highly concentrated. Get "Lysol" *today* and ask your druggist for a *free copy* of Dr. Dafoe's valuable book!



FREE! AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S
with every purchase of "LYSOL"

If your druggist is out of these books, send "Lysol" carton and coupon below and we will mail you a copy, absolutely free and postpaid.

. . .

LEHN & FINK Products Corp., Dept. 6-R. M.
Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

I am enclosing a carton from "Lysol". Please send me, by prepaid post, a FREE copy of Dr. Dafoe's book. My druggist's supply was exhausted.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Copyright 1937 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

Left, the Babe is back, Babe Ruth in person, on CBS Wednesday and Friday evenings at 10:30.

Right, lovely Lucille Manners was so swell in screen tests she may have to go to Hollywood.

The newest recruit for day-time programs is Edwin C. Hill (above) who broadcasts news.

WHAT'S NEW?

WHAT of the 1937 summer season? From the windy viewpoint of spring it looks as if the hot days would be just about as full of entertainment as the cold ones. On most of the big programs that lose their stars to the vacation urge, sponsors will provide substitute shows of merit.

So hold your hats and we'll knock off a list of who's coming and going and even why—

The end of June sees the exit of **Jack Benny, Fred Allen,** and **Phil Baker.** All three stay off three months, while other talent keeps their programs going. Jack and **Mary Livingstone** may go to Europe; Fred and Phil will both be in Hollywood making movies.

Fred Astaire leaves his program the end of June, too, and right now nobody knows whether the show will continue with different talent or take a summer rest. **Beatrice Lillie** leaves her Wednesday night program in early summer, but the show goes on with a new comedian. **Ed Wynn's** on until the middle of May. He'll spend the summer on his yacht, thinking about a musical show he wants to produce on B· dway.

Bing Crosby stays on most of the summer, with brief pauses of three or four broadcasts while the rest of his company keeps the show going.

Ozzie Nelson and **Bob Ripley** leave the Bakers Broadcast after June. Bob, who has other radio plans, doesn't return when Ozzie does in September. The show then comes from Hollywood, possibly with **Edward Everett Horton** as Ozzie's co-star.

The variety show which soon replaces Do You Want to be an Actor? will go through the summer with **Don Ameche** as its star singer and master of ceremonies. Come fall, and his place may or may not be taken by **Nelson Eddy.**

Grace Moore's contract with the Nash people calls for just fifteen broadcasts, so she'll be with us no more after June 19. **Colonel**

(Continued on page 62)

By TONY SEYMOUR

"Beauty Bath"

WHEN PROFESSIONAL BEAUTIES SAY THAT ABOUT A TOOTH PASTE

YOU CAN BET IT IS!

KAREN SUNDSTROM, Swedish beauty, of New York, and 21, says "It gives teeth the flash that studios demand—a real Beauty Bath."

GRACE ROWLAND, of Virginia, says "A perfect Beauty Bath for teeth—and it gives the mouth a feeling of dewy freshness."

BERNICE GREEN, of Indianapolis, says "So many girls in the studios use Listerine Tooth Paste that I heeded their advice and use it myself."

● If their beauty fails they're out of a job . . . these radiant women of big New York commercial studios. They favor only products that have proved themselves able to foster and heighten their precious good-looks—safely. That is why so many of them use only Listerine Tooth Paste. Enthusiastically they call it their "Beauty Bath" for teeth; they've seen the startling results it achieves.

Why not for you?

Why not give your mouth that wonderful feeling of freshness . . . your teeth the radiance, flash, and brilliance that others enjoy?

Put aside the dentifrice you are now using and try Listerine Tooth Paste. You will be amazed to find how quickly—and safely—it makes the mouth feel youthful—the teeth look young, radiant, enticing.

Satin-Soft Cleansers

Listerine Tooth Paste was planned by beauty experts, working in conjunction with dental authorities. No other dentifrice contains the rare combination of satin-soft cleansers that do so much for teeth. No other tooth paste contains the delightful fruit flavors that give your mouth that wonderful dewy freshness, that cleanly sense of invigoration.

Risk a quarter and try it yourself. See what a difference it makes in the appearance of your teeth.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

SOAPLESS!
a Tooth Powder
you'll like
25¢ & 40¢

More than ¼ POUND
of tooth paste in the
double size tube · 40¢
Regular size tube · 25¢

FREE $30,000 CASH

and 15,000 PAIRS of $1.35 Silk Stockings

GOTHAM GOLD STRIPE ADJUSTABLES

6 Big Weekly Contests

ENTER EACH WEEK . . . 7530 PRIZES IN ALL!

FIVE $1000 CASH PRIZES EACH WEEK

ALSO EACH WEEK 1250 PRIZES OF 2 PAIRS OF $1.35 GOTHAM GOLD STRIPE SILK STOCKINGS

$30,000 CASH! 15,000 pairs of Gotham Gold Stripe Adjustables!—offered as prizes in these 6 thrilling contests—so *you* can discover what marvelous wear you get from fine stockings washed with pure Ivory Flakes.

Gotham "Adjustables" were chosen as prizes because they look beautiful and fit beautifully. They have an exclusive patented feature—7 inches of length adjustment, so they fit you whether you are short, average or tall!

GOLD STRIPE ADJUSTABLES— exquisitely sheer—yet durable because of extra-elasticity. Also "Adjustable" feature relieves garter strain. The lovely color "Radiance," selected by editors of Harper's Bazaar . . . See these $1.35 stockings at your local Gotham dealer's . . . style No. 654.

WIN! START NOW!

JUST COMPLETE THIS SENTENCE:

"I use Ivory Flakes for washing my silk stockings because _____ **(IN 25 ADDITIONAL WORDS OR LESS)**

GOING—GOING—a simply thrilling array of prizes! 30 chances to win $1,000! 7500 chances to win 2 pairs of luxurious Gotham Adjustables always sold at $1.35 a pair!

Come! Here's a chance to tell what you know about the extra-safety of pure Ivory Flakes! You probably know from personal experience how gentle Ivory Flakes are to colors, how safe they are for stockings because Ivory's famous purity keeps the silk springy and strong.

So don't hesitate. This is such an easy contest! Enter now—enter each week. Only 25 words or less may bring you one of the 7530 generous prizes!

Such an easy contest!

Why, a sentence-ending as simple as this one can win one of the 5 thrilling $1,000 cash prizes offered each and every week: "*I use Ivory Flakes for washing my silk stockings because my stockings keep their color and they wear longer, too, when they're protected by the purity of Ivory Flakes.*"

See how easy it is! Just sit down and let *yourself* talk. It's your experience we want, not fancy words. Write as to a friend. Because Ivory Flakes *are* your friend—made from Ivory, the soap that mother probably used for you in your baby days! And today Ivory Flakes give you 7530 chances to win a thrilling prize!

Listen to these RADIO PROGRAMS for more CONTEST NEWS!

"THE O'NEILLS"
10:00 A.M. NBC Blue Network
2:45 P.M. NBC Red Network

"MARY MARLIN"
11:15 A.M. NBC Red Network
4:00 P.M. NBC Blue Network

(All times Eastern Standard Time)

ENTRY BLANK

"I use Ivory Flakes for washing my silk stockings because _____

_____

_____

_____

_____"

(Finish this sentence in 25 additional words . . . or less)

IVORY FLAKES, Dept. RM-67, Box 828, Cincinnati, O.

I attach the top from one box of Ivory Flakes (or facsimile).

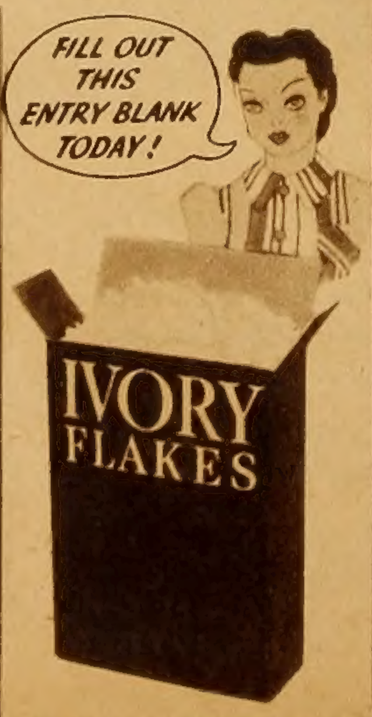
My stocking size is _____

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

My Dealer's name is _____



TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. MADE BY PROCTER & GAMBLE

FOLLOW THESE RULES

1. Finish the sentence shown on the entry blank in 25 additional words or less. Write your sentence on entry blank, or on one side of a sheet of paper, signing your name and address. Give the name of the dealer who sold you Ivory Flakes.

2. Attach the top from a box of Ivory Flakes (or a facsimile) to your entry. Mail to IVORY FLAKES, Dept. RM-67, Box 828, Cincinnati, Ohio.

3. There will be 6 weekly contests, each with a separate list of prizes. Opening and closing dates are as follows:

	OPENING	CLOSING
1st Contest—	Now	Sat. May 29
2nd Contest—	Sun. May 30	Sat. June 5
3rd Contest—	Sun. June 6	Sat. June 12
4th Contest—	Sun. June 13	Sat. June 19
5th Contest—	Sun. June 20	Sat. June 26
6th Contest—	Sun. June 27	Sat. July 3

4. Entries for each week's contest must be postmarked before Saturday midnight. Entries will be entered in each week's contest as received.

5. Enter each week's contest as often as you choose.

6. Entries will be judged for clearness, sincerity, and individuality of thought. Your own words are most important. Fancy entries will not count extra. Contests judged by Miss Elsie Rushmore, National Contest Consultant, and her associates. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. Entries, contents, and ideas therein become the property of Procter & Gamble. No entries returned.

7. Anyone may compete except employees of Procter & Gamble, their advertising agencies, and their families. Contests limited to the United States and subject to Federal, State and Local regulations.

8. Prizes in each weekly contest are: Five first prizes each of $1000 cash. Twelve hundred and fifty additional prizes of 2 pairs of Gotham Gold Stripe Adjustables "Radiance" shade, proper size.

9. Each dealer mentioned by the 30 cash prize-winners will also receive $50 in cash.

10. All $1000 prize-winners will be announced shortly after each contest closes, over "The O'Neills" radio program and "Mary Marlin."

MORE NEWS! ON THE HOLLYWOOD FRONT

Columbia Pictures

By RUTH GERI

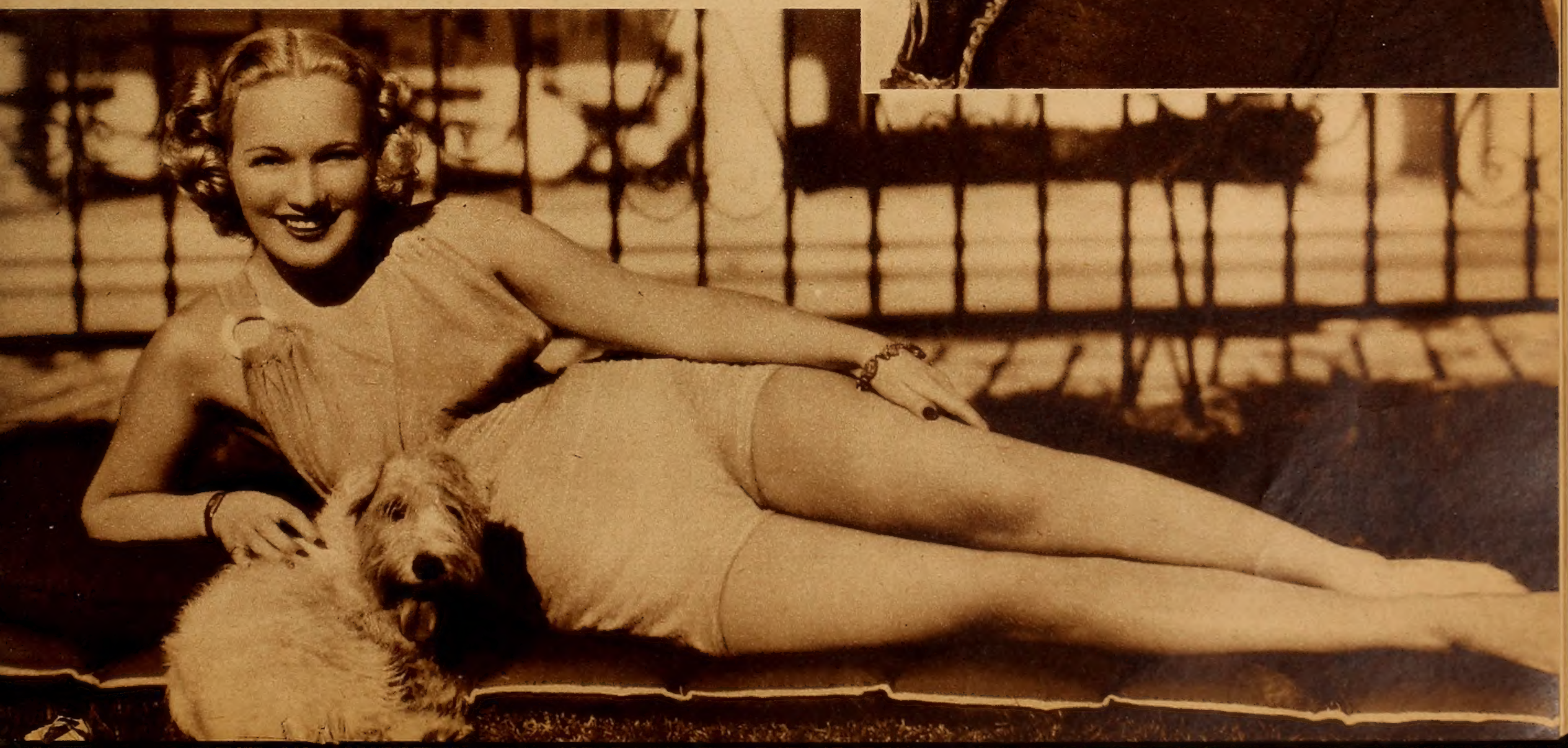
EVERYBODY knows columnists peep through keyholes—but did you ever hear of one peeping through a monitor board? No? Well, you have now. Your correspondent, sitting in the control room in NBC's Hollywood studios, one Sunday, just before Winchell's broadcast couldn't help hearing the Broadway chronicler, speaking in a low tone to some friends, say that in the future his appearances in New York would be merely visits; Hollywood was his real home henceforth. The monitor board was open, and the softly spoken words boomed into the control room like a broadcast!

* * *

MISS PAGLIACCI—Town's heart-breaking sight is Martha Raye displaying a dazzling collection of new gowns, hats, and furs—AND one very handsome and costly ring with twenty-eight rubies and twenty-four diamonds.

"Makes me feel better, when (*Continued on page* 91)

Right, gun toting Buck Jones of Hollywood becomes a radio star. Below, Vera Marsh is the new heart interest on the Joe Penner program.



keep lips *ardent...*

free from *lipstick parching!*

What makes lips tempting? Men admire warm, ardent color... and *soft, silky* texture. Dry, rough lips do *not* tempt romance.

Coty's new lipstick, the "Sub-Deb," protects you from all danger of Lipstick Parching. It contains a special softening ingredient —"Theobroma"— which keeps lips appealingly smooth and dewy. Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in five ardent and indelible shades. ***New! "Air Spun" Rouge—50¢.*** Torrents of air blend its colors to life-like subtlety.

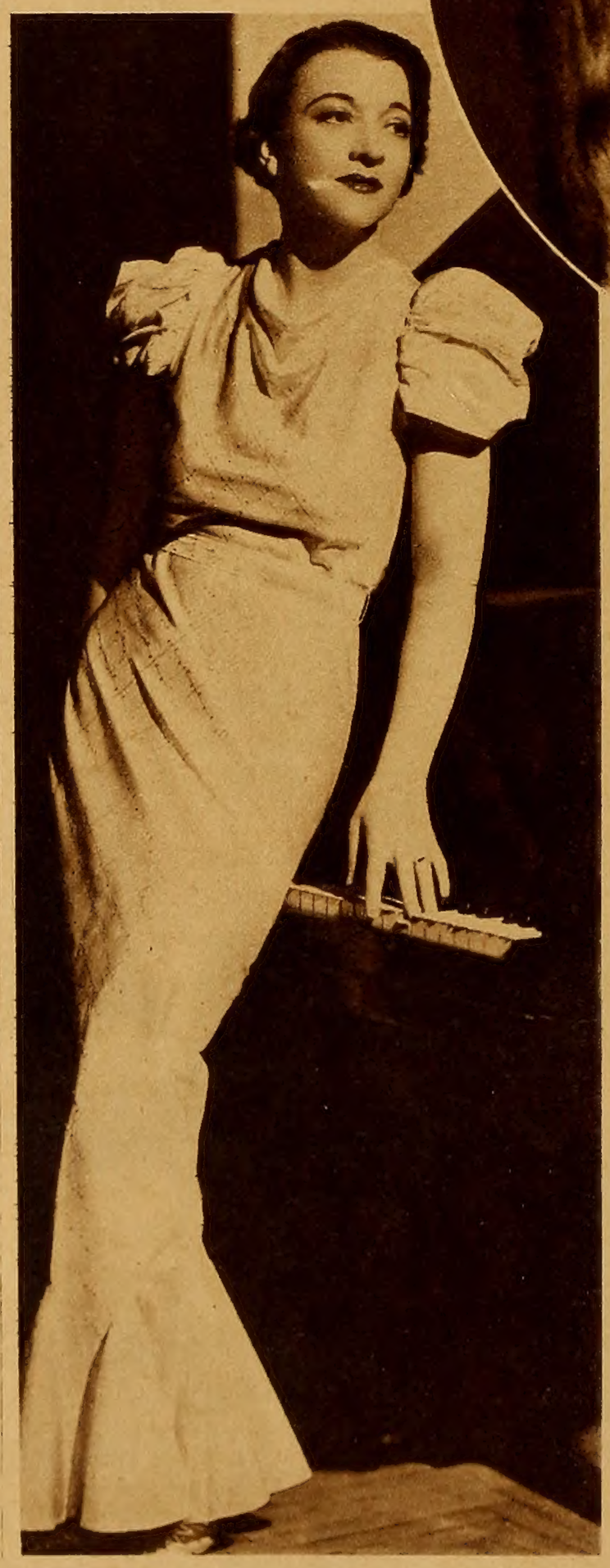
COTY

SUB-DEB LIPSTICK *50¢*

Precious protection!...Coty melts eight drops of "Theobroma" into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. This guards against lipstick parching.

COAST-TO-COAST HIGHLIGHTS

Right, one of the most talked about youngsters in the nation. Her name is Baby Yvonne—read her story in this department.



Above, beautiful Christine, WMAQ pianist, is announced only by her first name. Few know her last name is Caton.

THOUGH THEY ARE NOT FAMOUS NETWORK STARS, YOUR LOCAL FAVORITES WIN MENTION HERE

RALEIGH, N. C.: Seeing them in the studio you're certain they are Hillbillies. Certain, that is, until you hear them play and then you're just as certain they are swing music makers. And you're right on both counts because when you put the two together you have Swingbillies and that's just what these newest WPTF mountain musicians call themselves.

When Earl O'Neal and his buddies in Durham, N. C. heard of station WPTF's search for new talent, stressing that ordinary hillbilly bands need not apply, they selected their choicest folk tunes, gave them a modern swing touch and, complete with a hillbilly "scat" singer, gave the WPTF audition department

By RUSS KING

Above, one of California's favorite script programs—The Newlyweds. This month learn all about the show.

something to clap-hands about.

Appropriately named, the Swingbillies are heard over WPTF each Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6:45 P. M. And you listeners weary of the standard hillbilly versions of old stand-bys such as "Sour Wood Mountain" or "Take Me in the Life Boat" should give an ear to these Raleigh Swingbillies. We think you'll enjoy their new slant on the fascinating mountain music.

Fort Worth, Texas: WBAP, with eleven-year-old Andrew Howard as the master of ceremonies on a program which boosts Dickie play suits for boys and girls, lays claim to the youngest garment salesman on the airwaves when Andrew and his musical assistants broadcast each (*Continued on page 71*)

"Camay gave my skin its April Freshness"

SAYS THIS CHARMING KANSAS BRIDE

TOPEKA, KANSAS

As daughter of an army officer, I have lived all over the world. And everywhere I have found Camay always kept my skin lovely and glowing with an April freshness.

(*Signed*) Norma Yarborough,
(*Mrs. William P. Yarborough*)

March 1, 1937

MANY a pulse must have leapt at sight of this glorious bride in white lace, with her gold-brown hair, her flower-like complexion. "Camay has been my complexion's truest friend," she says.

And your complexion, too, will welcome Camay's gentle, deep-cleansing care. For Camay's luxurious lather is so thorough, so searching. Its tiny bubbles cleanse down to the very pores—leaving your skin smooth, refreshed—bringing a glorious, new radiance to your complexion! And tests show that Camay is *definitely, provably* milder than all other leading beauty soaps.

Give yourself a glamorous Camay complexion. Order six cakes of Camay from your dealer today—its price is very low!

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.

CAMAY

TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The Soap of Beautiful Women

Quickly . . .

Correct These Figure Faults

Perfolastic Not Only *Confines*, It *Removes* Ugly Bulges!

Reduces Hips Thighs and Diaphragm

Takes away Abdominal Fat and Bulge "Derriere"

SUMMER . . . IS THE IDEAL TIME TO REDUCE

Girdle or Brassiere may be worn separately

Thousands of women today owe their slim youthful figures to the quick, safe way to reduce . . . Perfolastic.

"Hips 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds and 9 inches," writes Mrs. Derr. Why don't you, too, test the Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Brassiere at our expense?

IF YOU DO NOT REDUCE 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS

. . . it will cost you nothing!

Because so many Perfolastic wearers reduce *more* than 3 inches we believe we are justified in making you the above unqualified agreement.

IMMEDIATELY APPEAR INCHES SLIMMER!

—You *appear* inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments you are *actually reducing* at hips, waist, thighs and diaphragm. Every move you make puts the massage-like action to work at just the spots where fat first accumulates. You will be thrilled with the results . . . as are other Perfolastic wearers!

PERFOLASTIC REDUCES SAFELY . . . QUICKLY WITHOUT DIET, DRUGS OR EXERCISE!

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercise to wear you out . . . no dangerous drugs to take . . . and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. The perforations and soft, silky lining make Perfolastic delightful to wear.

■ See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks . . . safely . . . and quickly!

You risk nothing . . . why not mail coupon NOW!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 286, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard

Delar

Above, Tommy Dorsey and Edythe Wright, his vocalist. Tommy's orchestra broadcasts over MBS on a late night dance spot and on Fridays he's the maestro on Jack Pearl's show.

FACING THE MUSIC

WHETHER YOU DANCE OR JUST LISTEN

HERE'S NEWS YOU'LL WANT TO KNOW

ONE of the largest dance halls in the world is Chicago's Aragon Ballroom and Dan Cupid is its sponsor.

Built about ten years ago by Andrew Karzas, who believed a respectable ballroom, located in a residential neighborhood, and sans dime-a-dance customers, would click, it soon won a reputation with radio listeners from coast-to-coast as the home of good dance music.

It fostered the career of a young Chicagoan named Wayne King. "The Waltz King" played the Aragon Ballroom for five consecutive years. Business became so sensational that Karzas soon built a sister building in Chicago's South Side, naming it the Trianon.

At present Freddy Martin is at the

By KEN ALDEN

Aragon and Kay Kyser is musical host at the Trianon. But the twin mammoth dance halls are even more famous for their romances than for their radio bands. Every Tuesday night Walter Stephany, a crack teacher, gives dance instructions to more than two-hundred and fifty couples—at no extra charge. The dancers have not met before, but when the last waltz echoes through the block-long auditorium, many have formed lasting friendships.

Do any of these boy-meets-girl matches turn into the real thing? Listen to Mr. Stephany:

"In 1936, twenty-five marriages resulted from chance meetings at the Aragon."

* * *

GLEN GRAY is now leading the Casa Loma band.

This may sound like old news to a lot of radio fans, but this is the first time the president of Casa Loma, Incorporated, has ever wielded a baton.

Mel Jennsen, first violinist, was the original conductor until he left the organization. Now Glen's duties are three-fold: maestro, first saxophonist, and president of radio's first cooperative dance band.

* * *

WATCH OUT FOR

ADELE GIRARD, the world's only feminine swing harpist, who is the current (*Continued on page* 74)

Emery Deutsch's music comes to you twice a week over NBC from the Rainbow Room in Radio City.

A Clean Face

is the secret of radiant beauty

BEAUTY authorities agree that thorough cleansing is the most important step in complexion care. A simple step, too, since Daggett & Ramsdell created the new Golden Cleansing Cream—a more efficient skin cleanser could not be obtained.

New kind of cleansing

Golden Cleansing Cream contains a remarkable new ingredient, colloidal gold, with an amazing power to rid skin pores of dirt, make-up and other impurities. You can't see or feel this colloidal gold, any more than you can see the iron in spinach. But its special action makes Golden Cleansing Cream more thorough than ordinary cleansers, and tones and invigorates skin tissues meanwhile.

Make this simple test

Apply your usual skin cleanser. Wipe it off with tissue. Then cleanse with Golden Cleansing Cream. On the tissue you will find more dirt—brought from pore depths by this more effective cleansing.

Try it tonight. See for yourself how fresh and clean Golden Cleansing Cream leaves your skin. You'll find this new cream at your drug or department store for just $1.00.

Daggett & Ramsdell

GOLDEN CLEANSING CREAM

Daggett & Ramsdell, Room 1980, 2 Park Avenue, New York City. Dept. MF-6

Enclosed find 10c in stamps for which please send me my trial size jar of Golden Cleansing Cream. (Offer good in U. S. only.)

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Copr. 1937, Daggett & Ramsdell

RADIO REVOLUTIONIZED!

Dr. Nevil Monroe Hopkins, who invented the device that can completely change modern radio

NOT A BUCK ROGERS FANTASY BUT A PRACTICAL INVENTION MAY SOON END THE CAREERS OF MANY OF YOUR FAVORITES

By LOUIS UNDERWOOD

HOW often have you wished you could burst into a broadcasting studio while a program was on the air and tell the performers or the sponsors exactly what you thought of them? How often have you snapped off your receiving set, fuming inwardly because nobody but you knew that you had turned it off?

Well, if the plans of a New York inventor work out as he hopes they will, it won't be long before you *can* tell the broadcasters what you think of them—and when you turn your set off in the middle of a program everybody connected with the show will know it. And what's more, when you listen to a speaker on some topic of public interest and importance, you can talk back to him and tell him whether you agree absolutely with what he says, or think he's just plain crazy.

The invention—which its inventor, Dr. Nevil Monroe Hopkins, says has been perfected—is so small and insignificant you wouldn't know it was part of your radio set unless somebody pointed it out to you. The littlest things sometimes have the most far-reaching results; because if this tiny electrical gadget is ever put into general use it will turn broadcasting upside down and stand it firmly on its ear.

It will make it possible, for the first time, for the listening audience to practically run radio. If enough people have this device—it's called a radiovoter—in their sets, they can wreck an established star's career or shoot an unknown up into immediate fame. They can order a sponsor to rewrite his commerical announcements, and get their orders obeyed, too. They can practically elect a President—or at least they can tell a Presidential candidate weeks in advance whether or not they're going to elect him on voting day. They can tell congressmen and senators exactly how they feel about controversial public issues. They can, in fact, make radio the most democratic institution in the world—because they'll be running it.

The gadget which is capable of causing all this havoc is very simple. At least, electricians say it's simple, and I'm willing to take their word for it. I came away from an hour of having it explained to me with my head chock full of fancy technical terms and a pretty good idea of how it works.

A little box, the radiovoter, fits into the back of your radio set, where you can't see it. In the box is a reed, something like the one in a saxophone, set so it will vibrate to a certain musical tone. When the radio station wants to find out how many sets are tuned in to its program it broadcasts the musical tone which starts the reed vibrating.

As it vibrates, the reed sets off a very small motor which uses up a very slight amount of extra current from the power line which feeds your radio. In the broadcasting station there's a special meter which registers the extra power load from all those motors on the radio sets which have been tuned in to the particular program that broadcast the musical note. All the station has to do to learn how many sets are tuned in, is to divide the meter reading by the amount of extra power each motor takes.

Get the idea? I admit it sounds like something Rube Goldberg whipped up in an odd moment, but they tell me it works perfectly.

The talking-back machinery of the radiovoter is a little push-button which is attached to it. It has just one drawback. You can criticize a program only when your advice and opinions are asked for—but that's certainly something.

Suppose the broadcasters ask you to tell them whether you want to hear a certain song or not. At a prearranged signal from the announcer you press the button to indicate that you *do* want to hear the song; a few seconds later, at another signal, you press the button if you *don't* want to hear it. By pressing the button you are adding to the power load which registers on the meter in the studio, and

whichever side of the question registers the most power wins.

That ought to be enough of an explanation of what the radiovoter *is*. What it can do to broadcasting, if manufacturers start putting it into receivers as they make them, is something else again.

Sponsors and program builders have always had to go along pretty much in the dark about how well they were pleasing the public. They haven't even known how many people were listening in to their programs. They've been able to estimate, of course. There are telephone surveys which call up a few hundred people in each of several large cites, and rate the commercial programs according to the number of people they called who were listening in. These surveys are useful to broadcasters because they do provide a sample idea of what you and I, the many-eared radio public, like to listen to. But it's only a sample—not the whole thing.

THE radiovoter, if put into general use, would tell the broadcasters not only how many people were listening in, but when. They could count their audiences at the start of a broadcast, in the middle, and at the end—and if there were fewer listeners at the end than there were at the start they'd know that there was something drastically wrong with the show that had to be fixed. They could ask audiences directly about their preferences in performers and music, and get answers they could depend upon as being the exact truth.

In fact, the radiovoter would usher in a new era of listener-participation in radio programs. Imagine the flood of strawvotes we'd have by means of radio! Listeners would get their chance to vote for or against everything from their favorite movie stars to a new President. Voting for Major Bowes' amateurs could be conducted as part of the program, and the winners could be decided before the show went off the air.

The life of a radio star would no longer be one to envy—for there'd be no telling when a sponsor might take it into his head to ask for an audience vote on the popularity of his headliner. And if the vote happened to be taken on an evening when the star hadn't been quite up to par, it might very well mean the end of his association with that program, or the end of his association with radio altogether!

Or, at the other end of the scale, the listeners can, by their votes, catapult some minor member of a show's cast into immediate stardom.

The method of voting would be cast-iron, too. No stuffing of ballots or voting twice with the radiovoter, because in order to make your vote effective you have to press the button on your machine at the exact instant everybody

GET WISE, *Miss Scrub-Hard,*

Good brushing isn't enough! You need the *right dentifrice* too!

Change to

PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE

containing IRIUM

Quickly loosens and removes dull, dingy film . . . Wins flashing new luster on teeth

● Now a thrilling dental discovery *ends* Scrub-Hard disappointment—makes your daily brushing *amazingly effective!*

IRIUM—the remarkable new ingredient contained only in Pepsodent—*steps up* the cleaning power of tooth paste. Because it provides a smooth, gentle cleansing action that speedily loosens dingy film and floats it away like *magic.* You clean your teeth quicker, easier. Your brushing gets *results*—in teeth that sparkle with lovely natural brilliance.

If you would have beautiful teeth, remember that proper brushing is only *half* the formula. The other half is Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM. This modern dentifrice responds *instantly* to your brush—cleans and polishes enamel surfaces in a way that *shows up* old-fashioned methods.

Your teeth feel clean and stay bright much longer after using Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM. Try it! You'll no longer be a Disappointed Scrub-Hard.

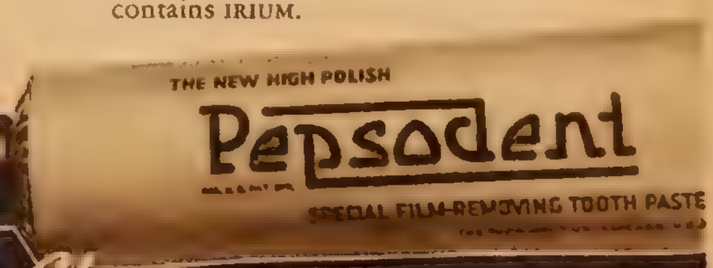
Pepsodent alone among Tooth Pastes contains IRIUM

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . .
Pepsodent requires NO SOAP . . contains NO GRIT . . NO PUMICE
—*Safe!*

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . .
Pepsodent gently floats film away—instead of scraping it off.
—*Thorough!*

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . .
Pepsodent Tooth Paste leaves your mouth feeling clean and wholesome.
—*Refreshing!*

All Pepsodent now on sale contains IRIUM.



Change to

PEPSODENT

IT ALONE CONTAINS IRIUM

$5,000.00
FOR TRUE STORIES SUBMITTED THIS MONTH

Macfadden Publications, Inc., will pay $5,000 for the ten best true stories submitted during May, 1937, as per the liberal offer, shown above. This is your big opportunity to cash in handsomely upon a happening in your life or the life of a friend. Study the rules carefully—send for the free booklet described below and proceed to write the story that may make you richer by $500.

LAST CHANCE UNTIL SEPTEMBER

Ten Big Prizes of $500 Each

Do not delay. Send in your story not later than May 31st. No more True Story contests until September, but we consider stories for straight purchase at our liberal word rate the year round.

Look back over your life and select the episode that is most thrilling, exciting or deeply moving, no matter whether it be a story filled with shadow or sunshine, success, failure, tragedy or happiness. Then write it simply and honestly.

Do not be afraid to speak plainly. Our magazines are devoted to the portrayal of life as it is actually lived, so most certainly you are justified in describing fully and frankly any situation that has really happened.

If your story contains the interest and human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit, no matter how beautifully, or skillfully written they may be.

Judging upon this basis, the person submitting the ten best true stories will be awarded the ten big $500 prizes as set forth in the liberal offer above.

And in addition, every story entered in this contest is eligible for purchase at our liberal regular rates, so, even if your manuscript should fall slightly short of prize winning quality, we will gladly consider it for purchase provided we can use it.

As soon as you have finished your manuscript, send it in. By so doing you help to avoid a last minute landslide, assure your manuscript of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., PAY ON ACCEPTANCE OF MATERIAL BEFORE PUBLICATION. SEE RULES.

CONTEST RULES

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, reasonable evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen.

Do not send us printed material or poetry.

Do not send us carbon copies.

Do not write in pencil.

Do not submit stories of less than 2,500 or more than 50,000 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories.

Stories must be written in English.

Write on one side of paper only.

Put on FIRST CLASS POSTAGE IN FULL, otherwise manuscripts will be refused. Enclose return first class postage in same container with manuscript.

Send material flat. Do not roll.

Do not use thin tissue or onion skin paper.

At the top of first page record the total number of words in your story. Number the pages.

PRINT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS ON UPPER RIGHT-HAND CORNER OF FIRST PAGE AND UPON ENVELOPE and sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at foot of the last page of your manuscript.

You may submit more than one manuscript but not more than one prize will be awarded to an individual in this contest.

Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, if first class postage or expressage is enclosed in same container with manuscript, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for such return and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted. Do not send to us stories which we have returned.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgement will be mailed. No change or correction can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted or after they have been rejected.

Always disguise the names of persons and places appearing in your stories.

Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as rejected irrespective of closing date of contest if postage is enclosed.

This contest is open to everyone everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate and this will in no way effect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for whatever balance is due will be mailed. The decisions of the judges will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscript to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of the stories we prefer to have our contributors send in their material to us direct and not through an intermediary.

With the exception of an explanatory letter, which we always welcome, do not enclose photographs or other extraneous matter except return postage.

This contest ends at midnight, Monday, May 31st.

Address your manuscripts for this contest to Macfadden Publications Manuscript Contest, Dept. 32C, P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

WRITE FOR BOOK OF INFORMATION, ADDRESS:

Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. R. M.,

P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

else is voting. There wouldn't be time for you to vote twice, because once the button is pushed the little motor which increases the power load runs for five or ten seconds. You can press the button again and again, during that time, but it won't do any good or cast any extra votes, because it's only the first push of the button that increases the power.

Long-winded commercials could be banned entirely—and they would be, too, if a lot of listeners got into the habit of turning off their radios as soon as the announcer took a deep breath and launched into lengthy eloquence. Why, sponsors would get so they'd be afraid to say more than ten words at a time about their products!

Do you think these predictions sound too fantastic—too much like Buck Rogers in the 25th Century? A month ago I might have agreed. But now I know of certain plans that are being laid to introduce the radiovoter to the public, and I'm not so sure that everything I've forecast here won't come true.

This fall, five thousand radiovoters will be installed in the radio sets of a certain New Jersey city. It may be the city you live in, because it hasn't been chosen yet. It will, however, be one in which the programs of the Mutual Network are received. Mutual, with its key station, WOR, has been co-operating with inventor Hopkins.

ONCE the radiovoters have been installed in this test area, at no expense to the owners of the radio sets, a public forum program is to be inaugurated on Mutual, with prominent guest speakers debating public questions on the air. Listeners in the test city will be asked to listen in and help to decide the questions which are debated by casting their votes on their radiovoters.

It sounds like a lot of fun for the fellow who has a radiovoter in his receiver, and it is just this fact that the owners of the invention are depending upon to create a public demand for the gadget. They believe that if my neighbors have a radiovoter and can take part in a program run for people with radiovoters, then I'm going to want one too. And I guess maybe they're right.

Only—and here I'm getting in my plea to every listener before things start happening—let's not be too ferocious when we get those radiovoters. Let's not wreck too many careers. If a sponsor asks us to vote on the popularity of his star, let's give the star a break. There's something awfully cold-blooded and off-with-his-headish about pressing a button for a vote against somebody who's trying hard to please us.

It's a fantastic, revolutionary picture of radio that the idea of the radiovoter brings to us. Fantastic, yes. But not impossible. It can happen—and from the looks of things, it's going to.

It's easy to see why Jack Oakie seems so cheerful on his Tuesday broadcasts, with a secretary like Miss Joy Penny.

WHAT

DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

YOUR letters of praise and protest are making this department famous. College professors are asking for the magazine. Dentists and doctors contribute their ideas. Sponsors read and act on what you have to say. So sit down and toss some more rahs and razzes at programs and stars.

Best letters win cash prizes —$20.00 for the first prize, $10.00 for the second and there are five additional prizes of $1.00 each. Address your letter of criticism to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, New York, and mail it not later than May 28.

$20.00 PRIZE
JUST ONE WOMAN'S OPINION

What I'd like to know is why the majority of the fifteen-minute daily continued stories are chuck full of hard luck?

For instance, Houseboat Hannah is mixed up in a murder trial, Kitty Keene, Inc., is headed the same way, Danny O'Neill has been in the hospital for weeks and poor Ma Perkins must be utterly weary of all her burdens by this time.

On the other hand, Vic and Sade are always ready to hand anyone interested enough to listen, a good, hearty laugh.

Surely, we all have enough troubles without suffering with our radio friends daily, and it seems to me, continuously. There is, of course, much suffering and want all around us and it doesn't do anyone any harm to hear of others' troubles occasionally, if only to show us how well off we are, but a (*Continued on page 79*)

MELT Flakiness Away— in One Application

DULL and dead looking, or tight and shiny . . . Dry skin needs the flattery of powder! Yet powder just won't stick to it!

Try softening that dry, "tight" skin with a *keratolytic* cream (Vanishing Cream). Then see how beautifully your skin takes powder!

A distinguished dermatologist explains this instant softening: "A keratolytic cream has the ability to melt away dried-out, dead surface cells. Then the smooth, underlying cells appear, moist and young. The skin takes on a fresh, softened appearance instantly. Vanishing Cream regularly applied also *preserves* the softness of the skin."

Use Pond's Vanishing Cream for more than just holding your powder. You'll find it does wonders for your skin, too.

For overnight—Apply after cleansing. Not greasy. It won't smear.

Lady Smiley

"I use Pond's Vanishing Cream as a foundation. It holds powder on so long!"

For protection—Apply before long hours out of doors. Your skin won't rough up!

For flakiness—A film of Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths flakiness away. Make-up goes on perfectly. Stays.

8-Piece Package POND'S, Dept. 8RM-VF, Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company

GUIDE TO THE

CORONATION BROADCASTS

Buckingham Palace, where the procession begins and ends

Above, this map shows you the complete course of the Coronation procession, the dotted line the route from the Palace to Westminster Abbey, the black line the return trip.

Above, the Horse Guards will share in the glittering pageant. Below, famed Hyde Park Corner by which the procession passes just before reaching the Palace.

NO NEED TO MISS THE YEAR'S MOST BRILLIANT SPECTACLE— USE YOUR RADIO TO RESERVE A GRANDSTAND SEAT FREE OF CHARGE AND THIS PAGE FOR A LESSON IN HOW TO LISTEN

THE Coronation! The event of the year—the event, indeed, of our lifetime. Not again, while most of us live, will England bow down in homage to a new king. Not again will all the glory of the Empire on which the sun never sets be concentrated in all its ancient panoply within the tiny radius bounded by the River Thames, the West End, and St. James Park.

Already, as this is written, London is overflowing with visitors who have come to see King George VI follow his beloved father to the throne of the Empire. Colonial governors and agents, planters from Malaya, ranchers from Australia, lumber magnates from Canada, representatives from every great nation and tiny island that owes allegiance to England, are crowding the hotels and streets of the great city.

Accommodations in (*Continued on page* 95)

Growing lovelier day by day...

The Dionne Quins use only PALMOLIVE

the soap made with Olive Oil!

All reproductions copyrighted 1937, NEA Service, Inc.

NURSE LEROUX, WITH THE QUINS SINCE THEIR BIRTH, TELLS WHAT PALMOLIVE CAN DO FOR YOU!

IS THE SOAP YOU ARE USING AS GENTLE AS PALMOLIVE?

Are you *sure* the soap you're using is as pure, gentle, safe as Palmolive?

You *know* that Palmolive is made from a blend of real beauty ingredients, gentle Olive and Palm oils.

That is why Palmolive gives your skin such matchless beauty care... Why more than any other soap, it brings you the promise of a lovelier, more alluring complexion.

DR. DAFOE TELLS WHY HE CHOSE PALMOLIVE!

"At the time of the birth of the Dionne Quintuplets, and for some time afterward, they were bathed with Olive Oil . . . When the time arrived for soap and water baths, we selected Palmolive Soap exclusively for daily use in bathing these famous babies."

Allan Roy Dafoe

TO KEEP YOUR OWN COMPLEXION ALWAYS LOVELY, USE THIS BEAUTY SOAP CHOSEN FOR THE QUINS

Riding is second-nature to this daughter of the Belmonts

MISS JOAN BELMONT, NEW YORK. It's enough to say that Miss Belmont is the daughter of the Morgan Belmonts. As a member of this famous riding family, she has an inborn love for turf and field. At four years of age, she was presented with a pony of her own; today, Miss Belmont is one of the most accomplished horsewomen of the younger set. Like so many of her debutante friends, she is a steady Camel smoker.

These distinguished women are among those who prefer Camel's delicate flavor:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE 2nd, *Boston*
MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3rd, *Philadelphia*
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, *Virginia*
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, *New York*
MRS. NICHOLAS G. PENNIMAN III, *Baltimore*
MRS. JOHN W. ROCKEFELLER, JR., *New York*
MRS. RUFUS PAINE SPALDING III, *Pasadena*
MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR., *Chicago*
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, *New York*

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

(above) ***In the Tack Room.*** Miss Belmont is a familiar figure in the Maryland and Long Island hunting country. "When I feel tired or a bit let-down," she says, "Camels give me a grand 'lift'... make me feel glad I'm alive as my energy snaps back. And, though I am a steady smoker, Camels never get on my nerves."

Enjoying Good Food at the Ritz in New York. Miss Joan Belmont enjoys a leisurely luncheon at the Ritz-Carlton—with Camels between courses and after. Smoking Camels is a positive aid to good digestion. Sets up a generous flow of digestive fluids. Increases alkalinity.

Costlier Tobaccos

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS... Turki-sh and Domestic...than any other popular brand

For Digestion's Sake — Smoke Camels

IN LESS THAN A MONTH DON MUST LEAVE THESE BROADCASTS THAT MADE HIM FAMOUS! HERE ARE THE DRAMATIC REASONS

DON AMECHE TELLS "WHY I'M QUITTING FIRST NIGHTER"

By MERYL FRIEDEL

20th Century-Fox

THE country's most popular half hour dramatic program is losing radio's most popular leading man. Two old and very loyal friends are saying goodbye for good. Few have known this very long, if at all. Even fewer understand the reasons.

To most of those few who have learned that shortly after the middle of May Don Ameche is leaving NBC's First Nighter program it appears that the man who has catapulted to movie fame is forsaking the medium that has brought him this fame and the money that goes with it. Those people know only what might appear on the surface.

They don't know that, though Don Ameche is leaving the First Nighter show, he continues to star in radio, that before this issue of RADIO MIRROR goes off sale, he will have started a new Sunday program for a new sponsor.

Nor do any of his fans realize the months of indecision, of trying to make up his mind, of actual unhappiness that lie behind the notice he sent the sponsors of First Nighter.

To Don Ameche, (*Continued on page* 85)

THE STUDIO APPLAUSE RACKET—

Broadcasting's

ONCE upon a time radio was something to bring into my home, a well-mannered friend who kept me company and didn't start yelling the minute my back was turned.

That was in the old days, before somebody got the idea that it helped a radio program if an audience was present in the studio and if the audience applauded.

But today! Today, my radio hasn't been on five minutes before my living room is invaded by a pack of hysterical ticket-holders clapping their hands off and cheering and whistling. And no matter how much I want to listen to whatever program I've tuned in, I have to turn the machine off before I go nuts and start in yelling myself.

This applause business, which all started innocently enough a few years ago, has become a racket, a racket that threatens to alienate many of us who used to think that radio was our best friend. If it isn't checked soon, we will become convinced that programs are no longer built for our pleasure and enjoyment, but for the amusement of a handful of people in the studios. Already I often feel as if I were a mere incidental eavesdropper on a Broadway show—and naturally, having grown to look upon radio as something for my home, I resent the feeling.

Because I live in New York and have had the opportunity of going to many a broadcast, I know how these bursts of frantic enthusiasm you hear on your loudspeaker

Paramount Pictures

● This beautiful camera study of Gladys Swarthout seems to catch all the elusive loveliness of her performances in radio and the movies. Her program, sponsored by the National Ice Advertisers, Inc., Sunday nights, seems destined to go off the air soon, because Gladys is planning to spend her summer on Hollywood's Paramount lot.

Paramount Pictures

● Bing Crosby is smiling because he is pleased that his new race track is proving to be so popular with the folks in the movie colony. His Thursday night program is going to remain on the air, but now that summer's on its way, his sponsors, the Kraft people, are wondering if Bing will get that vacation urge—and so are we.

● Too long absent from radio's family circle, Grace Moore has returned in behalf of the Nash Motors, Saturday nights, replacing Floyd Gibbons, and incidentally, adding another half hour to the list of Hollywood programs. Grace had planned to spend the summer in Europe, but cancelled her passage in favor of this new show.

Columbia Pictures

Never let it be said that Paramount's photographers aren't on the job. When the wind blew, their shutters snapped. Martha Raye was reading reviews of her newest picture, "Waikiki Wedding" and didn't notice, but we'll bet that when her ex-fiance, Jerry Hopper, sees this, they'll be engaged again. Want to join our committee to give Martha more time for singing on Al Jolson's broadcasts?

Pictures of

That smile of Jimmy Melton's deserves a prominent place in our Pictures of the Month any time, but especially now that he is a regular radio star again—master of ceremonies on the Saturday Night Party, over the NBC network. Jimmy is having a grand time these days, buying all the things he couldn't have when he was a boy—even a toy electric train.

Fresh from her triumph in RKO's "That Girl From Paris," Lily Pons will spend the summer months with the man that she is popularly supposed to be engaged to, Andre Kostelanetz. Together, they are going to keep the hot evenings full of sweet music with the Chesterfield program, Wednesdays on the Columbia network. Between broadcasts, Lily retreats to her home in beautiful Connecticut.

the Month

Handsome is as handsome does, goes that old saying and it certainly fits Johnny Green, whose music makes the Fred Astaire program on Tuesday evenings one of the week's melodic high spots. What you read about Johnny's dating a different movie star every night in the week is really true—so true that even his friends can't keep track of him.

Ray Lee Jackson

By DOROTHY BROOKS

20th Century-Fox

Walter knew only too well what he was in for when he signed to star in "Wake Up and Live" with the old maestro to heckle him.

HOW HOLLYWOOD TURNED THE

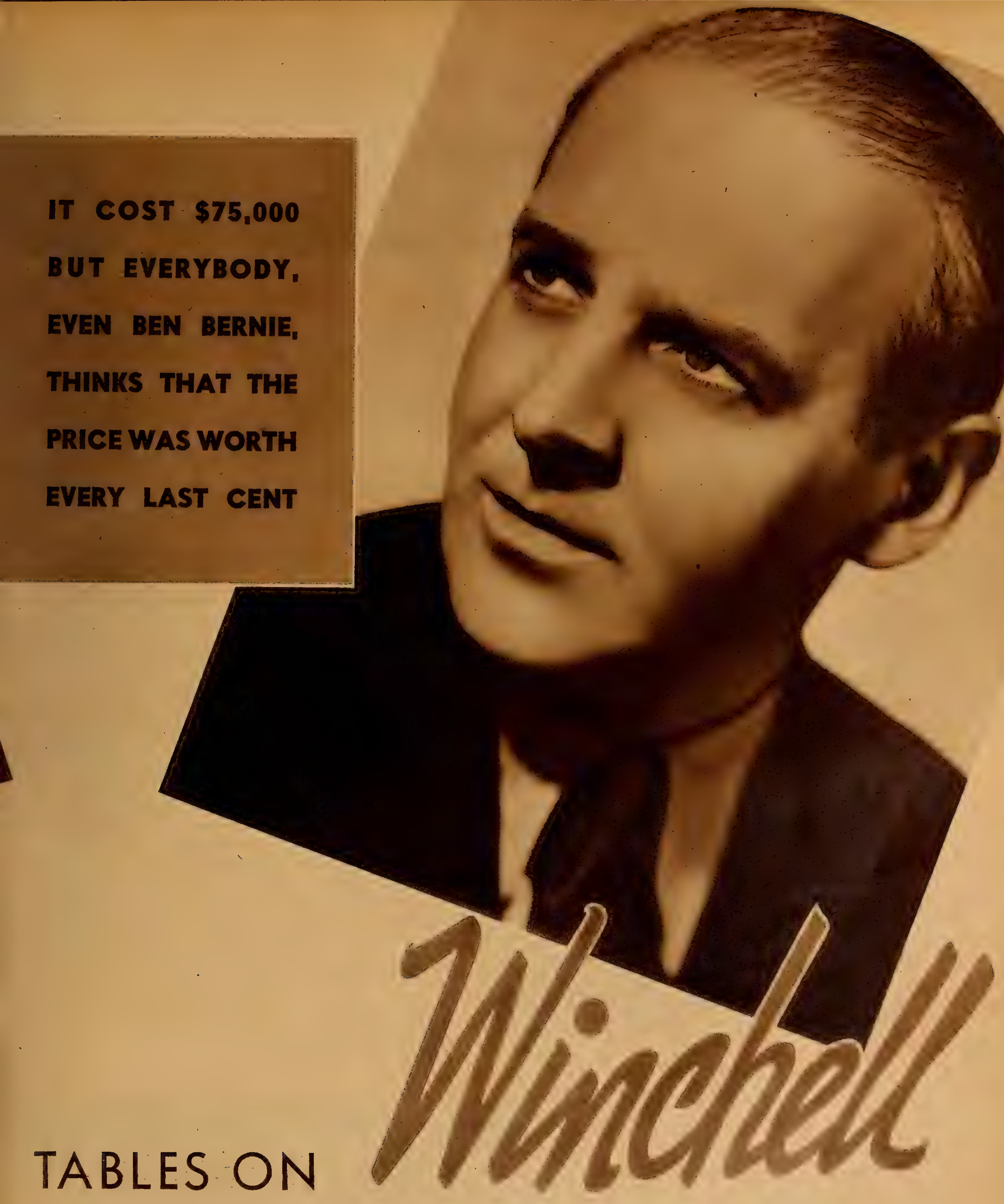
HE used to sit in a tiny New York radio studio, talking into a microphone; or in his newspaper office he'd turn out his daily column. Millions of people heard what he said and read what he wrote, and he had every star in Hollywood at his mercy. He could set the whole country to laughing and talking about Fern Flutter's new heart, or Clive Clinch's misstep in the Brown Derby the other night. With a few words he could turn dignity and glamor upside down and make them into slapstick comedy, while all the time he himself stayed safely in his newspaper office or his radio studio.

And then he agreed to act in a movie.

Well, Walter Winchell made his movie, and he left more friends in Hollywood than he found there, but Hollywood had its innings just the same. Hollywood had its chance to laugh at Winchell, for a change. It had its chance to see the High Mogul of Gossip toppled from his throne and turned into just another amateur actor, as pathetically eager as anybody else to do what the director told him to do. Not since Elinor Glyn moved her tiger-skin rugs out West has Hollywood had so much fun.

Turning the tables on Walter cost Hollywood $75,000,

IT COST $75,000 BUT EVERYBODY, EVEN BEN BERNIE, THINKS THAT THE PRICE WAS WORTH EVERY LAST CENT



TABLES ON Winchell

which is a lot of money just to pay off old scores with, but the way things look now the $75,000, plus some more, will go winging their way back to the West Coast in the form of profits from the Winchell picture.

Even more important, when Winchell gave Hollywood its chance to get back at him, he was doing something which was to cause a far-reaching change not only in his own life, but in the life of another gentleman you wouldn't expect him to do a favor for. I mean Ben Bernie.

Ben did a little table-turning on his own account. He had more than his share in the grand game of making Winchell uncomfortable. Ben had been waiting for his chance just as long as Hollywood had, and he took advantage of it. But wait until you've heard the whole story—one which will go down in Hollywood history as one of its gayest and brightest chapters.

Winchell walked into enemy territory with his eyes open. When scouts for 20th Century-Fox came after him with preliminary offers of a part in "Wake Up and Live," his immediate and instinctive reply was "No!"

He knew well enough what he'd be letting himself in for on the movie lots. He's no stranger (*Continued on page 97*)

IS Jessica Dragonette

By JUDY ASHLEY

A PLEA FOR THIS BELOVED STAR TO THROW ASIDE HER SHROUD OF WORK AND SEEK FULFILLMENT OF HER LIFE

THIS winter, Jessica Dragonette received a shock—one so deep and profound that it caused her to say to me:

"No, I don't want to think that my life will always go on as it is going now . . ."

It was the hour between daylight and dusk, the hour that invites confidences. Jessica and I sat in her apartment in New York, the firelight flickering across her face, striking red-gold tints from the yellow gold of her hair. We had been talking about her work, her new program, the myriad activities which make up a star's life. . . . And then, suddenly, came this admission, an admission I knew Jessica had never made before.

She looked up at me, away from the fire, and went on, "Don't misunderstand me. I'm happy—my work keeps me happy. I don't want you to think that I've made any great sacrifices for it. But still—isn't it natural that there are times when I feel as if life can give me more than even my career, no matter how precious that career is to me? Perhaps not now, but in a year or two—"

She broke off. Then she said, "But so far, it just hasn't happened."

"Perhaps," I said, "you've made a bigger sacrifice than you realize now."

She nodded. She understood what I meant.

For more than seven years her radio work has taken up most of Jessica's time—and I think I may honestly say that it has also taken up all of her thoughts. You remember her rule on the Cities Service Concerts, that she must never repeat a song in less than six months' time. It was a self-imposed rule, and one that she kept rigidly, even though it required her to master a list of songs which for number and variety is much greater than the repertoire of most concert and operatic singers. They can repeat one group of songs or one operatic role over and over, but for Jessica each program was in itself a new problem, to be

LOSING the RIGHT to LOVE?

attacked as one from the very start.

Now that she is the star of the Palmolive Beauty Box Theater every Wednesday night, she must work even harder in some ways. Besides singing, she must act her roles in these capsule operettas, and many times must also help with the stories and continuity.

Jessica has always thrown herself heart and soul into her work. To her, all the meaning of life has been expressed in music. A bungled song is as much a black mark in her day as a quarrel with a well loved friend would be in yours or mine. And so, until recently, that work has been enough for her. She hasn't wanted the things other women cherish—neither the love, nor the companionship, nor the protection, of a husband.

Being Jessica, she could never have accepted both love and her career, for she has always believed firmly that love is a career in itself, and that she would have no right whatever to divide her energies and interests between a home and a radio studio. Many times she has said decisively that if she were to marry she would give up singing in public, make a clean break with everything and start out afresh to be a wife, and only a wife.

Yet, somehow, you always felt that in her heart she believed that if she married she (*Continued on page* 89)

Jessica is too lovely, as this portrait shows, to dedicate her whole life to a career alone.

Photos by Paramount Pictures

WHAT Carole Lombard TAUGHT Fred MacMurray

When Fred had to play a trumpet in "Swing High, Swing Low" Carole hid its mouthpiece so he couldn't practice too much.

By

KATHARINE HARTLEY

IT'S such a happy story, yet it might have had such a different ending. When you mix such opposite ingredients as Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray you can't tell until the last explosion what the result's going to be.

That it worked out as it did is a tribute to Carole and the reputation she has won in Hollywood. For it was the reputation, as much as anything, that accomplished the change. Fred's winning his own reputation

SHE NEARLY MADE A NERVOUS WRECK OF HIM BUT HE LEARNED A LESSON THAT WILL EARN HIM A FORTUNE

Above, a fight scene from "Swing High." That's Carole on the right, her mouth all open and ready to yell, and Fred is the warlike guy in the linen suit. Scenes like this one used to worry him to death—until Hollywood's number-one practical joker started in to educate him.

now, too, but unless you knew all about it, you'd swear the two had nothing to do with each other.

The fact is, Carole and her reputation have taught Fred MacMurray how to really live. He was a young man with his first big success behind him, but still so scared he was heading straight for Hollywood's exit gate when Carole caught up with him. Now he's on the other road, the one that leads to more permanent fame and real happiness.

That lesson in living was a tough one to learn, but it has guaranteed him success in movies and just as important, it has won him a starring role in radio. It began a little over a year ago with the picture "Hands Across the Table." It ended a few weeks ago when Fred finished "Swing High, Swing Low" and signed a contract with Campbell Soup to be back on Hollywood Hotel October first after a summer vacation.

Some lessons in living you can learn in an hour, others in a day or a week. But the kind Fred learned usually takes years, if it works at all. The fact that he's come out of it in such a short time with a new outlook, a new philosophy and a new grasp on fame is tribute enough to Carole's quickness of action. (*Continued on page 82*)

Her name is Phyllis, so tiny a strong wind could sweep her off her feet.

Hyman Fink

By NAN CAMPBELL

IN Hollywood, where many a strange story has never been put into type, there is none stranger than the story of what Phyllis Astaire means to her husband. None stranger . . . and none sweeter nor finer.

Not that the gossips can see it that way. They have another explanation of all the surface facts. They've never bothered, it may be, to look below the surface and discover the truth about the things that are common Hollywood knowledge.

For it is true that Phyllis sits on the moving picture set all day, watching every move Fred Astaire makes. It is true that she goes with him to every rehearsal for his Packard radio program. It is true that one is never seen, at any social function, without the other. It is true that very few of the theatrical folk in Hollywood have entree to the Astaires' beautiful hillside home. And on these facts Hollywood places its own interpretation.

"She stays at his side, my dear, because she's so dreadfully afraid Fred will look at another woman."

"She just wants to keep him under her thumb, that's all."

"She pretends she can't stand Hollywood people, simply because she wants to remind everybody she was a wealthy

society girl before she married Fred."

Those are the explanations you hear. And they are utterly false.

The truth is so tender and brave that I am proud to be able to put it down on paper for you to read.

The story has its beginning back in the days before Fred and Phyllis had met, back in the days when Fred and Adele, his sister, were the most beautiful and sensational dancers on Broadway.

Even then Fred was not a Broadway boy. He didn't belong, somehow. Oh, yes, his career was part of the New York pattern. His work took him into theaters, put his name on the tongues and pens of all the gossipers and columnists. But his real life, the personal part, was set apart from Broadway.

He and Adele were two of the few theatrical entertainers who were admitted into the inner circle of "society." Their friends were Blue Book, Social Register. There was a welcome for them in every exclusive home on Manhattan. And when they married, both of them chose mates from that same charmed, exclusive circle.

Everything was different when Fred came to Hollywood and became a sensational success on the screen. Literally, the sudden glare of publicity and ballyhoo which was focussed upon him shocked and staggered him. He felt as if he were under constant surveillance from hundreds of prying eyes. His life away from the cameras was no longer his own.

That was bad enough, but there was something else which was even worse to a person as naturally and unaffectedly modest as Fred Astaire.

There was no one in Hollywood who would criticize him.

> On the stage there had always been plenty of people to tell him the truth—that a dance routine didn't quite come off, that a piece of stage business was slowing up his act. But in Hollywood . . .

Because he was a big star and daily growing bigger, he was surrounded by yes-men and yes-women (who were much worse). They said everything he did was perfect. They watched him dancing and immediately clamored that he was the greatest dancer (*Continued on page* 67)

Fred won't like this story—even though it puts to rest all Hollywood's gossip about Phyllis's role in his life.

WHY HIS WIFE ALWAYS *Takes the rap* FOR FRED ASTAIRE

NEVER INTERVIEWED AND SELDOM SEEN, SHE DEVOTES HER LIFE TO THE MAN SHE LOVES—IT'S THE MONTH'S SWEETEST STORY

FAMILY'S ORGANIST—When "Destiny Waltz," the theme song for One Man's Family, rolls out on the airwaves, Paul Carson is the man at the console. He also has several programs of his own originating in San Francisco. Born in Illinois, Paul served three years overseas during the war. Seven years ago he joined NBC's San Francisco staff. He is married to a well known writer, and has a country house near Los Gatos which he calls "Peep o'Day." His hobby is collecting old and rare Chinese art treasures, and one room of his home is completely furnished with them. He is also a composer.

DAVID HARUM'S SUSAN—Christened Eleanor, pretty Peggy Allenby was brought up by a grandfather who called her Peggy. Governesses educated her, but she learned by herself how to imitate famous actresses. One day a friend saw her take off Minnie Maddern Fiske, got her a job in a stock company. Peggy's toured with Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy. Five years ago she made her radio debut as a bit player, met John McGovern, and settled down to the triple career of wife, mother, and broadcasting star.

PERSONALITY

DAVID'S ZEKE—All David Harum fans know who Zeke Swinney is, but few of them could tell you that Arthur Maitland plays this part. Arthur is another whose life has been devoted to the theater. He began as an extra boy, got a big part and then decided to learn stage direction and stage management instead. Later, he starred in such hits as "The Man of the Hour," saved his money and formed his own stock company. Douglas Fairbanks was one of the first he signed to a contract at $35 a week. In San Francisco, he had his own theater where he presented classical drama for seven years. His first introduction to radio came when he won a part in the famous Roses and Drums.

DAVID'S AUNT POLLY—It's not often in radio that you find someone who has a perfect reason for playing a particular part, but Eva Condon could not have been better cast. For two years, on the road, she took the feminine lead of David Harum and now, as Aunt Polly, in the radio version, she brings to her part a ring of conviction. Eva started at the top in the theater and went on from there. She began with John Drew at the Empire Theater, and since has been in vaudeville and movies.

CLOSE-UPS

PARADE STAR NESBITT—In the grandson of Edwin Booth you have a brand new network star. John Nesbitt, handsome, dark, tall, broke into the select circle of radio's stars in less than a year of broadcasting and with no background of similar work. His show: The Passing Parade, heard every Monday and Tuesday night over NBC. John began his program on a modest scale over a San Francisco station and saw it suddenly catch on in popularity like a prairie fire. He's a different sort of commentator because in giving you the news, he puts on a one-man show. The theater is his one great passion.

AND DAVID—Wilmer Walter is the man who portrays one of radio's most beloved characters, David Harum. He brings to radio many years of experience in stage plays such as "Ben Hur" and "The Man on the Box." Born in Philadelphia, he was in the wholesale leather business when he happened to fill in on the stage for an actor friend who was ill. He liked the work so well he gave up leather and started a new career, which he's stuck to ever since. His hobby is carpentering and he owns a cabin in the Maine woods which he built himself. He is a descendant of Thomas U. Walter, the architect who designed the dome on the Capitol in Washington. In the early movie days he was leading man for Madge Kennedy.

JUDY'S BROTHER ZEKE—Right, Zeke Canova is the third member of the comedy trio on the Rippling Rhythm Revue over NBC Sunday nights. The others, of course, are sisters Judy and Annie. Zeke's real name is Leon, and he was born in Florida on the last day of the year 1906. His first radio appearance was with Rudy Vallee in 1933, but he'd already been in musical comedy and the movies by that time. His first appearance on any stage was when, at the age of eight, he stood on his head to whistle a solo. He isn't married, and his ambition is some day to retire from the air and become a farmer. In the meanwhile, he lives in the city, which he doesn't like, with his most prized possession—a Texas steer's six-foot horns.

PERSONALITY

CALL BOY JOHNNY—John Roventi, above—you know him as Johnny the Call Boy on the two Philip Morris programs—holds radio's only lifetime contract with his sponsors. Johnny, who weighs 52 pounds and is 43 inches tall, is in his twenties and lives with his parents in Brooklyn. He left school to support his family and because of his small size got a job as a hotel bell hop. An advertising agency executive saw him, was struck by his poise, and hired him to advertise cigarettes. Johnny, besides his air work, is also the model for all his company's posters. His contract provides a car and private chauffeur for his use.

SINGING STAR LUCAS—He's one of the Duke of Windsor's favorite entertainers, but the biggest thrill Nick Lucas (above) ever got was his first broadcast, back in 1926 when he was only a banjoist in Ted Fio Rito's orchestra. He got his start when a talent scout for a phonograph record company heard him sing with the orchestra. His first recording sold 100,000 copies and paved the way for smash successes in vaudeville, movies and night clubs. Now he's singing on Al Pearce's CBS show Tuesday nights—his first radio commercial.

SHELL SHOW CHEF—Little Joe Cook cooks up a weekly dish of varied entertainment for his Saturday-night Shell Show on NBC, presenting everything from opera stars to wrestlers. Joe started life in Chicago under the name of Lopez. Both parents had been in show business, but he was left an orphan when he was four, and was adopted by a family named Cook in Evansville, Indiana. (He sometimes mentions this town on the air.) He began learning to juggle when he was a boy, and got his first job, in a medicine show, at the age of twelve. When he grew up he became a vaudeville juggler and was soon famous, but nowadays, on the air, he mostly juggles words. He lives on an estate he calls "Sleepless Hollow."

CLOSE-UPS

ASTAIRE'S TRUDY—When Fred Astaire signed Trudy Wood (above) as a permanent member of his program Tuesday nights over NBC's network, she was getting her first big radio chance at an age when most girls are still wondering what they'll do when they leave college. Although Trudy was born in San Francisco her family moved to Hollywood soon after the event, and that's where she has lived since. Three years ago, after winning an amateur contest, she began singing professionally. Now she's singing duets with Fred himself.

DRESS REHEARSER PINKIE—Pinkie Lee, who plays "Squash" on NBC's Sunday morning Dress Rehearsal, lisps in real life as much as he does on the air. In fact, he had to give up studying law at the University of Minnesota because everyone laughed so when he got up to speak. He's 30 years old, and is married to a New York girl whom he won after a three-day courtship. His two-year-old son also lisps, and so do Pinkie's cousins, of whom he has quite a supply. Pinkie has been in vaudeville and radio since he left college, and had his own program on the Coast before coming to New York. He's just finished a movie comedy short.

THE STORMY Black

B y D A N W H E E L E R

The Story So Far: *Phil Baker had to be tough to grow up on New York's East Side. When he was little more than a baby he was carrying his father's lunch across the Bowery, dodging trucks and street cars, to the underground fur shop where his father worked. Simon Baker made only six dollars a week—barely enough to feed his family and give them lodging in tenements. As Phil grew older he played in the streets with other young ragamuffins, learned to shoot craps and play hookey from school. Once he was arrested for gambling, and taken to the neighborhood station house. He hated school and all sorts of discipline, but he did love music—loved it so much that he persuaded his father to buy him a battered old piano. But he could never be bothered with music lessons. He preferred to play by ear the tunes he heard the organ-players grind out on the streets. Almost before he was in his teens, Phil left school and went to work in an office downtown—only to learn that he hated office work even more than school. He and another boy in the office filled their minds with stories of Wild West adventure—and one day they made up their minds to run away and go West themselves.*

Part II

THE freight yard was a place of eerie sounds and disturbing flashes of light through the darkness. Somewhere an engine snorted, slammed into a line of cars, and pulled them after it with a great clanking noise.

LIFE STORY OF A

Sheep

When the picture below—one of the few boyhood pictures of him in existence—was taken, Phil was sixteen. He'd already been playing in vaudeville more than two years.

CONTINUE THIS AUTHENTIC HISTORY OF PHIL BAKER'S FASCINATING CAREER, FROM HIS FIRST RUNAWAY FLIGHT THAT LED TO STARDOM AND A TRAGIC EARLY MARRIAGE

Red and green lights winked here and there. Steel rails curved off into the smoky night.

Phil Baker and Bob Michaels crouched beside a box car, wondering where to go, what to do, next. They had run away from their jobs and their families in New York that morning, and now here they were, somewhere in New Jersey, hungry, and more than a little frightened. When they crossed the Hudson River and boarded a westbound freight train they hadn't expected it to end up in this forsaken desert of steel and cinders. Their thirteen-year-old minds had bargained for a long ride and a very different sort of desert at the end of it—a long rolling sweep of sand and bushes, with Indians behind every rock and gold in little pockets under every bush. And now they didn't even know what town they were in.

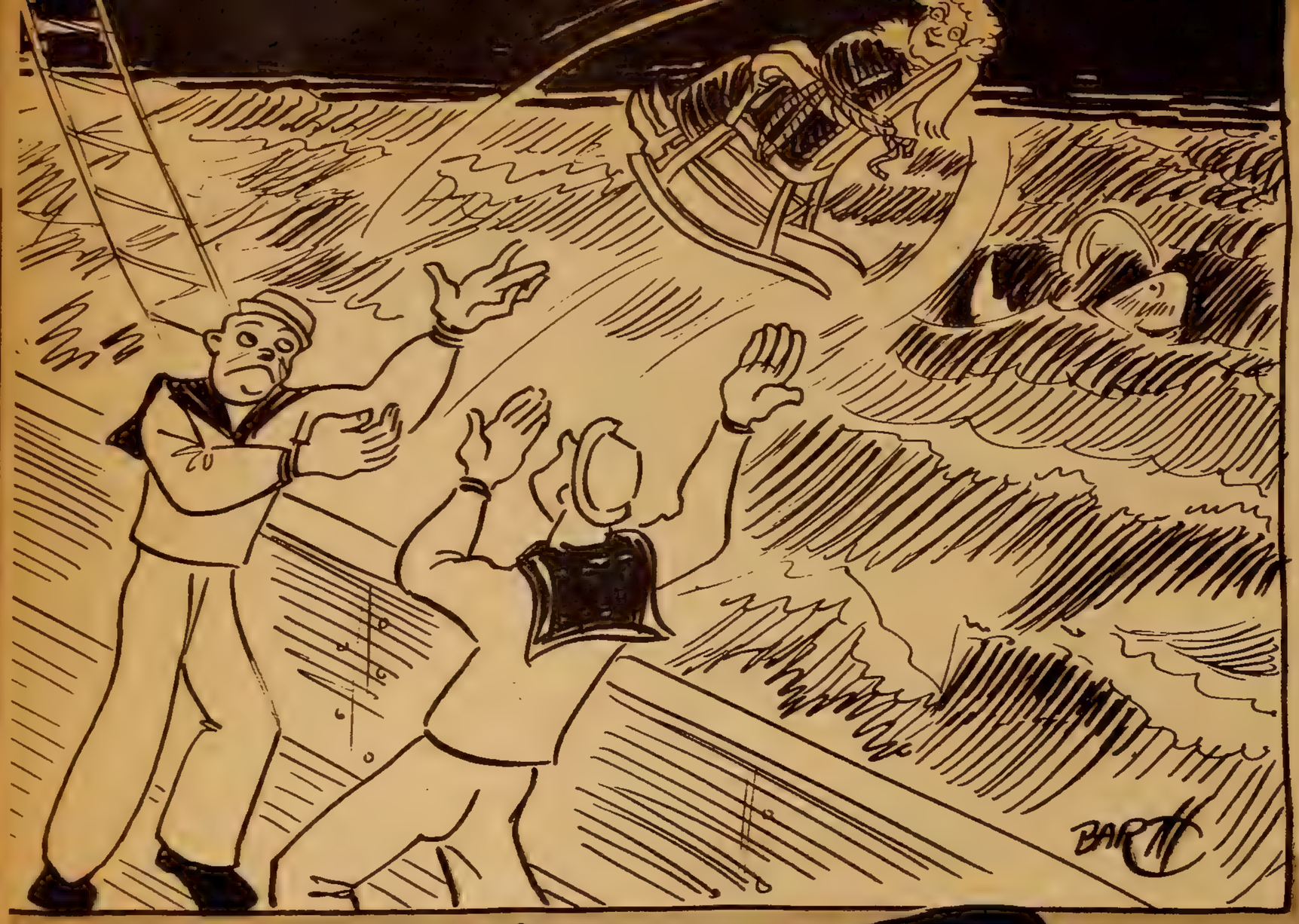
"Well, we can't stay here all night," muttered Bob at last. "We better get out of here and find something to eat."

Gingerly they began to pick their way over the rails toward a cluster of lights they thought might be a roundhouse. Once there, they figured, they would be able to find their way out of the yard.

A man with a lantern in his hand popped out from around the end of a freight car.

"Hey!" he bellowed in a giant's voice. "Get out o' here—before I shoot!"

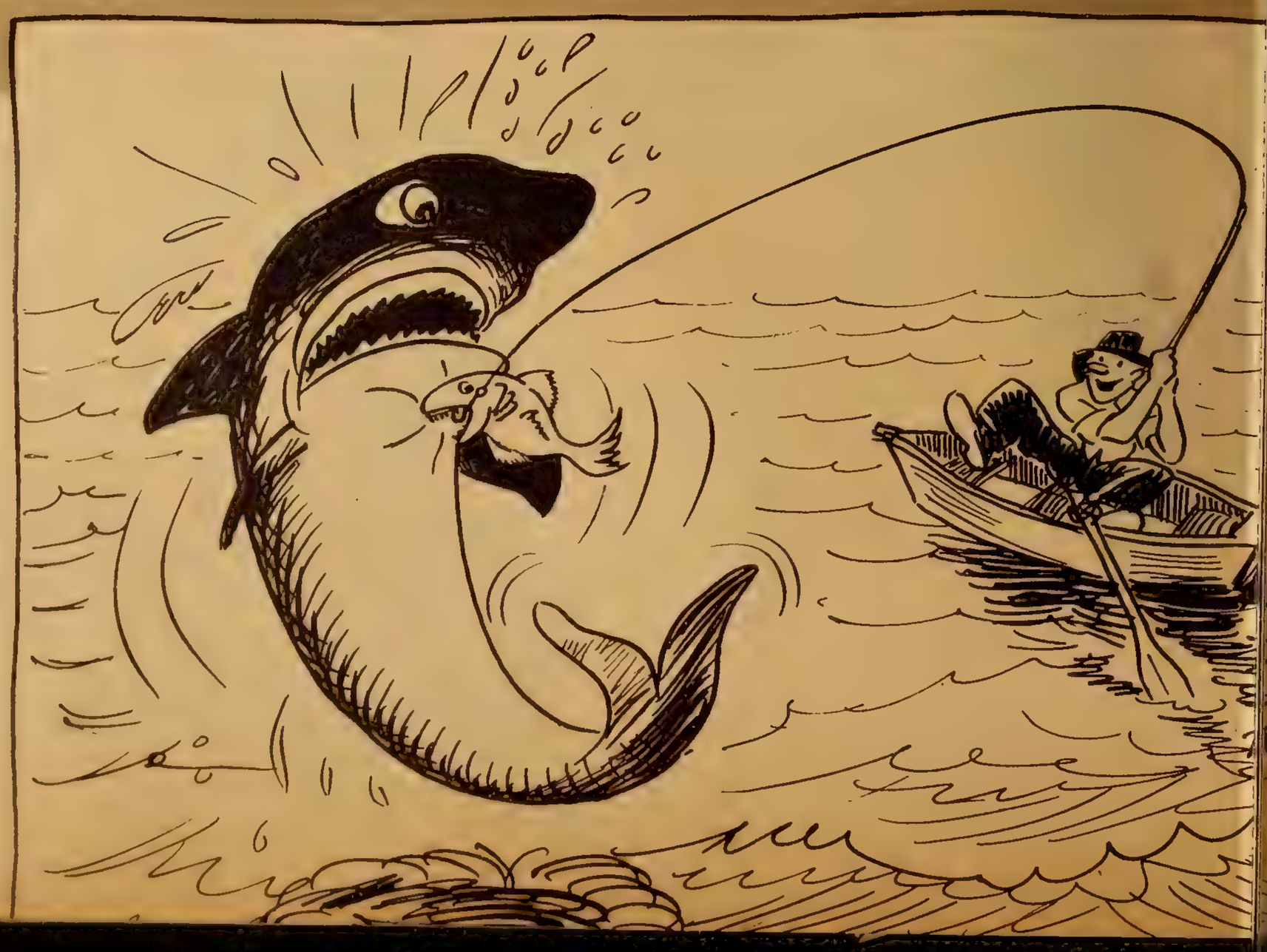
Both boys leaped as if they'd been stung and started to run, stumbling over the rails and slipping on the sharp clinkers. Phil's heart was thudding so hard he couldn't hear any other sound. He didn't know whether he was being followed (*Continued on page* 56)



We were on our way to Alaska when a whale began following us, trying to wreck our ship. To save our lives, an old lady who sat in a rocking chair persuaded us to toss her overboard, chair and all. The whale swallowed her and disappeared. You'd never guess where we found them both again.

My Greatest

THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIAR HAS BECOME A REPORTER FOR RADIO MIRROR! SO HOLD YOUR SIDES AND READ ALL ABOUT HIS TRAVELS THAT COULD NEVER HAPPEN TO ANYONE ELSE



The fish weren't biting the day I went casting in Florida, but luckily I had a jug of liquor on board. I dipped my minnow in this before dropping him into the water. A minute later there was a tremendous tug, almost pulling me out of the boat. I began to reel in the line—to be astounded by the sight that met my eyes.

The ship's mascot was a cat with one wooden leg which hampered her very much in her efforts to catch rats. One of the sailors, however, had a brilliant idea—to attach roller skates to her other three feet. This was done, and soon the rats found they had an enemy who kept them hopping for their lives.

American ADVENTURES

By Baron (so help me) Munchausen

ED.'s NOTE: *Now that time has warped his memory sufficiently, Jack Pearl has set down this exclusive account of what happened to him when, as the Baron Munchausen, he first came to America. As the Baron points out, any similarity to actual persons the reader might know can only be blamed on the reader himself. Perhaps in the near future—unless somebody with courage enough does something to stop him—he may report the trip to Europe he took last summer with Mrs. Pearl. In the meantime, for more tall stories, tune in Friday nights to his weekly NBC program.*

SHORTLY after I had outgrown my knee-breeches, I experienced a passionate desire to see the world. My parents, unfortunately, would not hear of it, so I didn't tell them.

I knew a garbage man, who knew a tailor, who knew a kindergarten teacher, who knew a ship's captain. This intimate contact, and a thorough knowledge of seamanship, gained me a passage aboard a small vessel bound for Alaska. Nothing out of the ordinary happened on this trip—so I will tell you about it.

The ship's mascot was an unique creature. She was a cat who had met with an accident on an earlier voyage and, as a result, had lost her right foreleg. In its place, the crew had fashioned a wooden limb. For a long time, the cat had considerable difficulty in combatting the rat menace aboard ship.

Knowing that their enemy was severely handicapped, the rats emerged from their holes and taunted the poor cat until she was nearly driven mad. The cat's wooden contrivance made it impossible for her to pursue them.

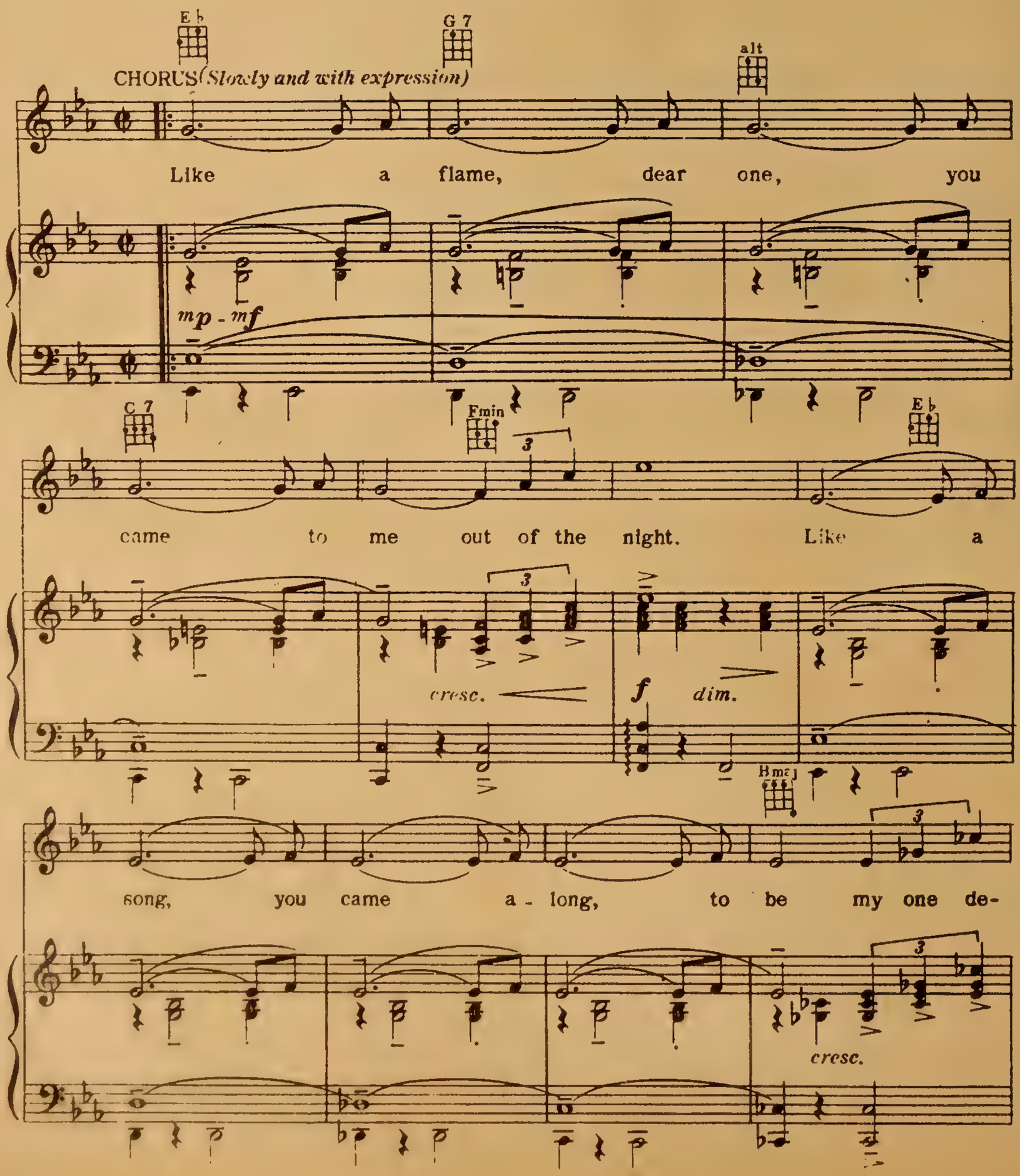
A meeting of the crew was held; and it was decided that the cat should be equipped with three small roller skates. From then on, it was easy sailing for Toby. When a rat appeared the cat swiftly skated up to it, and with one fell swoop of her wooden limb, knocked the rodent unconscious!

On board this ship, in addition (*Continued on page* 50)

OUT OF

DREAMY . . . HAUNTING . . . HERE ARE THE WORDS AND MUSIC OF THE LOVELY THEME SONG YOU HEAR WHEN YOU TUNE IN TED WEEMS

Words by
WALTER HIRSCH

Music by
HARRY SOSNIK

THE NIGHT

Bb7 Eb G7 alt

light. Like a pray'r, you still were

f *dim.*

Fmin

C7 Eb

there, when dawn came in-to sight. Like the

cresc. *f* *dim.*

Dim Fmin Ab min Fmin

dawn, I found you gone, out of the

Eb Bmaj Bb7 Eb Ab min Eb

night. night.

sf

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Fashions FROM

Bing Crosby's new lead in "Waikiki Wedding" and singer on the new Ken Murray show, wears a fringed yellow crepe square round her neck and three squares of the same color are braided for her bandeau. Below, Shirley in a gray sheer wool skirt with tuck-in dusty rose angora sweater. The belt is braided string.

Photos through the courtesy of Paramount Pictures, Inc.

For summer comfort Shirley likes silk linen slacks. Two dotted kerchiefs add color, one as a bandeau for her hair, the other trailing out of her pocket.

IT'S A KERCHIEF SEASON AND HERE'S RADIO'S NEWEST STAR, SHIRLEY ROSS, TO PROVE IT

THE STARS

At the right, Shirley's tricky scarf was made by braiding three chiffon hankies of yellow, rose and green. It can also be worn as a head-band. This cool-looking dress, below, is made of sheer crepe, dotted with dainty black flowers and topped off with a youthful gray pique bow piped in black, worn high up on neckline.

Listen to Shirley Ross on the new Ken Murray show—see page 52.

Cretonne is Shirley's choice for a beach coat. Its long skirt flares fully and it fastens at the high waistline with a huge green button.

PICK AMERICA'S FAVORITE SONGS

THERE'S A FIRST PRIZE OF $250, A SECOND PRIZE OF $100, SIX PRIZES OF $25 EACH, AND 25 GILLETTE RAZORS—A GRAND TOTAL OF

$750.00 IN PRIZES

IF you haven't begun this contest yet, there's still plenty of time to get started. If you've already mailed in an entry, try again. You've probably thought of a whole new list of songs that you think may be winners.

For the benefit of all you late comers who want to know how to win, here's all you have to do to try for $500 in cash prizes or 25 Gillette razors — just write down on the coupon provided for that purpose on this page the names of the ten songs you think are the most popular America has ever known. Don't pick the current hits, but time-proven favorites like "Old Black Joe," "Dixie," or "My Old Kentucky Home."

After you've completed your list, write a fifty word statement on what your favorite song means to you, attach it to the list and mail it to the contest judges. That's absolutely all there is to it.

The winning songs will be decided by your own votes! Each song you send in will be recorded by the judges and those of you who submit the most nearly correct list with the best statements will get the prizes.

You can see what fun you can have trying for cash or 25 ten-dollar sets of beautiful Gillette razors. And here's a tip for you—you can have just as much fun any Sunday night by tuning in to your nearest CBS station and listening to the Gillette Community Sing. Hear the swell jokes of Milton Berle, the grand community singing led by Wendell Hall, and the comedy and singing of those old favorites, Jones and Hare. Listen to the songs the studio audience sings—they're the kind you should include on your list. Of course not all the songs you hear will be winners. Perhaps none of them will be. But listening in will refresh your memory and remind you of a lot of old songs.

Now, if you'll read over the rules carefully, you're ready for the grandest contest of the year, with fun for all and swell prizes for many.

YOUR ENTRY COUPON

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____
7. _____
8. _____
9. _____
10. _____

The ten songs I have listed above are, in my opinion, America's favorite songs of all time, and are therefore my votes, in the order given.

Name _____

Address _____

CONTEST RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Gillette Safety Razor Company, Radio Mirror, and members of their families.

2. While it is not necessary to tune in the Gillette Community Sing broadcasts, hearing the old-time songs under the leadership of Wendell Hall will undoubtedly help you in preparing an entry.

3. To compete, prepare a list of the ten old songs which you prefer beyond all others. Then study your list and write in not more than fifty words, an explanation of "The song I have named that means the most to me, and why."

4. The ten most popular songs will be decided by a tabulation of the total votes of the contestants. The entry listing the greatest number of the ten most popular songs, accompanied by the most convincing statement of preference will be awarded a first prize of $250; the entry listing the next greatest number will be awarded the second prize of $100; and there will be six prizes of $25 each for those next in line. Each of the twenty-five next best entries will be awarded a $10 Gillette Razor set.

5. List your selections on the official contest coupon clipped from this page. Only lists on the official coupon will be considered. Paste the coupon on the top of the sheet on which you write your statement of preference.

6. All entries must be received on or before June 23, 1937, the closing date of this contest.

7. Send your entry by First Class Mail to Radio Mirror—Gillette Popular Song Election, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

8. Winners will be announced in the first available issue of Radio Mirror after the contest closes.

ARE YOU NEGLECTING THE FEATURE THAT MOST QUICKLY GIVES YOUR FACE CHARM AND BEAUTY? USE THE SECRETS OF A YOUNG SINGER WHO HAS JUST REACHED STARDOM

Natalie Bodanya's success in opera and radio came early—she's only twenty-three years old.

PUT BEAUTY IN YOUR SMILE

By JOYCE ANDERSON

DID you ever stop to think that one of the most beautiful possessions a woman can have is not a question of mere feature or figure? It's a simple matter of expression—for no one can resist an enchanting smile. It's the greatest attribute any one can have. But a smile is still only as good as the material from which it's made. How are you caring for that material? What are you doing for your teeth and lips? And (let's not whisper about it) your breath?

Just the other day I was discussing these vital matters with Natalie Bodanya, the beautiful brunette singer whom you've heard with Frank Munn on (*Continued on page* 69)

RADIO MIRROR RAPID

SUNDAY

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

10:00 A. M.
CBS: Church of the Air
NBC-Blue: Russian Melodies
NBC-Red: Sabbath Reveries

10:30
CBS: Romany Trail
NBC-Red: Music and American Youth

11:00
NBC: Press-radio News

11:05
NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen, contralto
NBC-Red: Ward and Muzzy, piano

11:30
CBS: Major Bowes Family
NBC-Red: The World Is Yours
NBC-Blue: Iodent Dress Rehearsal

12:00 Noon
NBC-Blue: Southernaires
NBC-Red: Paramount on Parade

12:30 P. M.
CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle
MBS: Ted Weems Orchestra
NBC-Blue: Music Hall of the Air
NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table Discussion

1:00
CBS: Church of the Air
NBC-Red: Dorothy Dreslin

1:30
CBS: French News Exchange
NBC-Blue: Our Neighbors
NBC-Red: The Hour Glass

2:00
CBS: Music of the Theatre
MBS: The Lamplighter
NBC-Blue: The Magic Key of RCA
NBC-Red: Choral Voices

2:30
NBC-Red: Thatcher Colt mysteries

3:00
CBS: Howard Barlow

3:30
NBC-Blue: London Letter

4:00
NBC-Blue: Sunday Vespers
NBC-Red: Romance Melodies

4:30
NBC-Blue: Fishface and Figgsbottle
NBC-Red: Musical Camera

5:00
CBS: Your Unseen Friend
NBC-Blue: We, the People
NBC-Red: Marion Talley

5:30
CBS: Guy Lombardo
NBC-Blue: Stoopnagle and Budd
NBC-Red: Smilin' Ed McConnell

Six P. M. to Eleven P. M.

6:00
CBS: Joe Penner
MBS: Feenamint Program
NBC-Red: Catholic Hour

6:30
CBS: Rubinoff, Jan Peerce
NBC-Red: A Tale of Today

7:00
CBS: Columbia Workshop
NBC-Blue: Helen Traubel
NBC-Red: Jack Benny

7:30
CBS: Phil Baker
NBC-Blue: Ozzie Nelson, Bob Ripley
NBC-Red: Fireside Recitals

7:45
NBC-Red: Fitch Jingles

8:00
CBS: Moore and Broderick
NBC-Blue: General Motors Concert
NBC-Red: Variety Show (May 9)

8:30
CBS: Eddie Cantor

9:00
CBS: Ford Sunday Hour
NBC-Blue: Rippling Rhythm Revue
NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round

9:30
NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell
NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music

9:45
NBC-Blue: Choir Symphonette

10:00
CBS: Gillette Community Sing
NBC-Blue: California Concert
NBC-Red: Gladys Swarthout

10:30
NBC-Blue: Romance of '76

MONDAY

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

10:00 A. M.
CBS: Betty and Bob
NBC-Blue: Capt. Tim Healy
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs

10:15
CBS: Modern Cinderella
NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins
NBC-Red: John's Other Wife

10:30
CBS: Betty Crocker; Hymns
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill

10:45
CBS: News
NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade
NBC-Red: Today's Children

11:00
CBS: Heinz Magazine
NBC-Blue: The O'Neills
NBC-Red: David Harum

11:15
NBC-Blue: Personal Column
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife

11:30
CBS: Big Sister
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
NBC-Red: How to Be Charming

11:45
CBS: Dr. Allan R. Dafoe
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
NBC-Red: Voice of Experience

12:00 Noon
CBS: The Gumps
NBC-Red: Girl Alone

12:15
CBS: Edwin C. Hill
NBC-Red: Mary Marlin

12:30
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent

12:45
CBS: Our Gal Sunday

1:00
CBS: Five Star Revue

1:15
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife

1:30
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour

1:45
CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories

2:00
CBS: Kathryn Cravens

2:15
CBS: School of the Air

2:45
CBS: Myrt and Marge
NBC-Red: Personal Column

3:00
MBS: Mollie of the Movies
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family

3:15
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins

3:30
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade

3:45
NBC-Red: The O'Neills

4:00
NBC-Blue: Let's Talk It Over
NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones

4:30
NBC-Red: Follow the Moon

4:45
NBC-Red: The Guiding Light

5:00
CBS: Junior Nurse Corps
NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin

5:15
NBC-Red: Dari-Dan
CBS: Dorothy Gordon

5:30
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong

5:45
CBS: Wilderness Road
NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie

Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.

6:30
Press Radio News

6:45
CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas

7:00
CBS: Poetic Melodies
NBC-Blue: Griffin Revue
NBC-Red: Amos 'n Andy

7:15
CBS: Ma and Pa.
NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra

7:30
MBS: The Lone Ranger
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner

7:45
CBS: Boake Carter
NBC-Red: Passing Parade

8:00
CBS: Alemite Half Hour
NBC-Red: Burns and Allen

8:30
CBS: Pick and Pat
NBC-Blue: Sweetest Love Songs
NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone

9:00
CBS: Lux Radio Theater
MBS: Gabriel Heatter
NBC-Red: McGee and Molly

9:30
NBC-Red: Hour of Charm

10:00
CBS: Wayne King
MBS: Famous Jury Trials
NBC-Blue: Studebaker Champions
NBC-Red: Contented Program

TUESDAY

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

10:00 A. M.
CBS: Betty and Bob
NBC-Blue: Capt. Tim Healy
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs

10:15
CBS: Modern Cinderella
NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins
NBC-Red: John's Other Wife

10:30
CBS: Betty Crocker; Hymns
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill

10:45
CBS: News
NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade
NBC-Red: Today's Children

11:00
CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
NBC-Blue: The O'Neills
NBC-Red: David Harum

11:15
CBS: East and Dumke
NBC-Blue: Personal Column
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife

11:30
CBS: Big Sister
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
NBC-Red: Mystery Chef

11:45
CBS: Eleanor Howe
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
NBC-Red: Allen Prescott

12:00 Noon
CBS: The Gumps
NBC-Red: Girl Alone

12:15 P. M.
CBS: Edwin C. Hill
NBC-Red: Mary Marlin

12:30
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent

12:45
CBS: Our Gal Sunday

1:00
CBS: Jack Berch

1:15
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife

1:30
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour

1:45
CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories

2:15
CBS: School of the Air

2:45
CBS: Myrt and Marge
NBC-Red: Personal Column

3:00
MBS: Mollie of the Movies
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family

3:15
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins

3:30
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade

3.45
NBC-Blue: Have You Heard
NBC-Red: The O'Neills

4:00
NBC-Blue: Your Health
NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones

4:30
NBC-Blue: Dog Heroes
NBC-Red: Follow the Moon

4:45
NBC-Red: The Guiding Light

5:00
NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
NBC-Red: While the City Sleeps

5:30
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong

5.45
CBS: Wilderness Road
NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie

Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.

6:30
Press-Radio News

6:45
CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas

7:00
CBS: Poetic Melodies
NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy

7:15
CBS: Ma and Pa
NBC-Blue: Tastyeast Jesters
NBC-Red: Vocal Varieties

7:30
CBS: Alexander Woollcott
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner
NBC-Red: Hendrick W. Van Loon

7:45
CBS: Boake Carter
NBC-Red: Passing Parade

8:00
CBS: Hammerstein's Music Hall
NBC-Blue: Husbands and Wives
NBC-Red: Johnny Presents

8:30
CBS: Al Jolson
MBS: Listen to This
NBC-Blue: Edgar A. Guest
NBC-Red: Wayne King

9:00
CBS: Al Pearce
MBS: Gabriel Heatter
NBC-Blue: Ben Bernie
NBC-Red: Vox Pop—Parks Johnson

9:30
CBS: Jack Oakie
MBS: True Detective Mystery
NBC-Red: Fred Astaire

10:00
NBC-Red: Jimmie Fidler

WEDNESDAY

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

10:00 A.M.
CBS: Betty and Bob
NBC-Blue: Capt. Tim Healy
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs

10:15
CBS: Modern Cinderella
NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins
NBC-Red: John's Other Wife

10:30
CBS: Betty Crocker; Hymns
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill

10:45
CBS: News
NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade
NBC-Red: Today's Children

11:00
CBS: Heinz Magazine
NBC-Blue: The O'Neills
NBC-Red: David Harum

11:15
NBC-Blue: Personal Column
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife

11:30
CBS: Big Sister
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
NBC-Red: How to Be Charming

11:45
CBS: Dr. Allan R. Dafoe
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
NBC-Red: Voice of Experience

12:00 Noon
CBS: The Gumps
NBC-Red: Girl Alone

12:15
CBS: Edwin C. Hill
NBC-Red: Mary Marlin

12:30
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent

12:45
CBS: Our Gal Sunday

1:00
CBS: Five Star Revue

1:15
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife

1:30
CBS: George Rector
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour

1:45
CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories

2:00
CBS: Kathryn Cravens

2:45
CBS: Myrt and Marge
NBC-Red: Personal Column

3:00
MBS: Mollie of the Movies
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family

3:15
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins

3:30
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade

3:45
NBC-Red: The O'Neils

4:00
NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones

4:15
NBC-Red: Henry Busse Orch.

4:30
NBC-Red: Follow the Moon

4:45
NBC-Red: The Guiding Light

5:00
CBS: Junior Nurse Corps
NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin

5:15
NBC-Red: Dari-Dan

5:30
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong

5:45
CBS: Wilderness Road
NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie

Six P.M. to Eleven P.M.

6:30
Press-Radio News

6:45
CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas

7:00
CBS: Poetic Melodies
NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy

7:15
CBS: Ma and Pa
NBC-Blue: Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt
NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra

7:30
MBS: The Lone Ranger
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner

7:45
CBS: Boake Carter

8:00
CBS: Cavalcade of America
NBC-Blue: Beatrice Lillie
NBC-Red: One Man's Family

8:30
CBS: Ken Murray
MBS: Tonic Time
NBC-Blue: Helen Menken
NBC-Red: Wayne King

9:00
CBS: Lily Pons
NBC-Blue: Professional Parade
NBC-Red: Town Hall Tonight

9:30
CBS: Beauty Box Theatre

10:00
CBS: Gang Busters, Phillips Lord
NBC-Red: Your Hit Parade

10:30
CBS: Babe Ruth

USE THIS HANDY GUIDE TO LOCATE THE PROGRAMS ON

PROGRAM DIRECTORY

THURSDAY

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

10:00 A. M.
CBS: Betty and Bob
NBC-Blue: Capt. Tim Healy
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs

10:15
CBS: Modern Cinderella
NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins
NBC-Red: John's Other Wife

10:30
CBS: Betty Crocker; Hymns
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young Family
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill

10:45
CBS: News
NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade
NBC-Red: Today's Children

11:00
CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
NBC-Blue: The O'Neills
NBC-Red: David Harum

11:15
CBS: East and Dumke
NBC-Blue: Personal Column
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife

11:30
CBS: Big Sister
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
NBC-Red: Betty Moore

11:45
CBS: Eleanor Howe
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
NBC-Red: Allen Prescott

12:00 Noon
CBS: The Gumps
NBC-Blue: Honeyboy and Sassafras
NBC-Red: Girl Alone

12:15 P. M.
CBS: Edwin C. Hill
NBC-Red: Mary Marlin

12:30
CBS:Romance of Helen Trent

12:45
CBS: Our Gal Sunday

1:00
CBS: Jack Berch

1:15
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife

1:30
CBS: George Rector
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour

1:45
CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories

2:15
CBS: School of the Air

2:30
NBC-Blue: Women's Clubs
NBC-Red: It's a Woman's World

2:45
CBS: Myrt and Marge
NBC-Red: Personal Column

3:00
CBS: Bill Wright
MBS: Mollie of the Movies
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family

3:15
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins

3:30
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade

3:45
NBC-Red: The O'Neills

4:00
NBC-Blue: NBC Light Opera Co.
NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones

4:30
NBC-Red: Follow the Moon

4:45
NBC-Red: The Guiding Light

5:00
NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin

5:30
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong

5:45
CBS: Wilderness Road
NBC-Blue: Breen and De Rose
NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie

Six P. M. to Eleven P. M.

6:30
Press-Radio News

6:45
CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas

7:00
CBS: Poetic Melodies
NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy

7:15
CBS: Ma and Pa.
NBC-Blue: All Star Cycle Show
NBC-Red: Vocal Varieties

7:30
CBS: Alexander Woollcott
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner

7:45
CBS: Boake Carter
MBS: Pleasant Valley Frolics
NBC-Blue: Jerry Cooper

8:00
CBS: Kate Smith
NBC-Red: Rudy Vallee

9:00
CBS: Major Bowes Amateurs
MBS: Gabriel Heatter
NBC-Red: Show Boat

9:30
MBS: Melody Treasure Hunt

10:00
CBS: Floyd Gibbons
NBC-Red: Kraft Music Hall

10:30
CBS: March of Time

FRIDAY

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

10:00
CBS: Betty and Bob
NBC-Blue: Capt. Tim Healy
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs

10:15
CBS: Modern Cinderella
NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins
NBC-Red: John's Other Wife

10:30
CBS: Betty Crocker
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill

10:45
CBS: Music; News
NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade
NBC-Red: Today's Children

11:00
CBS: Heinz Magazine
NBC-Blue: The O'Neills
NBC-Red: David Harum

11:15
NBC-Blue: Personal Column
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife

11:30
CBS: Big Sister
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
NBC-Red: How to Be Charming

11:45
CBS: Dr. Allen R. Dafoe
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
NBC-Red: Voice of Experience

12:00 Noon
CBS: The Gumps
NBC-Red: Girl Alone

12:15
CBS: Edwin C. Hill
NBC-Red: Mary Marlin

12:30
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent

12:45
CBS: Our Gal Sunday

1:00
CBS: Five Star Revue

1:15
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife

1:30
CBS: George Rector
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
NBC-Red: Special Edition

1:45
CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories

2:00
CBS: Kathryn Cravens

2:15
CBS: School of the Air

2:45
CBS: Myrt and Marge

3:00
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family

3:15
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins

3:30
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade

3:45
NBC-Red: The O'Neills

4:00
NBC-Red: Tea Time at Morrell's

4:30
NBC-Red: Follow the Moon

4:45
NBC-Red: The Guiding Light

5:00
CBS: Junior Nurse Corps

5:15
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
NBC-Red: Dari-Dan

5:30
NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong

5:45
CBS: Wilderness Road
NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie

Six P. M. to Eleven P. M.

6:30
Press-Radio News

6:45
CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas

7:00
CBS: Poetic Melodies
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy

7:15
CBS: Ma and Pa.
NBC-Blue: The Stainless Show
NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra

7:30
MBS: The Lone Ranger
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner
NBC-Red: Edwin C. Hill

7:45
CBS: Boake Carter
NBC-Blue: Jean Dickenson

8:00
CBS: Broadway Varieties
NBC-Blue: Irene Rich
NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert

8:15
NBC-Blue: Singin' Sam

8:30
CBS: Hal Kemp's Orch.
NBC-Blue: Death Valley Days

9:00
CBS: Hollywood Hotel
NBC-Blue: Fleishmann Show
NBC-Red: Waltz Time

9:30
NBC-Blue: Coronet
NBC-Red: True Story Court

10:00
CBS: Philadelphia Orchestra
NBC-Blue: Jack Pearl, Cliff Hall
NBC-Red: First Nighter

10:30
CBS: Babe Ruth
NBC-Red: Pontiac Varsity Show

SATURDAY

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

10:00 A. M.
CBS: Your Home and Mine
NBC: Press-Radio News

10:05
NBC-Blue: Breen and De Rose
NBC-Red: Charioteers

10:15
CBS: Richard Maxwell
NBC-Blue: Raising Your Parents
NBC-Red: The Vass Family

10:30
CBS: Let's Pretend
NBC-Red: Manhatters

10:45
NBC-Blue: Clark Dennis

11:00
CBS: Cincinnati Conservatory
NBC-Blue: Madge Marley
NBC-Red: Our American Schools

11:15
NBC-Blue: Minute Men
NBC-Red: Home Town

11:30
NBC-Blue: Magic of Speech
NBC-Red: Mystery Chef

11:45
NBC-Red: Fitch Romances

12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: Abram Chasins

12:30
NBC-Red: Rex Battle's Orch.
CBS: George Hall Orch.

1:05
NBC-Red: Whitney Ensemble

1:30
CBS: Buffalo Presents
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
NBC-Red: Federation Music Clubs

2:00
NBC-Blue: Madison Ensemble
NBC-Red: Your Host is Buffalo

2:30
NBC-Red: Golden Melodies

2:45
CBS: Tours in Tone

3:00
CBS: Down by Herman's
NBC-Red: Walter Logan

3:30
CBS: Dept. of Commerce Series
NBC-Red: Week End Review

4:30
NBC-Red: Spelling Bee

5:30
CBS: Drama of the Skies
NBC-Blue: Bert Block Orch.
NBC-Red: Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten

Six P. M. to Eleven P. M.

6:05
NBC-Blue: Nickelodeon
NBC-Red: Top Hatters

6:25
CBS: Press-Radio News

6:30
CBS: Eton Boys
NBC: Press-Radio News

6:35
NBC-Blue; NBC Home Symphony
NBC-Red: Alma Kitchell

6:45
CBS: Tito Guizar
NBC-Red: Religion in the News

7:00
CBS: Eddie Duchin
NBC-Blue: Message of Isreal

7:30
CBS: Universal Rhythm
NBC-Blue: Uncle Jim's Question Bee
NBC-Red: Hampton Institute

7:45
NBC-Red: ABC of NBC

8:00
CBS: Professor Quiz
NBC-Blue: Ed Wynn
NBC-Red: Saturday Night Party

8:30
CBS: Johnny Presents
NBC-Blue: Merdith Willson

9:00
CBS: Grace Moore, Vincent Lopez
MBS: Smilin' Ed McConnell
NBC-Blue: National Barn Dance
NBC-Red: Snow Village Sketches

9:30
CBS: Your Pet Program
NBC-Red: Shell Show, Joe Cook

10:00
CBS: Your Hit Parade and Sweepstakes

HOW TO USE THIS PROGRAM GUIDE

Programs of the four major networks are listed on these two pages — Columbia Broadcasting System (abbreviated to CBS), the two National Broadcasting Company chains NBC-Blue and NBC-Red and the Mutual System, abbreviated to MBS. In order to learn what network your local station is affiliated with find it in one of the lists printed below.

All regularly scheduled programs, broadcast from 10 A.M. to 11 P.M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time, are included in the listing. If no program for a network appears in a time division, it is either because the program listed in the preceding time division is still being broadcast or because no regular program is scheduled for that time.

All time given is Eastern Daylight Saving Time. For Eastern Standard Time subtract one hour: for Central Standard Time subtract two; for Mountain Standard Time, subtract three; and for Pacific Standard time subtract four.

Thus:

E. D. S. T.	E. S. T.
10:00	9:00
C. S. T.	M. S. T.	P. S. T.
8:00	7:00	6:00

Stations on the Columbia Broadcasting System Network

WABC	WIBW	WTOC
WACO	WIBX	WWL
WADC	WISN	WWVA
WALA	WJAS	KFAB
WBBM	WJNO	KFBB
WBIG	WJR	KFH
WBNS	WJSV	KFPY
WBRC	WKBN	KGKO
WBT	WKBW	KGVO
WCAO	WKRC	KLRA
WCAU	WLAC	KLZ
WCCO	WLBZ	KMBC
WCOA	WMAS	KMOX
WDAE	WMBD	KNOW
WDBJ	WMBG	KNX
WDBO	WMBR	KOH
WDNC	WMMN	KOIN
WDOD	WNAX	KOL
WDRC	WNBF	KOMA
WEEI	WNOX	KRLD
WESG	WOC	KRNT
WFBL	WOKO	KSCJ
WFBM	WORC	KSFO
WFEA	WOWO	KSL
WGL	WPG	KTRH
WGR	WPRO	KTSA
WGST	WQAM	KTUL
WHAS	WREC	KVI
WHEC	WSBT	KVOR
WHIO	WSFA	KWKH
WHK	WSJS	CFRB
WHP	WSPD	CKAC

Stations on the National Broadcasting Company Network

RED NETWORKS

WBEN	WIRE	WTAG
WCAE	WJAR	WTAM
WCSH	WMAQ	WTIC
WDAF	WNAC	WWJ
WEAF	WOW	KSD
WFBR	WRC	KSTP
WGY	WSAI	KYW
WHO		

BLUE NETWORK

WABY	WGAR	WSYR
WBAL	WHAM	WTCN
WBZ	WICC	WXYZ
WBZA	WJZ	KDKA
WCKY	WLEU	KOIL
WEAN	WLS	KSO
WEBR	WMAL	KVOD
WENR	WMT	KWK
WFIL	WREN	

SUPLEMENTARY STATIONS
(These stations carry both Red and Blue network programs.)

WAPI	WPTF	KGHF
WAVE	WRVA	KGHL
WBAP	WSB	KGIR
WCFL	WSM	KGNC
WCOL	WSMB	KGO
WCSC	WSOC	KGU
WDAY	WSUN	KGW
WEBC	WTAR	KHQ
WFAA	WTMJ	KJR
WFBC	WWNC	KLO
WFLA	KANS	KMJ
WGL	KARK	KOA
WIBA	KDYL	KOMO
WIOD	KECA	KPO
WIS	KERN	KPRC
WJAX	KEX	KTAR
WJDX	KFBK	KTBS
WKY	KFI	KTHS
WLW	KFSD	KVOO
WMC	KFYR	KWG
WOAI	KGA	CFCF
WOOD	KEBX	CRCT

ALL FOUR NETWORKS FROM TEN A.M. TO ELEVEN P.M.

William Haussler

Gogo DeLys, lovely NBC singing star, finds plain fruit juice a refreshing drink—but there are many ways to use this modern miracle of canning in your kitchen.

HERE'S A REAL ANSWER TO THAT SPRINGTIME DESIRE FOR SOMETHING TEMPTING, A LIST OF NEW RECIPES WITH A FRUIT OR TOMATO JUICE BASE

HINTS FOR MENU HOUSE-CLEANING

NOW that spring is here and you're out of doors most of the day, drinking in the sunshine and fresh air, your mind is filled with thoughts of new clothes and spring house-cleaning. But along with bringing new freshness and sparkle to your wardrobe and house, what about doing the same thing for your menus? Meals, you know, can and should be revamped for warmer weather, just as clothes and draperies are.

Make fruit juices your standby for spring menus. There are many grand ones on the market now and a well stocked fruit juice shelf will work miracles in your meal planning. Vary the breakfast order to include orange juice, grapefruit juice, mixed grapefruit and orange juice, tomato, prune, cranberry, pineapple and apricot juice—they all come in cans and a can or two should be kept in the refrigerator at all times. Having tried them for breakfast, you will want them for luncheon and dinner cocktails, as well, and for long cool drinks to serve when friends drop in of an afternoon or evening.

For breakfast use, plain tomato juice is usually preferred to the spicier cocktail, but here is an excellent cocktail which I am sure you will use again (*Continued on page 93*)

By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

RECENTLY IN NEW YORK BEFORE RETURNING TO LONDON FOR THE CORONATION

THE BEAUTIFUL, YOUNG *Duchess* OF *Leinster*

Tells you how she cares for her glamorously clear, smooth skin

• Delicate features in a heart-shaped face, lovely, liquid blue-gray eyes, lustrous dark-brown hair—the luminous beauty of a clear, smooth skin!

• (*below*) Snapped on the staircase of the Crystal Garden of the Ritz-Carlton during the Duchess of Leinster's recent visit to New York.

Her Grace—one of the three Premier Duchesses in the British Isles—in the white satin Court gown she will wear under her Coronation robe . . . "A treatment with Pond's Cold Cream is more than a cleansing treatment. It makes my skin feel invigorated, look brighter. I use Pond's Cold Cream night and morning and for any occasion."

She will stand for hours in Westminster Abbey the day of the Coronation, in a robe of velvet and ermine—jewels flashing from coronet and necklace—her lovely skin clear and luminous against its brilliant setting.

Of all the peeresses who will attend the Coronation, none will be lovelier than the slender, young Duchess of Leinster.

Admired for her beauty during her recent visit to New York, the Duchess said her beauty care is "the simplest and best—Pond's." "Pond's Cold Cream is a complete facial treatment in itself," she said. "I use it to invigorate and freshen my skin for the most important occasions."

Like hundreds of British beauties—the Duchess follows this daily method:—

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it releases dirt, make-up, skin secretions—wipe them off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—*briskly*, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened.

Every morning (and always before make-up) repeat . . . Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Day and night, this rousing Pond's treatment does more than clean your skin. It invigorates it . . . Fights blemishes, blackheads, lines, coarsening pores. Get a jar today. Soon see *your* skin growing lovelier!

***Send for* SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE**
and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

Pond's, Dept. 8RM-CF, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company

"I was run-down—

"...looked pale... lacked a keen appetite... was underweight... felt tired."

"What did I do?"

"MY intuition told me I needed a tonic. Naturally, I am happy and grateful for the benefits S.S.S. Tonic brought me."

You, too, will be delighted with the way S.S.S. Tonic whets up the appetite...improves digestion...restores red-blood-cells to a healthier and richer condition.

Feel and look like your old self again by taking the famous S.S.S. Tonic treatment to rebuild your blood strength...restore your appetite...and make better use of the food you eat.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health...its remarkable value is time tried and scientifically proven...that's why it makes you feel like yourself again.

At all drugstores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good." © S.S.S. Co.

The Stormy Life Story of a Black Sheep

(*Continued from page* 43)

or not; he didn't know what had happened to Bob. He was afraid to look behind him, afraid to do anything but keep his eyes on the ground and go on running. He didn't even realize that he'd left the rails behind and was running through weeds and grass.

Suddenly he stopped. Stopped in his tracks, as if a hand had reached out and grasped him by the shoulder.

There was no sound except his deep breathing. No light anywhere. He sighed in relief. Anyway, he wasn't going to be shot. But what had made him stop so suddenly? He didn't know. He took a tentative step forward, then drew back sharply. Only a foot or two from where he stood the ground dropped straight away in a sheer fall. He peered over the edge, trying to see the ground below, but it was shrouded in darkness. He'd have been killed if his headlong flight had carried him over the edge of that precipice.

Phil Baker's belief in fate, in some kind of Providence, dates from that instant. Some unknown force halted his feet while they were still being urged on by fear, and in doing so, saved his life. He doesn't know what that force was, but he still believes in it.

He turned and began cautiously to retrace his steps. He hadn't gone far when a low whistle came from his right. It was Bob, who hadn't run as far as Phil.

"I got an idea," he said when Phil had joined him. "Let's go around this way, and I think we can get into town. Then we can buy something to eat and go back to the yard and maybe find a train that'll take us to Hazlitt."

"Hazlitt?" Phil asked. "What do we want to go there for?"

"My uncle lives there, but he probably won't be home—he's captain on a ferry boat and only lives in the house when he isn't working—and we can get into the house and stay a while."

"But I want to go out West."

"Well," said Bob, "Hazlitt's on our way. And it'll be fun."

PHIL had no alternative plan, so he let himself be guided by his companion. As things turned out, Bob was a good guide. He managed to steer the two of them around the railroad yard in a wide circle into town, where they ate in an all-night restaurant, paying for their food out of the ten dollars they had between them. Then they went back to the freight yard, and Bob boldly asked a man who looked good-natured if he wouldn't show them a train that would go through Hazlitt. Surprisingly, the man did so, warning them jovially to keep out of sight of the brakeman, and the next morning they were in Hazlitt.

Bob's uncle's house stood on the outskirts of the little town—a neat and comfortable-looking white frame dwelling. And sure enough, it was boarded up and deserted.

"We can't break in now," Bob said importantly. "We got to wait until it's dark, when nobody'll see us."

So for that day they lolled around Hazlitt, having a good time, eating in a restaurant, walking down the main street, lying in the grass. When night came they pried the boards off one of the windows and broke in.

It was a fine house, completely furnished, even to a stock of jam and preserves in the cellar. They stayed there a week, being cautious enough not to light any fires or show the flame of their candles at night. Daytimes they played outside and made the acquaintance of two girls their own age. They awed the girls by telling them they were from New York, in Hazlitt for their vacations, and spoke largely of mysterious enterprises "out West." They even dated the girls up for an evening at the movies, and felt very much the men of the world as they washed and got ready to leave the house on the appointed evening.

They were in the owner's bedroom, and Bob was fishing around the bureau drawers, having in mind to use one of his uncle's ties. Suddenly he gave an exclamation.

"Look what I found!"

He held up a heavy revolver, old-fashioned but efficient looking.

"Better put it back," Phil said uneasily.

"It isn't loaded. I'm going to take it along."

"No, don't. It'll get us into trouble."

"Don't be such a sissy!" Bob said scornfully, and tucked the weapon into his belt.

WHAT'S going on in there?" said a deep voice outside the window, which they had opened under the shutters for coolness.

The boys stampeded for their own private entrance and exit window, scrambled through it, and ran for their lives. Somehow they got separated. Phil streaked for the railroad station, where there was a freight ambling slowly through. He could catch it and get away. But he hesitated. Where was Bob? Could he leave him to be caught and put in jail? He stood there a moment, debating the question; then turned back. But he'd stayed in one place too long. A heavy hand fell on his shoulder.

"Here's one of them," said a gruff but not unkind voice.

They put Phil into an automobile and set out to drive him to the next town—Hazlitt, it appeared, didn't have any jail. In answer to his timid questions, they replied that they hadn't caught the other boy yet.

The car jogged along the country road. On one side of Phil was the driver, on the other the man who had captured him. The headlights, as they rounded a curve, picked out the figure of Bob scurrying like a terrified rabbit into the bushes at the side of the road.

The driver slammed on the brakes and the two men jumped out of the car, leaving Phil in it. But his spirit was broken. He didn't even want to run away any longer. He watched while Bob tried to climb a fence, slipped and fell, and then turned to face his pursuers. He had the pistol in his hand.

"Leave me alone or I'll shoot!" he quavered. The pistol was so heavy he could hardly hold it, and it wavered back and forth crazily. The two men hesitated, then rushed him. The pistol went off with a futile click—it really wasn't loaded, after all—and Bob was carried struggling into the car.

It wasn't a bad sort of jail. If it hadn't been for the shame of being in jail at all, Phil wouldn't have minded it. They were the only prisoners there, and the jailer was a comfortable and good-hearted old fellow. He persuaded the boys to give him the names of their parents, and told them they'd have to stand trial for breaking into a house.

Ella, Phil's sister, and Bob's father came over from New York for the hearing. Both Ella and Mr. Michaels were

(*Continued on page* 58)

"It really began with this snapshot"

"I'D heard Sid mention his sister, but she meant nothing to me, naturally—until one day I picked up this snapshot on his desk.

"I asked him who the choice number was, and felt a little embarrassed when he said she was his sister Molly. But I guess he forgave the fresh remark, the way I began to treat him like a brother. I even loaned him money.

"He said he'd rather I'd take the snapshot than come mooning around his desk all the time, so that's how I became the owner. How I became the owner of the girl herself is another story—but it really began with this snapshot."

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—you must take Today

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.

By far the greater number of snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film because people have found that "it gets the picture"—clear, true, lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome. Don't take chances...use it always... Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

(*Continued from page* 56)

good and mad, and lost no time in letting the two boys know they were in disgrace, but they stood up for them in court and got them out on a year's probation. After all, as Mr. Michaels told the judge, the house had belonged to Bob's own uncle, not a stranger, and they hadn't taken anything but a few jars of jam.

Phil returned to New York with two things knocked out of him—his wanderlust and his friendship for Bob Michaels. The wanderlust was to return, but from that day to this he's never seen Bob again.

His job was gone, of course, but he found another one, as errand boy for a brokerage house. It was a hateful job. He had to get up every morning at seven and dress up in his best clothes and go down town, to spend the day delivering envelopes from one office to another. His salary was five dollars a week, and that didn't seem adequate compensation for doing work he hated so much.

It was accident which lifted him out of this drudgery. In the evenings he used to go to a tiny neighborhood movie house. It showed pictures continuously from noon until midnight, and from noon until midnight a thin, pale girl sat at the piano and pounded out a musical accompaniment. One sweltering June evening she fainted dead away—just fell off the piano stool in exhaustion.

IN the midst of the commotion that followed, Phil, regular patron of the house that he was, asked the manager if he'd like him to fill in for the evening. The manager assented gladly, and Phil sat down to play his repertoire of three pieces over and over, with variations to suit the action, for the rest of the evening.

The girl's doctor said she needed a complete rest, so Phil got her job—and it was as glorious a job as the other had been dismal. He didn't have to go to work until noon, and it really wasn't work anyway—and best of all, he got twelve dollars a week! He gave his mother ten, and kept two for himself, which was untold wealth.

The only difficulty was that he knew only three pieces of music. He could improvise on these endlessly, so that they sounded like more—that is, they sounded like more unless you listened for twelve hours a day, like the manager of the theater, who discovered Phil's weakness after three weeks, and fired him.

That was all right, though. A friend of the Baker family, who owned a box factory at Haverstraw, New York, had made up his mind to run an open-air movie theater there for the summer, and he offered Phil the job of supplying the incidental music. He didn't mind if Phil knew only three pieces.

It was the best summer Phil had ever spent up to that time. He worked only at night, and had the rest of the day to do as he pleased in. He didn't make any money, however, as he invariably lost all he had playing pool with the local champions.

Autumn came, and the Haverstraw theater was closed, and Phil returned to New York, really jobless this time. He couldn't find even a position as errand boy. He hung drearily around home, going up in the afternoons to a boys' club in Harlem where there was a good piano he could play on. The club was on the second floor and people used to stand outside on the sidewalk, listening to Phil play. He got quite a local reputation, but no money.

At last, sick of New York, Phil ran away again, a few days after his year's probation was up. For some reason, which proved to have no basis in fact at all, he thought he could find work in Boston. It only took him a week to discover how wrong he was. He wandered out of Boston, to Fall River—and in Fall River, Phil Baker, the vaudeville and radio star, was born.

One of the theaters in Fall River was advertising an Amateur Night—yes, they had them, even then. Phil was broke and desperate, so he entered the competition, playing the piano and singing. The first prize went to somebody else, but Phil did win one of the minor prizes, one dollar in cash. That in itself isn't so important. What is important is the fact that he went past the stage door at the moment the regular vaudeville acts were being paid off for the week. The manager was handing a colossal wad of bills to a song-and-dance team. Probably it really wasn't such a lot of money, but it looked like a lot to Phil. His eyes popped at the sudden realization of what a wonderful career he could have on the stage.

He'd loved music all his life, he'd played the piano for the movies, but it had actually never occurred to him before that he could make a living by doing what he so loved to do. "Gee!" he thought, "this is the business for me. To have those people clapping for you, and get all that money besides—!"

He spent ninety cents of his dollar on a big dinner and ten cents for a night's lodging in a flop house; and the next morning he told a member of the Fall River police force that he was broke and wanted to get back to New York. The policeman sent him to the city wood yard, where they put him to work earning his fare on the boat back home.

His return to New York was different this time. He knew what he wanted to do, and it wasn't long before the opportunity came to do it. A young fellow named Irving Belzac used to visit the boys' club in Harlem. He'd done a little vaudeville work ,and now Phil suggested that the two of them work up an act and try to get it booked.

The surprising thing was that they succeeded. For two years they toured the small-time circuits, Phil playing the piano and Belzac the violin. For another two years, after that, Phil toured with another partner, named Eddie Janis. It was still a musical act—violin, accordion, and piano.

He grew from a youngster in long trousers into a lean, gawky youth of seventeen in those four years of vaudeville work. He learned how the inside of every small vaudeville theater and cheap hotel, all along the circuits, looked; and he thought, at seventeen, that he was very much the sophisticated trouper. But he was still young enough to have one great ambition, and to thrill when he achieved it—to team up with Ben Bernie.

EVER since his kid days, Phil had known the Bernie family, and for most of that time Ben had been a glamorous and romantic figure, already a successful man in vaudeville. After he himself went on the stage, Phil still looked up to Ben and pestered him at every opportunity, hoping that some day he would be good enough to be Ben's partner. That day came at last, and the team of Bernie and Baker toured for almost another two years.

Working with Ben was no bed of roses, however. In all his stage work, Phil had never been able to overcome his fear of speaking lines. He could play the piano and the accordion, but when he was on the stage he couldn't say a word. Ben, besides playing his violin, delivered a comedy monologue, and he made up his mind that Phil must be trained to be his straight man.

His method of training Phil to talk on the stage was along sink-or-swim lines. He'd work out a routine in which the two of them spoke in dialogue, and teach it to Phil. Then, when they got on the stage and began their dialogue, Ben would wander off, leaving Phil in the middle of the stage trying desperately to think of something to say. The audience, naturally, loved Phil's discomfiture, thinking it was part of the act. But the system worked. Eventually Phil learned to say something—anything that came into his head—and little by little he lost his stage fright. A few years later, this training of Ben's was to bear fruit, when it showed Phil the way to originate the heckler-stooge.

Phil left the act to join the Navy shortly after America entered the war, and proceeded to spend the most miserable year of his life. Nineteen seemed to him to be the very prime of life, the perfect age for service overseas, but the Navy had different opinions. He was neither in the Navy nor out of it, but was kept on this side of the ocean, chafing for action and not getting it. Because of his youth, officialdom saw fit to keep him on the reserve lists throughout the war.

Not long before the Armistice, he was playing in a Navy benefit when the great showman, Morris Gest, saw him and liked his work. Later, Gest gave him a featured part in his Century Roof show, along with such stars as Ed Wynn, Eddie Dowling, and Ray Dooley; and soon Phil was one of Broadway's big musical comedy stars—and not yet well into his twenties.

It was about this time that the famous Baker heckler-stooge, the fore-runner of his radio "ghost," Beetle, came into being. Phil used to take part in a performance on the Winter Garden roof every Sunday evening, and one of the waiters there simply would not let him alone. The waiter was an eccentric individual named Jojo. That was all—just Jojo. He also sang, upon occasion; but when Phil was doing his act all Jojo would do was hurl insults at him. Phil parried them good-naturedly, and Jojo came right back with more; and between them they kept the audience in hysterics. Finally Phil hired Jojo for twenty dollars a week.

JOJO was unable to stand prosperity. He was with Phil a year and a half, and during that time he struck at least once a month for a dollar raise. He had a formula for it.

"Boss," he'd say, "my wife is having a baby. Got to have a dollar a week more."

Usually he got the raise, until at last his wife had had fifteen babies and he was getting thirty-five dollars a week. Then Phil struck, and refused to pay more. Jojo went away.

Next day he was back. "Make it fifty cents?" he suggested.

"What's the matter?" Phil asked. "Only half a baby this time?"

"It was a very small one," Jojo explained seriously. "Only eats half as much."

But he didn't get the raise, and Phil found another stooge.

Phil was playing on the Ziegfeld roof, along with Will Rogers and Eddie Cantor, when he fell in love. She was one of the dancing chorus girls, very slim, very lovely, very young. Her name was Vivian Vernon.

He first noticed her, really, when he saw that her mother was the only one who ever waited for her at the stage door. Other girls had their white-tied and top-hatted gallants. Vivian refused all escorts and went home every night with her mother. It was obvious that he'd never get her to go out with him unless he made friends with Mrs. Vernon first—so that's what he did.

Within three months they were madly in love, wanting to marry. Mrs. Vernon approved, but long before, Phil had promised his parents he wouldn't marry until he was twenty-five—and that was two long years away. It had been easy to make the promise, but now he didn't see how he was to keep it.

He didn't keep it. One day he and Vivian ran away to Philadelphia and were married, secretly. Phil bribed license bureau and city hall officials to keep quiet about it, and thought, in his innocence, that his secret was safe. A week later they went on their honeymoon to Europe.

It was the strangest honeymoon there ever was. Still hoping to keep his marriage a secret, Phil booked a separate stateroom for Vivian, under her maiden name. They boarded the ship separately—just two people who happened to be sailing on the same ship.

They'd hardly passed quarantine before Phil realized his mistake. Vivian was the prettiest girl on board, and since she was apparently unmarried, there wasn't a man on the passenger list who didn't want her to dance with him, drink cocktails with him, and sit on the deck in the moonlight with him. Phil was just another suitor, as far as they were concerned, and they didn't intend to show him any particular consideration.

There was nothing Phil could do about it without letting the secret out or punching somebody in the nose. The men simply swarmed around Vivian while he stood helplessly by, and the only time they could be alone together was late at night, when Phil would scuttle furtively down the deserted corridors to Vivian's stateroom.

The miserable voyage was over at last, and they landed at Southampton—to be met by a cablegram from Phil's parents, full of shocked surprise that he had broken his promise. *Variety,* the theatrical weekly, had somehow got hold of the marriage, and had published it.

At least, there was no longer any reason for keeping secret the fact that they were Mr. and Mrs. Phil Baker, and for three months they traveled in Europe, happy in each other's company and in the first vacation either of them had ever had. Like the two kids they were, they romped from pleasure spot to pleasure spot, dancing, laughing, playing—forgetting that all this couldn't last forever, unaware that even just being together wasn't always going to be enough. They didn't know, then, how pitifully brief that ill-starred marriage was to be.

Phil Baker sees his first, romantic marriage come to failure, but out of his unhappiness he learns how to build a new life of success and deep contentment—in the conclusion of this dramatic story.

My Greatest American Adventures

(*Continued from page* 45)

to the crew, and the other passengers, was myself—and a cargo of oranges for the Eskimos. Three days after we had set sail, a storm blew up and churned the waters dangerously. To make matters worse, a whale appeared. He started to follow our small craft, threatening the ship, and all aboard, with imminent destruction.

Seeking to appease the hungry monster, and divert him from our course, the crew tossed several cases of oranges overboard. These the whale gulped down, and continued to lash his tail furiously. The

rising from his box, he tried to address the hen

PERSONAL

BOB, I can't stand it any longer. Your constant criticism is driving me crazy. I'm going away for good. Daisy.

Aunt Susan: But why? How did it happen, Daisy?

Daisy: Oh, Aunty, it's been one row after another for months! Every morning he kicked about his shirts—they looked so gray and dingy. A few nights ago we had company and Bob said the linens were a disgrace. We had a nasty scene and I walked out.

Aunt Susan: Honey, I know it sounds mean to bring this up now. But why don't you *do* something to get that tattle-tale gray out of your clothes?

Daisy: Good glory, I work like blazes. What on earth more can I do?

Aunt Susan: Stop using those "trick" powdery soaps that don't wash clean, and switch to Fels-Naptha Soap. It's one sure way to get *all* the dirt—thanks to its wonderfully rich *golden* soap with *lots of naptha* right in it.

Daisy: Oh, why didn't I think of that before! I'll try Fels-Naptha right away!

FEW WEEKS LATER

Bob: Gosh, but I'm glad you're back, Daisy. And I promise I'll never nag again as long as . . .

Daisy: As long as I stick to Fels-Naptha Soap and get your shirts and everything so sweet and white! Don't worry, darling—Fels-Naptha and I are pals forever!

COPR. FELS & CO., 1937

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

storm, moreover, did not decrease in violence. The crew drew lots and one less fortunate sailor lost and was thrown overboard. The monster devoured him, but this sacrifice did not swerve him from his purpose. Two more sailors were thrown to him, but this only seemed to increase his appetite.

THERE was an old lady, of some ninety-odd years, among the passengers. She had the idea that if she were sacrificed, the ship, and those aboard, might be saved. Now everybody loved this old lady. She sat on the deck all day long and rocked back and forth in an old rocking chair she had brought aboard. She reminded the sailors of home, and mother. When she begged the sailors to throw her overboard, they could not refuse her plea, and prepared to consign her to the deep.

She attached only one condition—she said she had always loved her old rocking chair and wanted it with her when she departed this earth. So, after tying her to the chair, the sailors threw her to the whale, who gulped her down, rocking chair and all. The whale immediately disappeared, and in a short time the vessel was again safely on its way—the storm having subsided.

Weeks later, we arrived in Alaska. Almost simultaneously, a tumult was created by the natives when the rumor got around that a great whale had drifted ashore. We rushed down to the shore, and the sailors, recognizing the monster as the same whale that had caused us so much worry, got axes and proceeded to cut him open. There, in the whale's stomach, was the old lady calmly rocking back and forth in her rocking chair, and selling oranges at a nickel apiece to the three sailors! (Vas you dere Sharlee?)

Life among the Eskimos was indeed pleasant. All we did the livelong day was fish and hunt. The fishing was particularly enjoyable as it involved no work at all on our part. The tribe of Eskimos among which we lived had trained goldfish to act as educated bait.

The fishermen would tie a string to one of these goldfish, and by holding up a certain number of fingers would indicate to the pet how many fish he wanted. He would then drop the harnessed goldfish into the water, and watch it proceed in search of its victims. The large and ferocious game fish would be attracted by the glittering goldfish, and would snap its jaws around it and gulp it down.

The goldfish, on getting into the gullet, would slither out through the gill, having the game fish on the line. The goldfish would continue fishing in this manner until he caught the desired number of fish. It would then swim around the entire line of fish, and with the slack of the line, tie a knot. This was necessary, because if the fisherman pulled in the line—without a knot in it—the goldfish would be pulled through a dozen or so gills, and would be injured, in addition to losing the catch. So when the knot was tied, the goldfish would let up a few bubbles as a signal, and the fisherman hauled in the day's catch!

Hunting in the Arctic was a thrilling experience, because it was really fraught with danger. Only once, however, during my entire stay, was I faced with death. My ingenuity saved me.

It was a bitter cold day. A blizzard had come up, and the temperature had gone down to several hundred degrees below zero. I had gone out hunting and after using up all my bullets, I was making my way to our igloo, minding my own business, when I was suddenly confronted by the largest and most ferocious looking bear I had ever seen! The animal was preparing to pounce on me, and I had no bullets!

I began to think how my mother would miss me, and wept at the thought. The tears froze almost as soon as they left my eyes. Suddenly, I received an inspiration. I jammed the frozen tears into my gun, and used them as bullets. When the tears penetrated the bear's brain, the heat of his body melted the solidified liquid and the bear died of water on the brain! (So, vas you dere?)

Alaska was too tame, so I proceeded on a journey southward and arrived in Flim Flom, Canada, where I struck up an acquaintance with a Northwest Mounted Policeman. We became fast friends. He shared his quarters with me, and indeed proved such a hospitable host that I was loath to depart, and remained with him for almost half a year.

THE Mountie had a remarkable bird dog. The dog, reared among the mounties, had developed a peculiar fascination for the wigwagging squad. He spent hours with them everyday, watching them wigwag messages with their flags.

When the hunting season opened, the Mountie, knowing my reputation as a hunter, lent me this dog. Together, with a gun, we entered a sparsely wooded area. The dog preceded me by several hundred feet and trailed back and forth in search of game. Suddenly he stopped, and his tail shot upward. The tail began to wiggle. He was wigwagging a message! It was: "Jack—have—you—any—buckshot? —if—not—run—like—mad—because there's — a—big—brown—bear—up

here—and he's—coming—your way!" (Vas you dere?)

When I left for still farther southerly parts, my friend insisted upon giving me this remarkable pointer—he was a pointer—as a keepsake. Out of sentiment, I accepted the dog even though he was somewhat of an encumbrance when I arrived in New York.

ONE afternoon, I was walking down Sixth Avenue with the dog trotting behind me, when suddenly I missed him. After searching frantically, I found that he had come to a beautiful point at one of the busiest corners in the city. I looked around for a bird, and finally came to the conclusion that this dog had gone batty as a result of New York life. I was just about to give him a sound thrashing, when I suddenly discovered what he was pointing at. It was a large sign with gold letters, reading: "A. PARTRIDGE —Hardware!"

So I next took a boat to Jersey. Running short of funds, I joined the State Police. A criminal, who had long been sought by the law, was finally caught shortly after I joined the force. He was a shoplifter with a peculiar mania—he never stole anything expensive. He was a cheap crook, and the cheap items were good enough for him.

One day he was spotted leaving a big department store with a number of cheap cotton shirts. He managed to temporarily elude the police, but with my sleuthing always on the job, he was quickly trailed to his home and barricaded. He was ordered to come out with his hands up, but instead of complying the bandit taunted us by putting on one of the shirts he had stolen and parading up and down in front of the window.

This was more than we could stand, and tear gas bombs were thrown into his house. We waited for him to come running out of the house. Half an hour, two hours, ten hours—but our man remained inside. Finally, I decided to break into the house and investigate. I found him lying on the floor dead. What had happened, it seems to me, was that the tear gas had exploded, and caused him to weep profusely. The tears had completely saturated the collar of his cheap cotton shirt —and it had shrunk, choking him to death! (You vasn't dere, vas you?)

THE YEAR'S BIGGEST EVENT!

Jimmie Fidler Joins Radio Mirror as its exclusive Hollywood reporter! Reserve your July issue now.

Florida was the place I liked the best. I suppose it was because the fishing was always good there. I can remember only one occasion when the fish weren't biting. But fortunately, I had a bottle of Scotch along. I dipped a fresh minnow into the bottle, and put him on the end of the hook figuring that the big fish might be attracted by the scent of the liquor. I made a cast, and in a few seconds there was a vigorous tug at my line. It took all my strength to haul in the line, but it was well worth the effort. On the end of the line was a huge sea bass which was fighting desperately. The minnow had the bass by the throat, and was throttling him! (Vas you dere, Hemmingway?)

One of the worst experiences I ever had was walking across the Mojave Desert with an old prospector who called himself Jake. We got right in the middle of the desert, and ran out of water. We went three days without a drop of water, and finally Jake got so thirsty that he couldn't walk another step. I was on my way to California, and nothing would have made me stop, but Jake just had to have water. "Baron," Jake moaned, as he sank into the scorching sand, "I'd give my life for one glass of water."

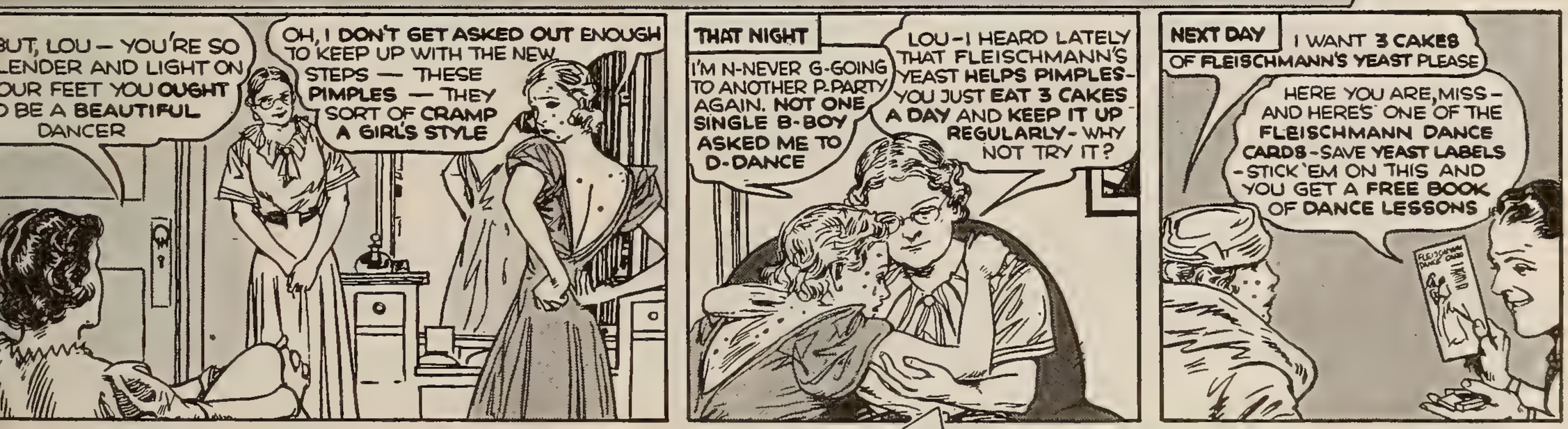
I thought about this for over an hour and finally arose with a solution. I reached into my knapsack and pulled out a tremendous onion. Then I procured a small pan, and holding the onion under Jake's eyes, I proceeded to make his *eyes* water. In less than a minute Jake had wept the pan full, and after drinking the water we walked briskly on our way!

When I got to California, bad news awaited me. There I found a message from home informing me that my aged grandmother was mortally ill. The letter urged me to return home so that she might have a last glimpse of her grandson before departing this earth.

I quickly prepared for the trip. Not having sufficient money for a boat passage, and being in bad with the passport authorities, I purchased a pair of water wings. I filled them with air, and after a week of strenuous swimming, I finally landed in the home land and rushed to my grandmother's bedside.

I REMOVED the valve from the water-wings, and made my grandmother breathe in the California air with which they were filled. Before you could say, Jack Pearl, she was out of bed and kicking a football around. I was home safe again.

to Clear up your Skin! Be a Good Dancer! WIN POPULARITY!



GET THIS FREE FLEISCHMANN DANCE CARD FROM YOUR GROCER

Don't wait another day! Start right now to save yeast labels for the wonderful book of 20 dance lessons by Arthur Murray!

This book is *not for sale*. The *only way* to get a copy is with Fleischmann Yeast labels.

Just eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *daily* for 27 days. Save the label from each cake. Paste these on the *free* Fleischmann Dance Card you can get from your grocer. Send it in.

If your grocer has no Dance Cards, save your 81 labels and send them in an envelope, or pasted up on plain paper.

Address envelope containing labels to Fleischmann's Yeast, 701 Washington Street, New York City. And be sure to include *your* name and address. (This offer holds good until August 31st, 1937.)

(Details of securing Dance Book differ slightly in states west of Denver and in Canada, see newspapers or ask your local grocer.)

Dr. R. E. Lee, well-known physician, says: **"STICK TO IT,** and **Fleischmann's Yeast** will help to correct **ADOLESCENT PIMPLES."**

● Important glands develop after the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25 years of age—and final growth takes place. This disturbs the entire system. The skin gets extra sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin, and unsightly pimples break out.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast helps to free your skin from pimples by clearing these skin irritants out of the blood. Eat 3 cakes every day—a cake about ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water.

Copyright, 1937, Standard Brands Incorporated

"Always worth stopping for"

Most popular gum in America is Beech-Nut Peppermint. Try our Spearmint, too, if you enjoy a distinctive flavor!

BEECH-NUT GUM

BEECHIES
Gum in a crisp candy coating . . doubly delightful that way! Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin.

ORALGENE
The new firmer texture gum that aids mouth health and helps fight mouth acidity. "Chew with a purpose."

SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS
Biggest Little Show on Earth!
A mechanical marvel, 3 rings of performers, clowns, animals, music 'n' everything! Now touring the country. Don't miss it.

You can taste the difference Quality makes

What's New?

(*Continued from page 4*)

Stoopnagle and Budd call it a season the end of May. So does We, the People.

Eddie Cantor and Kate Smith both start holidaying the end of June, to be absent two and a half months while their shows continue without them. Lanny Ross intends to stay aboard Show Boat all summer. He took a long European trip last year, and a family man has his responsibilities.

The two big automobile symphony tours take summer rests. General Motors' present spring series takes it up to the end of June, and it's a good bet that the sponsors then suspend operations until fall. Mr. Ford's Sunday Evening Hour definitely packs away its instruments in summer moth-balls June 27.

Jack Oakie and Rubinoff stay on the air until July. After that, Jack may turn his college over to some other wise man; Rubinoff may also rest until fall. Even if the maestro takes himself and his violin off the network you'll still hear his programs. He's made hundreds of electrical transcriptions for Chevrolet, featuring guest stars.

If your favorite star or program isn't listed here, be glad.

It means that he, she, or it will probably remain on the air throughout the summer.

* * *

IT should double your pleasure in listening to Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt's radio talks to know what happens to the money she makes on them. Ponds is reputed to pay her two thousand dollars for each broadcast, and this money goes directly to the American Friends Service Committee in Philadelphia, without the First Lady ever seeing it at all. From there it goes into a work that's very close to Mrs. Roosevelt's heart. It is used to resettle families in the depressed areas of Eastern states—such regions as the mining districts in West Virginia and Pennsylvania. The American Friends Committee buys small plots of land, settles out-of-work miners on them, and helps them to get a new start. The basic idea is to give each family some land on which to live and raise some food, at the same time working whenever possible. It *would* take radio to make a part-time farmer out of a miner, wouldn't it?

* * *

PLENTY of stars have missed a broadcast now and then; Jessica Dragonette was forced by illness to miss the first program of her present series, and last fall Fred Astaire was a week late in joining his own show. But Nelson Eddy, I guess, is the only star who ever missed the *last* program in a series. The laryngitis attack which forced him off the air for his final scheduled appearance for Vicks was partially a result of his throat operation a few weeks before. It's not serious, despite rumors. Nelson canceled concert engagements for a couple of weeks, but is planning on resuming them soon. He is booked up solidly on his concert tour until the end of May, after which he'll go back to Hollywood for another picture.

* * *

REMEMBER our vague speculations about Professor Quiz's appearance and identity last month? Well, here's a later bulletin. At the broadcasts the Prof. reveals himself to be a heavyset, once handsome man who makes you feel he could talk you into buying the Brooklyn

Bridge to jump off of. He has eyes that hold your interest until you believe whatever he says—and like it.

* * *

MILESTONES section: Mabel Albertson and Ken Englund announce their wedding, which took place last November 2. Mabel is Countess Kleptomania on the Sunday morning Iodent Dress Rehearsal, and Ken is a script writer for the Helen Broderick-Victor Moore show, among others . . . Eddie Cantor buys an estate in Beverly Hills for the nice rounded sum of $133,000 (reputed) . . . Judy Canova is being co-starred with Jack Benny in the picture he's making now. It's not her debut, however; she was in "Caliente" last year . . . Rita Johnson, late of the CBS Workshop dramatic program, is another who has gone Hollywood, via the dotted-line route on a Sam Goldwyn contract . . . Jerry Belcher, master of ceremonies on Our Neighbors, sold his program to General Tires just as his wife, the former Ruth Love, presented him with a baby daughter. Jerry had time to kiss the baby before flying out to Chicago to discuss time and network . . . CBS will break ground within a year for two mammoth, modern radio centers, one in New York and one in Hollywood, to replace its present rather crowded quarters in both cities . . . Merwyn Bogue, Ish Kabibble in Kay Kyser's orchestra, says it's a boy . . . Frances Langford was ill in the hospital, just when we wanted her to pose for a picture. The big hearted camera man offered to go into the sick room but the nurses wouldn't let him go to all that trouble.

* * *

NBC will weep tears of mortification when we publish this, but we can't resist. Show Boat is broadcast on NBC from nine to ten Thursday nights. Floyd Gibbons' True Adventures program goes over CBS from ten to ten-thirty the same night. The same advertising agency produces both shows. It's impossible for agency officials to get from Radio City to the Columbia building in time to sit in the control room for Floyd's program, so as a special favor to them NBC picks up its rival network's show and broadcasts it to the control room of Studio 8-H, where the agency man can sit around and listen.

* * *

BRIEF bulletin on the never-ending debate over whether or not movie stars ought to go on the air: When Hollywood Hotel put "Love Is News" on the air the picture had already been released, and its exhibitors were warned to watch box-office receipts closely and see whether the broadcast helped them or hurt them. What did they find out? In some places the box-office receipts were larger after the broadcast, in some places smaller, and in some they didn't change at all. And anyway, it didn't matter; the picture was a hit to begin with.

* * *

ON the other hand, at least one radio star has decided he oughtn't to stay in the movies. Jimmie Melton, singing star and master of ceremonies on the Saturday Night Party on NBC, voluntarily bowed out of the Hollywood picture when he asked to be released from his contract with Warner Brothers. The contract was torn up, although it still called for two pictures for two more years, and Jimmie now plans to devote all his future time to radio. You'll see his last picture, "Melody for Two," in May.

● *"Look! See what she's got in her pocket...her baby! Isn't he lucky —always going riding! Of course, he must rub up and down a bit when she jumps. I'll bet his seat gets chafed!"*

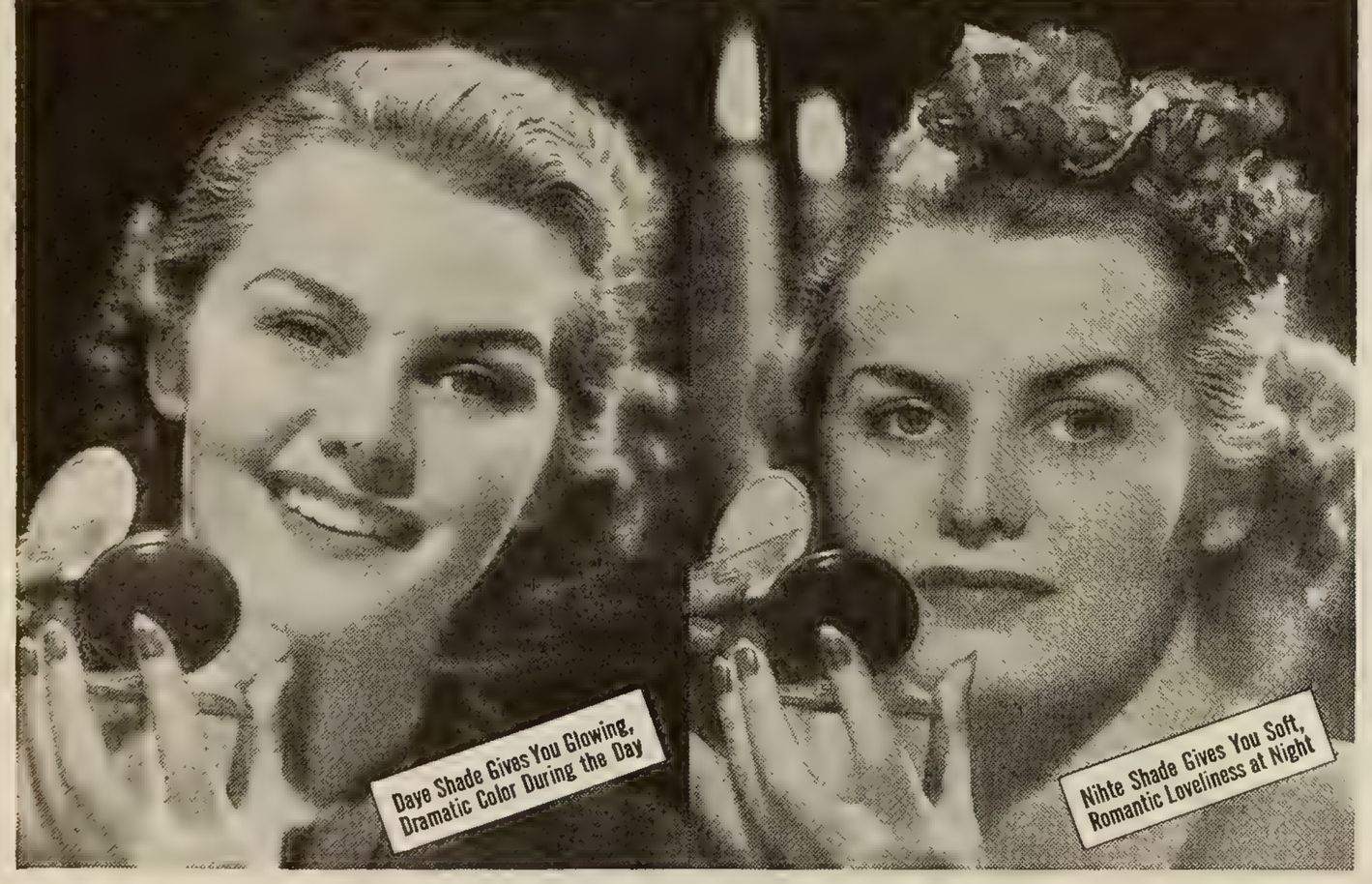
● *"Know what to do for that, Mrs. Kangaroo? I'll tell you—just sprinkle him good with soft, slick Johnson's Baby Powder. It makes any baby feel great! Let me put some on him—I'll be very careful."*

● *"There!...Doesn't he feel nice—doesn't he smell nice?...And no more rashes or chafes or prickly heat for him. He'll be so good you can put him in your pocket and forget him!"*

● *"Feel my Johnson's Baby Powder—isn't it lovely and downy and soft? Never gritty like some powders. It keeps a baby's skin just perfect!" And that, Mothers, is the surest protection against skin infections! Johnson's Baby Powder is made of the finest Italian talc—no orris-root. Babies need Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil, too!*

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

MAKE-UP REVOLUTIONIZED!



LADY ESTHER ANNOUNCES TWO, NEW MAGICAL SHADES OF FACE POWDER!

Two Amazing New Shades That Are Literally Transforming in the Beauty They Give You Under the Most Searching Sunlight or the Unkindest Artificial Light!

By *Lady Esther*

Two new shades of face powder, the like of which you have never before seen!

Two new shades that give face powder a magic that has never before been known!

To look at these shades in the box you would just think them two new strange shades of face powder. You would never imagine them to have any marvelous effect.

But they are literally transforming! They do things for you that face powder has never been known or dreamed to do. (I do not merely claim this, I have proved it on the skins of more than 10,000 women.)

These shades impart the full magic of color. They do not confine themselves to your skin or your face. They extend themselves to your whole personality. They definitely flatter. They definitely "glamor-ize." They create a new "YOU"!

They are striking examples of the power of *color!*

A Dramatic Shade for Day

Daye and Nihte I call these new shades of mine.

Daye is primarily for daytime wear. It is a luscious golden tone, magical in its effect. It is a *dramatic* shade. It is young and exciting. It gives you the freshness of a Spring morn, the glow of the heart of a rose. It creates a gay beauty that is preserved under the most glaring sunlight.

A Romantic Shade for Night

Nihte is primarily for night-time wear. It is a *romantic* shade, suggestive of moonlit waters and soft music. It casts a pearly radiance about you. It gives your skin a transparent look, as if the moon shone through it. It creates a soft ethereal beauty that can challenge the most unsympathetic artificial light.

At My Expense

These new face powder shades and their effect can no more be described than can a radiant dawn or a glorious sunset. They have to be seen to be appreciated. That's why I offer to send a liberal trial supply to every woman in America.

Just send me your name and address and by return mail you will receive generous packets of both Daye and Nihte shades. Try on each shade, Daye during the day and Nihte at night. See what each does! Step up your appearance, your whole appeal. You will be more than surprised and delighted with what your mirror shows you and your friends tell you.

Mail coupon today for your free packets of my new Daye and Nihte shades of face powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (34) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me trial packets of your two new face powder shades, Daye and Nihte.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

JUST for the record, here's the explanation of Joe Penner's "good night" speech at the end of his broadcast. Every Sunday, you may have noticed, he says "Good night," and adds a different girl's name. It doesn't mean that Joe has a new sweetheart every week—Joe's securely and happily married. It's just a gag. He always uses a rather common name, like Dorothy or Helen, figuring that all the Dorothys and Helens in the audience will sit up straight and think he's talking to them. The idea seems definitely dangerous to us. Suppose Dorothy is married, and her husband wakes up out of an after-dinner doze to hear a disembodied male voice bidding his wife good night? What's he going to think about it all, Mr. Penner?

* * *

THE wonderful adventure that began for Lucille Manners when she was signed by Cities Service to take the place of Jessica Dragonette has taken a new and exciting turn. A story published in last month's issue of RADIO MIRROR told you how Lucille has been groomed for stardom—taught to dress, walk and talk, all glamorously. Well, it was a successful campaign, perhaps too successful for her sponsors, who may lose her because of it to the movies. Lucille was screen-tested a few days ago by Warner Brothers, and reports have it that the results were terrif—well, anyhow, colossal.

* * *

THAT twenty-fifth anniversary celebration the Girl Scouts put on last month—at least, the part of it that was broadcast—showed how the girls can put it all over the male sex when they want to. Ever hear of a Boy Scout celebration which was able to line up an array of talent like this—Elizabeth Rethberg, Mario Chamlee, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Rene Maison, Kathleen Norris, Mrs. Herbert Hoover, and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt? They all went on the air for the Girl Scouts.

* * *

YOU'RE likely to miss one of radio's most interesting programs if we don't tell you about it, because it is broadcast only once a month. It's a musical show, lasting half an hour, with a cast composed entirely of blind people. The National Bureau for Blind Artists arranges the programs, and NBC puts them on as sustaining shows. Radio is a perfect medium for these people to use in overcoming their handicap and becoming recognized entertainers—so listen in, the first Friday of every month, at 3:15, on the NBC-Blue network. Such a famous person as Alec Templeton, the blind pianist, has already appeared in one of these programs, and similar talented people are promised for the future.

* * *

FRED WARING starts April 10 on 'Varsity Show'." That's what the item in a New York radio journal said, but it was news to everybody in Fred's office. It was news to everybody connected with the Pontiac Varsity Show on NBC, too, and it had them worried. Had their sponsor suddenly decided to fire them all and sign up Fred and the Pennsylvanians instead? You never can tell, they said sadly, what will happen in radio. Fred was out of New York, touring, but his office said it didn't *think* he had any radio plans—he was supposed to make a picture. At last the explanation bobbed up. The name of the picture Fred will make this summer is "Varsity Show."

WE'VE heard of expert gag writers and directors being called in to doctor up a radio show, but Will Alexander is a new kind of specialist. He's a band doctor. A graduate of the musical department of the University of Pennsylvania, Will makes his living by rearranging orchestral arrangements, adding a saxophone here, subtracting a violin there. Benny Goodman's is one of the bands upon which Will has worked his specialized magic, and they do say that he's responsible for much of Benny's present success.

* * *

WHEN is a busted career not a bust? When it's a smash, of course. And the oddest things sometimes turn it into the smash. There's the curious case of Natalie Bodanya, the girl who sang duets with Frank Munn on the Sweetest Love Songs program—and more important, the girl who recently lost her petticoat on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera just as she was hitting a high note. It was her first big role, and right when everything was going well that petticoat had to come loose and fall on the floor before the amused eyes of a brilliant audience. Natalie saw her budding career crumble with the petticoat, but she gallantly went on singing and ended up by kicking the offending garment off the stage as she made her exit. But she was still sure that they'd never let her sing at the Met again. The next day she woke up to find herself famous as the girl who had provided the only excitement at that dignified old temple of song since the night Jeritza tripped and had to sing an aria lying flat on her stomach. Instead of ruining her career the petticoat had made it a sure thing. She was even interviewed by a London paper on the trans-Atlantic telephone.

* * *

LACK of a suitable script is delaying the entrance into radio of a dazzling new personality. New, that is, to the air, but one of the stage's first First Ladies and no small potatoes in the movies. Ina Claire has been flirting with the broadcasters for several months, but so far just hasn't been able to get a script whipped up into shape for her use. She's to make a movie soon, so perhaps by the time that is finished all the difficulties will have been smoothed out. Miss Claire ought to be a regular one-woman show on the air—she won a prize for perfect diction not long ago, she's an accomplished comedienne, and she used to sing in musical comedy.

* * *

RUDY VALLEE, always one of our most travel-minded citizens, hits a new high in commuting early in May. Right after his April 29th broadcast he grabs a fast liner for London, arrives there in five days, broadcasts his May 6th and 13th programs from the Coronation city, hops another fast boat, and is back in New York for his May 20th show, without missing a single Thursday. It will all mean a two-week vacation for the Connecticut Yankees, since Rudy will go alone and use an English band, plus the cream of the talent in London for the Coronation as his guests.

* * *

PICTURE of a radio star refusing to be done out of a vacation: Fred Allen has told his intimate friends that he doesn't plan on returning to radio, once he's left it in June, until January, 1938. Fred, you know, is to spend the summer making a picture in Hollywood, and evidently he plans on taking that vacation when it's finished.

BRIDE REVEALS ALL!

Husband finds why he eats like a millionaire

at 3¢ a portion!

THREE things make Franco-American Spaghetti a life-saver for brides and limited budgets. First, it tastes so good that hungry young husbands clamor for more. Second, it is such concentrated nourishment that with it you need only a salad and perhaps a fruit dessert for a satisfying meal. Third, it costs so little! Imagine—a can usually costs only ten cents—less than 3¢ a portion.

Franco-American is no ordinary, ready-cooked spaghetti. One taste of its tangy, cheese-and-tomato sauce, with its subtle blend of eleven delicious, savory ingredients, will convince you right away. Ready to heat and eat, how it does save time! It's grand for making meals out of leftovers, too! Try this!

DELICIOUS THRIFT DINNER

Panbroiled meat balls
1 can Franco-American Spaghetti
Buttered beets
Cottage pudding with tart fruit sauce

SERVES 4 • COSTS 60¢

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD COMPANY, DEPT. 46
Camden, New Jersey
Please send me your free recipe book:
"30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

Not such nitwits! When George Burns and Gracie Allen moved their program to the NBC network, Monday nights, they got a big salary increase.

WHAT some of your favorites were doing before taking to the air, according to RADIO DAILY: Jack Pearl was a songplugger, and the Oracle knows someone who "vas dere" . . . Russ Morgan was a miner in the mine his father was foreman of . . . George Olsen used to saw lumber . . . Jan Peerce sang with Cantor Rosenblatt . . . Ralph Kirbery was a flour salesman and Jerry Cooper used to toot the trombone in a New Orleans cafe.

Hazel M. B., St. Petersburg, Fla.—The Melody Treasure Hunt conducted by Pat Ballard is now off the air. However, you still can get in touch with Mr. Ballard by addressing him in care of the Mutual Broadcasting System, 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Miss Kay M., Kingman, Arizona—The latest Show Boat theme song is "Dream Boat" by Al Goodman. For Margaret Speaks' program, the theme song is "In My Garden," by Mrs. Harvey Firestone, Sr., and the First Nighter's theme is "Neapolitan Nights."

Lily Pons fans, attention!—Is there a Lily Pons fan club? Thesba Yeaton of Derby, Vermont, wants to know.

Mr. Roy Robert Smith, Denver, Colorado—Percy E. Appleby, of 421 Osborne Avenue, Verdun, Quebec, Canada, asked for your local address, but not having it, we thought that this notice would prompt you to get in touch with him.

Ernest H., Guatemala, South America—Sorry you had to wait so long for your answer, but it took a long time to discover the whereabouts of your friend; (*Continued on page* 76)

Why His Wife Always Takes the Rap for Fred Astaire

(*Continued from page 37*)

the world had ever seen—which Fred doesn't believe is true. They listened to him sing, and burbled that his voice was "marvelous, simply marvelous"—which Fred knows very well isn't true.

Panic seized him. Wasn't there anyone to tell him the truth? Suppose he grew to believe these people—only to discover, some day, that he had been slipping, and that now his skill had gone entirely? He knew that sometimes he did things wrong. But how could he tell? He couldn't see himself dancing, couldn't listen to himself singing.

There was one person who could help him, who was willing to help him. Phyllis saw his confusion. She watched him worry. And because she loved him, she decided to do something about it.

Phyllis doesn't like the theatrical side of Fred's life any more than he does, but she did realize that he needed her to counteract the effects of the constant adulation and "yessing" that goes on at the studios. So she began doing something few wives would care to do. She began the program she has steadfastly carried out ever since.

IN the morning, when Fred arrives at the studio, she is with him. Over in one corner of the set there is a quiet, tiny figure—a little thing that a good strong puff of wind could blow away, and yet so sturdy, so steadfast. You don't notice her unless someone points her out. Apparently, she isn't watching Fred; but actually, she isn't missing a single gesture he makes.

When he has finished a dance routine or a scene he bounds over to her and for long minutes their heads are together in earnest conference. What she is telling him is whether, in her opinion, his work was good or could be improved upon. She is giving him that valuable thing so few stars can have—criticism. And Fred respects her opinion and her judgment. She gives him constructive guidance from one who has no part in the theatrical world, one who has his interest at heart and nothing else. It is something most intelligent stars would give half their incomes to purchase, if it could be purchased.

Phyllis usually disappears from the set just a little before lunch time. She returns to his dressing room, a few minutes later, with a picnic basket and a couple of thermos bottles. In the basket is a delicious luncheon, hot and nourishing. Phyllis spreads it out on the table. Soon Fred runs in and shuts the door.

The shutting of that door is symbolic. During this brief luncheon hour Fred and Phyllis shut out not only the sights and sounds of the studio around them, but all the studio stands for as well—all the complicated task of making movies. Many other people in Hollywood can—and do—live, breathe, eat and sleep motion pictures. But Fred is too highly keyed to think about his work all the time. His nerves would snap if he did. He must have a complete break from it, utter relaxation.

So as they have their luncheon Fred and Phyllis talk about everything but the movies. Theirs is the warm, intimate chatter which two happily married people love. They talk about the baby—his latest trick, his newest tooth. They talk about their home, their friends, their plans for the future.

Lunch time is over. Refreshed by this touch of reality after the unrealities of picture making, Fred goes back to the set. And so does Phyllis, back to her post.

THEN there is his radio work. The yes-men are in the broadcasting studio, too, ready to laugh at everything he says, hang on every word in the hope it may mean a better job. Once more it's Phyllis' task to suggest, to criticize, to keep him from going the way of so many who have nothing but yes-men around them.

That's the rehearsal. But on the night of the show, when the Packard hour is actually sent out over the airwaves, Phyllis is not in the studio. And that fact alone is proof enough that the gossips who say she dogs his footsteps to keep off infatuated women are wrong. If they were right, would she be likely to leave him during the actual show, when he is besieged by fans after the broadcast is over?

Throughout the Packard broadcast Phyllis is at home with the radio turned on, listening to every word Fred says, every note he sings. From this position she can tell much better how things are going than if she were in the studio. She has heard the rehearsal. She knows the pattern the broadcast is to take. Now she hears what comes through well and what doesn't.

"HOW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH"

"I advise Colgate Dental Cream. Its special *penetrating* foam removes the *cause*—the decaying food deposits in hidden crevices between your teeth which are the source of most bad breath . . . of dull, dingy teeth . . . and of much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel — makes your teeth sparkle."

JOAN must be told! But who will tell her—and how? No wonder each one of her friends tries to pass the problem on to the next one!

It's a hard, thankless thing to tell a girl that she is personally unpleasant to be with on account of underarm perspiration odor. It seems inexcusable that she should have to be told, in these modern days!

It's so unnecessary to offend in this way. For you can be safe *all day, every day,* in just half a minute. With Mum!

Harmless to clothing. You can use this dainty deodorant cream any time, you know—*after* dressing, just as well as before. For it's perfectly harmless to clothing. Mum is the only deodorant which holds the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. Another important thing—Mum does not prevent the natural perspiration itself—just the unpleasant odor of perspiration.

Are you making it uncomfortable for your friends by your own carelessness? Play fair with them and yourself by making Mum a daily habit. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM

LET MUM HELP IN THIS WAY, TOO. Use Mum on sanitary napkins and enjoy complete freedom from worry about this source of unpleasantness.

takes the odor out of perspiration

When the program is over he comes home, and his first words are usually, "How did it go?" Then the two sit down and analyze it from her viewpoint—the viewpoint of the listener.

No one but Fred and Phyllis has ever been present at one of these discussions. For Phyllis never, never advises him when others are around. And she never, never butts in on someone else who is part of the show. What she does is for Fred, for Fred *alone* and *because Fred wants it.*

Only the Astaires' intimate friends know the true reason for Phyllis' constant and devoted watchfulness, for only to these few friends have Fred and Phyllis ever ex-explained. It isn't entirely Hollywood's fault that the wrong interpretation has been put upon this watchfulness, for it's a human enough failing to criticize what you don't understand.

Another thing about Fred and Phyllis which Hollywood doesn't understand is their insistence that they should be allowed to choose their own friends. Only a few of the picture people—Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone are two—are ever invited to the lovely hillside home, with its tennis court jutting out like a pier over the canyon. And Hollywood takes this to mean that Phyllis is stuck up, still the snobbish society girl.

There are two reasons why most of Fred's and Phyllis' intimates are chosen from outside the picture-making crowd. Really, they are the same reasons which prompt those quiet lunches on the set. First, Fred wants to get away from pictures and radio in his social life. In that way he hopes to keep a clear perspective in the blurred Hollywood mirror. Don't forget that Fred is a worrier, that he is extremely sensitive to moods and atmosphere. So when they entertain at home, when they take their friends to their box at the Turf Club at the Santa Anita race track the conversation is so broad and general and stimulating that, if you overheard it, you wouldn't for a minute realize Fred was a star.

THE second reason is just this: Fred and Phyllis are in love with each other. Their love is very precious to them, and they insist upon keeping their hours of relaxation together free from outside influences which could endanger it. When they are with other people, they want those people to be real friends, not mere acquaintances whom it is good politics to entertain. It simply happens that the people they like best are often not connected with the business of making pictures at all, just as in the Broadway days Fred's best friends were not of the theater.

The pathetic thing about all this is that Hollywood invariably blames Phyllis for being snobbish, interfering, overwatchful of her husband. People in the studios know Fred, like him, and think—mistakenly—that they understand him. Almost no one knows Phyllis, and so almost no one realizes that whatever she does, she does for her husband. If he didn't want her on the set and in the studio, she wouldn't be there. If he wanted to entertain lavishly and often, she would help him to do so. Hers is a complete and selfless devotion.

She takes the rap for Fred, and she doesn't care whether the rest of the world understands or not. She will even, I know, be a little displeased over the appearance of this story. But I've taken my chances on her resentment, because I think it is time for the truth to be told—time for everyone to know what a swell wife Fred Astaire has.

Put Beauty In Your Smile

(*Continued from page* 51)

Sweetest Love Songs Ever Sung, as well as in guest appearances on other programs. Natalie has many sound ideas on the subject, as her own flawless teeth and charming smile prove.

It isn't often that a girl, no matter how talented, achieves the spectacular success which is hers at the age of twenty-three! For a whole year now she has been singing principal roles at the very hard-to-crash Metropolitan Opera, in addition to the radio work which has made her name known to thousands. And, in the former achievement at least, there's no doubt that part of her success has been due to her attractive appearance as well as to her voice. With her amazingly slender figure, she is rapidly challenging Gladys Swarthout as the Met's "principal boy"—because she looks so well in tights!

Off-stage she's even more attractive, and so young. Characteristic of modern youth, too, in her disdain for sham and false modesty.

"Why not talk about these things?" she queried earnestly, curled up like a kitten on the floor of her studio apartment. "We hear so much about lipstick, and so little about the all-important things like tooth paste and mouth wash! Few people talk about bad breath, though everyone fears it, in themselves and others, and certainly nothing can more quickly destroy the illusion of beauty.

"Since most singers neither smoke nor drink and have to watch the type of food they eat, they aren't troubled so much with that phase of the problem. No, our greatest bugbear is the fear of something happening to our throats. That's why we know the value of gargling regularly—and redoubling our efforts during bad weather.

IT'S really just a question of common sense. I, as a singer, have never gone to any throat specialist for a special gargle or treatments. There are so many excellent brands on the market, and singers I know who have gone to doctors have had these reputable, ready-made mouth washes prescribed for them."

Natalie is really qualified to speak on the subject. She hasn't missed a single performance in her career so far, either at the Met or on the radio—though she's just superstitious enough to grin and knock on wood when she tells you about it!

"No one knows better than singers, too," she continued, "the value of teeth to beauty. A charming smile is such a large part of a gracious personality, and teeth are so important to one's smile. This is true for all people who face large audiences, but doubly true for singers, whose every performance focuses attention on their teeth. The dentist today is one of our most important beauty specialists, and proper dental care at home is an integral part of any beauty regime. Best of all, it's health insurance, too."

Natalie's teeth are particularly sound and white. She attributes much of this to an early childhood habit. She admits it sounds amusing, but insists (and dentists will bear this out) that it works. "Ever since I was a baby," she laughed, "I've loved to chew on bones. Why, when I have chicken I don't really feel as though I've had chicken until I've gnawed a bone or two! I know it sounds rather like those advertisements which read: 'Shocking, say etiquette authorities— Marvelous, say the dentists,' but then I don't really indulge in the habit in public."

Your Skin Responds with Beauty to this GERM-FREE care!

Woodbury's Cold Cream helps to guard from blemish and to soften lines. Vitamin D ingredient stimulates the skin to breathe

GERMS are unfriendly to the delicate skin. Just waiting for some crack in its surface to set up a blemish-infection. So use a beauty cream that is *germ-free* . . . Woodbury's Cold Cream!

Less chance for germs to cause ugly blemishes when Woodbury's softens your skin. This cream arrests germ-growth.

And now Woodbury's Cold Cream contains another protective element that all skins need . . . Sunshine Vitamin D. Vitamin D wakes up the quick-breathing process of skin cells. And when the skin breathes fast, takes up oxygen quickly, it retains its youthful vigor.

Use Woodbury's Cold Cream to keep your skin soft, young-looking, clear. Use Woodbury's Facial Cream as a powder base, to hold make-up smoothly. Each of these lovely creams $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ in jars; 25¢, 10¢ in tubes.

MAIL for 10-PIECE COMPLEXION KIT!

It contains trial tubes of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams; guest-size Woodbury's Facial Soap; 7 shades Woodbury's Facial Powder. Send 10¢ to cover mailing costs. Address John H. Woodbury, Inc., 7478 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

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The gals who dress your favorite stars insist on Kleinert's Dress Shields

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Dress Shields

In Hollywood, Kleinert's Dress Shields are "required equipment" for dresses—*they* can't afford to risk spoiling costumes—can *you?* Kleinert's Blue Label Shields are especially popular because they can be *boiled!*

Bra-forms combine dress shields with dainty uplift bras cleverly concocted to give both slender and mature figures that new high rounded line. In various fabrics, for a dollar and up in good Notion Departments. Washed in a minute—always ready for wear with *any* dress—and guaranteed to protect from moisture, friction, and under-arm cosmetics.

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Exercise is so necessary for teeth health. That's why the choice of a tooth brush is so important, as it should be the right shape and size to massage the gums and stimulate circulation. By the way, are you brushing your teeth properly? Do you have a long-bristled brush? Do you avoid brushing *into* the gums? The proper stroke to use, you know, starts with the sides of the bristles against your gums; then you whisk the brush over the teeth with a flick of the wrist. The bristle points should never touch the gums, but should be turned at just the right moment to scrub the enameled surface. If you haven't tried this yet, you may find it a little difficult at first, but once you get the knack it will take no longer than the older, less reliable ways.

When you've taken care of the inside of your mouth, *then* is the time to start worrying about lipstick, that so essential finishing touch. Here's where Natalie has another grand tip for you that she learned while making up for screen tests recently.

As you know, the camera picks up all sorts of idiosyncrasies in one's face which even our best friends (or worst enemies!) have never noticed before. And one thing the camera did to Natalie was to make those gleaming teeth of hers look as though they protruded! "That was easily fixed with make-up, however," she added, "and perhaps other girls with the same problem would like to know how it's done.

"The make-up artists widened the bow of my upper lip with lipstick, so that the two curves didn't come so close together. He explained that this avoided that puckered look. Naturally, a 'pouty' effect would accentuate the teeth at that point. I've been making up that way ever since and have been so surprised at the real improvement it makes in my appearance."

WE all know what wonders can be worked with make-up, and this is particularly true with lipstick. Why not experiment a bit for yourself? Try changing your lipstick line (slightly, of course, since exaggeration is never beautiful) as Natalie did. Try varying your lipstick shades for day and night, and for different costumes. If your mouth is large, don't cover its entire surface with rouge—and be sure to use rouge more sparingly. If your mouth is small, make use of every bit of surface. And, above all else, in making up your lips, avoid creating an effect of turned-down corners! After all, you want to smile for beauty, so prepare your mouth for the loveliest smile you can achieve.

There are two grand new beauty developments I'm particularly eager to tell you about this month. One is a marvelous new cream made to actually melt away a pound or two of fat whenever you use it—and melts it away from the very spots where you want to reduce! The other is a handy complexion aid developed by one of America's foremost beauty authorities. It's a tremendous improvement on the old, efficient pumice stone and works miracles with all types of skin troubles, even stubborn cases of acne. If you'd like more information about these products, just write Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, *122 East 42nd Street, New York City, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*

Television by Christmas!
Read this startling prophecy of a television expert in the July RADIO MIRROR.

Coast-to-Coast Highlights

(*Continued from page 9*)

Sunday at 4:30 P. M. WBAP's staff orchestra makes the music for this interesting quarter hour and Wayne Dunlap, Texas college student, is the featured vocalist.

St. Louis, Mo.: Coming from KFPW in Fort Smith, Arkansas, announcer Thomas Reid had filled only a month of his microphone assignment at stations KWTO and KGBX in Springfield, Missouri, when he was offered his present broadcasting job at KSD in St. Louis. Definitely a superior commercial announcer, Reid became one of the most popular newscasters ever featured on the Springfield stations during his brief stay. In Springfield and everywhere this popular announcer has broadcast, his many friends have predicted great things for him on the airwaves and presto—here he is in the Highlights.

* * *

DOWN MELODY LANE

ALTHOUGH very few of her radio fans know it, the last name of Christine, the talented pianist-singer of WMAQ in Chicago, is Caton. In two words, Christine Caton.

A native of Winfield, Kansas, Christine has literally a musical life story. From the age of four, when she played duets with her older sister, aided by a pile of books on the piano bench so that she could reach the keyboard, until she won the Kansas State piano contest at the ripe old age of fifteen, life was one long series of piano lessons and recitals. Then followed more piano study at Kansas State College and solo work with glee clubs.

Her first broadcast was over the former Brinkley station in Kansas in 1924. After many tours, playing before music clubs throughout the midwest, she came to Chicago in the spring of 1935 and signed with WMAQ about a year ago.

ANOTHER HOLLYWOOD HIT

THREE thousand fan letters in ten days is a lot of mail in anybody's mail box, but that is the story of Howard Swart, author of The Newlyweds over KNX in Hollywood. And Howard should know what he is talking about because he doesn't get very far away from The Newlyweds, his favorite program. You see he also plays the part of "Harry" in that 7:30 to 7:45 P. M. program from Monday through Friday every week.

Born in Jackson, Michigan, thirty-eight years ago and educated in Ohio, Howard went into vaudeville and played most of the theaters from coast to coast for twelve years. Then, sensing the part radio was to play in the entertainment of the future, he became interested enough to do a few broadcasts on a local Los Angeles station. He liked the new medium and he also liked writing humor. Thinking of the two in connection with each other he conceived the idea of The Newlyweds and landed the program on KHJ when that station was a member of CBS. Some time later he and the show moved to their present spot on KNX.

According to the program's author and leading man, The Newlyweds is a combination of several ideas, not least of which is good clean humor. Whatever the combination it must be the right one as attested by that ten days' mail previously mentioned.

Assisting Howard in The Newlyweds cast are: Elvia Ellman playing the parts of Miss Knapp and Milda McDonald; Charles Lung, known as "The man with a hundred voices," in the "Mac" and "J. J. Wilson" parts; and Mary Lansing, who has appeared in several stage successes and voiced many animated cartoons, as "Mary."

Radio's Gertrude Niesen is featured in Universal's hit, "Top of the Town." Here she is singing with Russell Wade, Walter Coy, and Michael Fitzmaurice.

"WHAT D'YA MEAN, FALSE ALARM! IT'S DELICIOUS SHREDDED WHEAT AND STRAWBERRIES!"

Big, golden-brown Shredded Wheat biscuits, topped with red, juicy strawberries—it's the grandest flavor that ever put out a three-alarm call to appetites.

"I JUST REMEMBERED WE'RE HAVING SHREDDED WHEAT AND STRAWBERRIES FOR LUNCH."

Dive into this delicious dish tomorrow morning—get its energy-building carbohydrates, vitamins, proteins and mineral salts!

"AN' WHY DIDN'T YE SAY IT WAS SHREDDED WHEAT AND STRAWBERRIES YE WAS RUNNIN' AFTER?"

Calling all housewives! Go to your local grocer today! Order in a supply of this favorite breakfast of millions!

A Product of NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

The Seal of Perfect Baking

Bakers of Ritz, Uneeda Biscuit and other famous varieties

More Than a Billion Shredded Wheat Biscuits Sold Every Year

Don't Meet that New Man

UNTIL YOU'VE MADE THIS "ARMHOLE-ODOR" TEST

If any moisture at all collects on the armhole of your dress, the warmth of your body will draw out stale "armhole odor" when you most want to make a good impression

PRETTY CLOTHES, appealing charm and amusing conversation may win a new man's attention. But your first exciting meeting will never ripen into friendship if you have carelessly neglected that little hollow under your arm!

If you have been deodorizing only, even though you *feel sure* of your personal daintiness, don't meet another man until you have made the "Armhole-Odor" Test.

As you take off the dress you are wearing, smell the fabric under the arm. You may be shocked and surprised to find that your *dress* has a stale "armhole odor." That is the way *you* will smell to everyone you meet!

When you deodorize only, although it is quick and easy to do, you do not stop perspiration and do not give yourself complete protection. Perspiration occurs after you deodorize, and the moisture is immediately transferred to the fabric of your dress. Every time you wear the dress, the warmth of your body draws out an intensified odor of stale perspiration.

Girls who have tried all ways to master the art of personal daintiness know that one way is sure—complete dryness. Through embarrassment they have learned that quick, easy methods, which do not stop perspiration, are unreliable. They insist upon the complete protection of Liquid Odorono and gladly devote the few extra moments necessary to its use.

Odorono is entirely harmless to the underarm skin, yet by keeping the underarm *always dry*, it insures both wearer and frock against the slightest possibility of offense.

Protects Lovely Garments

The dainty shades and sheer fabrics of your evening gowns will never be marred by ugly greasiness or discoloration from perspiration if you protect them with Odorono. And you will find dry-cleaning bills on your entire wardrobe considerably reduced.

Start today. Odorono comes in two strengths. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) requires only two applications a week. Instant Odorono (colorless) is for especially sensitive skin and for quick use. Use it daily or every other day. On sale at all toilet-goods counters.

To make sure your natural charm will be unmarred by offensive "armhole odor," send today for sample vials of the two Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

SEND 8¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY SAMPLES

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 6B7, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 8¢, to cover cost of postage and packing, for samples of Instant and Regular Odorono and descriptive leaflet.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

CHECKING WITH CUPID

CUPID is either terribly busy these days or else the little fellow isn't on the job at all. Anyway, whatever he's doing, he hasn't whispered many wave-linkings in our ear the past month.

The only knot-tying job he has confessed so far this month was out in San Francisco, where Bill Fuller, KJBS producer, announcer, actor, and script-writer, made the former Faye Howard, also of San Francisco, his wife. And the little fellow with the wings had to fly in a hospital window to put that job over.

When Bill entered an Oakland hospital with acute appendicitis, he got rid of that all right, but he came out with a cute nurse holding onto his heart strings. Miss Howard was the nurse, of course, and the wedding followed as soon as Cupid got around to put the finishing touches on the romance.

But out in Chicago we got word of some near weddings—which, after all, is better for our report than no weddings at all. There, Bob Casey, string bass player with WMAQ's King's Jesters and other night programs of WMAQ and WNER, has popped the question to Marge Morin of the Morin sisters vocal duo. The announcement came on Bob's birthday anniversary and it's hinted the wedding bells are to ring on Marge's.

The other Chicago engagement became known when Janet Fargo of WBBM's continuity department traveled to her Ripon, Wisconsin home and announced it from there. Buckingham Gunn, radio producer in Chicago, is the bridegroom to be.

And to carry the great experiment a few steps farther, to that generation which always follows it, we are here to tell you that eleven-months-old Linda Lou Wiseman, daughter of WLS's Lulu Belle and Skyland Scotty, took her first steps yesterday. Or maybe it was the day before, but anyway that's early stepping—and incidentally, an early press notice too, Linda Lou . . . . . Billy Joe McCluskey, sixteen-months-old son of WSL's Milly Good and Bill McCluskey, has fully recovered from a recent skirmish with an open safety pin. Billy thought it looked good enough to eat . . . . . WBBM announcer-producer Phil Bowman's five-and-a-half months old son cut his first tooth recently. Ouch! . . . . . The recent arrival of a ten pound little man at the home of KNX's "Happy" Jack Kay was the reason for those cigars Papa Kay so proudly passed around the studio . . . . . And Eileen Wright, six-year-old daughter of Chicago's WLS Home Adviser Mary Wright, appears to be following in her mother's kitchen-steps. Eileen treats all of her young friends to candy of her own making. Is it really good, Eileen?

* * *

BABY YVONNE

The well-known younger generation, or at least one member of that generation, is up to its old tricks again. Tricks that have, we presume, since the beginning of time caused the lifting of eyebrows among the elders. This time, however, the eyebrow raising is not an expression of condemnation, but one of admiration and amazement.

Baby Yvonne, Philadelphia's six-year-old mental marvel, is the cause of it all. If you have seen a little girl with long curls unhesitatingly answering baffling questions of both the past and the future in broadcasts from your local department stores, or heard these same broadcasts

over your local radio station, then you are acquainted with radio's latest sensation. If not, keep your eyes and ears open because in company with her mother, Princess Yvonne, her father, and manager Harold Rose she will no doubt visit your town and amaze you too with her mental wizardry.

Baby Yvonne started her sensational career last summer when watching a performance of her mother's in Philadelphia. Her mother, famous on the stage for her "mind reading," was slightly nettled when her six-year-old daughter hinted the performance left a good deal to be desired. Informed that if she could do any better she could "go to it," Baby Yvonne did, with results that startled her parents and led to her present tour.

* * *

RADIOS AND AHS!

BECAUSE George McElwain, NBC Field Technician at KPO in San Francisco, is a short wave enthusiast we have this paragraph and a father has—but let's start at the beginning.

Talking with an eighteen-year-old amateur in Los Angeles by short wave, George learned the boy was seeking his father whom he hadn't seen since he was two years old, and whose whereabouts were unknown to him. And the very next night (here's where the Ohs come in) McElwain fell into a short wave conversation with another "ham" who confided he was seeking a son under similiar circumstances. Notifying the Los Angeles boy and giving him the man's call-letters, the lad contacted the man and (Ahs) sure enough they were father and son.

And this one: Enjoying a week-end off, rolling along over a mountain road one hundred and sixty miles from Charlotte, North Carolina, the driver of the car suddenly let out a moan as the voice of Charlotte's WBT announcer Arthur Whiteside came over the car's radio.

"The program originally scheduled for this time will not be heard," the voice announced clearly.

"Why the moan?" asked the driver's companion.

"I have the key to the filing cabinet and he couldn't get the script," the driver announced, moaning another moan.

* * *

OUR HELPING HAND DEPT.

AFTER dropping our own Helping Hand department last month to tell you of a real one conducted by Hal Styles over KHJ at Los Angeles, where he brings unemployed and employers together, in his Help Thy Neighbor programs, we have learned of a similiar Job Clinic program on the Iowa Network as well as other programs proving helpful to the unemployed. With all that in good hands we are now going ahead with our own H. H. D. unashamed. And here goes:

Nashville, Tenn.: Those sweet and glowing letters you Tin Pan Alley song-pluggers have been writing WSM's Cecil Bailey, singer with Francis Craig's band, are all right. That is, the nice things you say about the way your songs are sung are all right, but Cecil would feel a lot more complimented if your letters were not addressed to Miss Cecil Bailey. Catch on? The man's a guy.

Chicago: Tommy Bartlett of WBBM's Meet the Missus program loves a good roast. The culinary kind, of course. George Clare, WBBM's mail department head, had to reserve ice box space in the Wrigley building restaurant to keep the turkeys, geese, and ducks in when Tommy mentioned his weakness on the air recently. Don't mention it, Tommy, just be sure there's something on ice next time we drop in on you.

Raleigh, N. C.: Carl Goerch, WPTF's unusual radio personality heard nightly at 6:30 in his Doings in the Legislature broadcast, is breaking mail records from the standpoint of distance as well as in numbers. In fact, if it weren't for just one little thing Carl would think his name a household word down in Dixie. But when in one day's mail letters come in addressed to Karl Gurth, Carl Gertz, Carroll Gurch, and Carl Girt it naturally makes him a little skeptical about that household word business. Carl admits he's even beginning to misspell his name himself and that's what made us think it was time for our H. H. department to lend a hand. It's C-A-R-L G-O-E-R-C-H, fans, and don't let us have to speak to you about this again.

Fort Wayne, Ind.: An open-letter to Eddie and Dot, station WOWO. Dear Eddie and Dot: It has occurred to us that while you are so busy answering any and all questions about radio and its stars for fans on your Question Box program weekdays at 1:45 P. M., CST., you have neglected to answer many questions about the two microphoners you know best. We know your listeners would like to read something about you two, and see a picture showing just how your Question Box looks in action. How about it? Do we get permission, picture, and information?

New York: Your Coast-to-Coast Highlighter likes to hear any and all news of your local radio boys and girls. So don't forget us, you station Boswells.

Avoid Offending . . .

Many attractive girls lose out on friendship, romance, because of one unforgivable fault —perspiration odor in underthings. Play safe—Lux underthings after each wearing. Lux removes every trace of perspiration odor without injurious cake-soap rubbing or harmful alkali. Protects fabrics—saves colors. Safe in water, safe in Lux.

Removes perspiration odor... Saves colors

QUEST . . . is completely effective ON SANITARY NAPKINS

● Why take chances now that *complete* protection is so easily obtainable? The makers of Kotex bring you a new deodorant powder named *Quest* that *positively* destroys all types of napkin and body odors!

Quest is utterly effective—even on sanitary napkins. It prevents perspiration offense; assures all-day-long body freshness, yet does not irritate skin or clog pores!

Try Quest today. Use this cool, soothing powder on sanitary napkins—after the bath—under arms and for foot comfort. Quest is unscented, so can't interfere with the fragrance of perfume.

And Quest costs no more than other kinds...only 35c for the large two-ounce can. Buy it today at any drug counter.

Facing the Music

(*Continued from page* 11)

sensation of New York's hottest artery—Fifty-second Street. Youthful, beautiful and a real musician, Adele tackled the harp "because I like to master difficult things."

When not harp-swinging, Adele is winning medals as a champion swimmer and figure skater. The whole Girard family is musical: Adele's father was Victor Herbert's concert master for fifteen years, her mother is currently singing with the San Carlos Opera Company, and her brother is one of Isham Jones' crack arrangers.

* * *

SHORT, SHORT STORY

FOR the last few months Shep Fields has been touring the Southland, popping back to Radio City only for his Sunday commercials. Naturally the "rippling rhythm" maestro tried to find some good local talent. Not until he reached Atlanta did "something different" turn up. Up from the dancing crowd to the bandstand, stepped a lanky girl, accompanied by an exuberant male companion.

"Say, Mr. Fields, listen to my girl friend, she's terrific."

In a few minutes Shep was listening to the lean Georgian. By midnight he had her name signed to a contract. When Fields returned to New York he told his friends about the "southern sensation."

"What's her name?" they asked.

"Marilyn Duke."

Then the storm broke; Marilyn Duke, they told the amazed Fields, used to sing over WOR in New York, returned to her home town, when she was convinced that she could never become a big star.

Far from disillusioned, Shep is convinced Marilyn can make a comeback by doing two things: Changing her style of singing, and getting a new coiffure.

* * *

ECCENTRICITIES OF THE MAESTROS

HAL Kemp never wears a hat. . . Don Bestor, who became famous as the bespectacled orchestra leader, never wears glasses at home . . . Emil Coleman seldom sleeps more than five hours a night . . . Al Goodman is thrilled by heights so he rented an apartment on the twentieth floor of one building, and an office on the twenty-fifth floor of another. . . . Mark Warnow is the champion handball player of CBS . . . Nat Brusiloff is one of the funniest maestros off the air and was recently engaged by a cruise company, not to conduct the ship orchestra, but to act as master of ceremonies.

* * *

OFF THE MUSIC RACK

HENRY KING has replaced George Hamilton's "Music Box Music" at Chicago's Palmer House. He has a Mutual wire . . . You'll hear the Casa Loma crew this summer from Los Angeles' swank "Paloma" nitery . . . Red Nichols' gold-plated Bennies replaced Roger Pryor's orchestra at the College Inn in Chicago . . . When boisterous Benny Goodman and his band made their first stage appearance recently in New York, they broke the Paramount Theater's box-office record. At the first performance it was impossible to put the feature picture on the screen, until the Goodman gang "swung" some more. Claudette Colbert's celluloid image was greeted with "We Want Goodman" from the audience . . . Hear Ted Lewis once again—on the Mutual airwaves . . . Ben Bernie's announcement that he was dropping his orchestra came as sorry news to those of us who liked to hear Colonel Manny Prager and Billy Wilson, the Old Maestro's two top vocalists . . . Johnny Johnson's orchestra is now playing in Virginia Beach . . . What promised to be a star radio dance band is heard from no more. It was the orchestra of Dick Barrie, heard over the air last summer from Cincinnati. Following their Queen City engagement, Dick was booked on a tour of one-night stands, only to be left stranded in a tiny hamlet.

* * *

NBC, it is rumored, has asked many dance orchestras, heard on its airwaves, to cut down the many choruses sung by various musicians and soloists. The Radio City moguls think this is unshowmanly and that most of the lads have poor voices and should open their collective mouths only when they blow through instruments.

This will find favor with one faction; disfavor with another.

How many good dance arrangements have you heard recently that were spoiled by poor solos? Yet, there are many who believe that it is the vocalist in a good many cases who turns an average band into a distinctive one.

Imagine hearing Ted Weems' band without the romantic voice of Perry Como (who incidentally has just signed for pictures), Harold Stern's outfit minus the vocal aid of baritone-drummer Bill Smith, Casa Loma sans the chirping of Kenny Sargent and Pee Wee Hunt, Horace Heidt's Brigadiers bereft of Jerry Bowne's cheery voice, Freddy Martin's magic music without Elmer Feldkamp and Teddy Shand, and Guy Lombardo's inimitable melodies with Carmen Lombardo absent?

If NBC's planned ruling had gone into effect a decade ago, listeners might never have heard Bing Crosby, Art Jarrett, Rudy Vallee, Phil Harris or Ozzie Nelson sing. All these radio stars first started as musicians in dance orchestras and gained attention by singing the vocal choruses.

* * *

THE Dorseys may not speak when they pass by, but they've both proved that they're capable of making independent successes, and that ought to make them feel more kindly toward each other. It was a couple of years ago, you may remember, that Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey broke up the fraternal partnership that had brought them fame in danceland. The wise boys shook their heads and allowed that both Tommy and Jimmy were smart youngsters but that they'd have been smarter to stay together. Then Jimmy got the job of handling the orchestral end of things on Bing Crosby's program, and did right well at it. Tommy took longer to fight his way up to independent prominence, but he's done it too. Besides being Jack Pearl's music-master on the Kool cigarette show, Tommy leads a band that's doing sensationally well in the Hotel Commodore, New York—better, they say, than any other band that ever played there. You hear it over a Mutual wire . . . Meanwhile, Jimmy stays on the coast.

ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY

FREDDY MARTIN'S orchestra: Joe Poretta, first saxophone; Elmer Feldkamp, vocals and second saxophone; Russell Klein, clarinet; Bruce Yantis, first violin; Dave Polakoff, second violin; Fred Heward, third violin; Mike Renzulli, first trumpet; Harry McKeehan, second trumpet; George Jean, trombone and accordion; Terry Shand, vocal solos and piano; Jack Fina, piano and organ; George Green, bass viol and tuba; Bob White, drums; Freddy Martin, conductor and third saxophone. Theme song: "Bye Lo Bye Lullaby."

Horace Heidt's Brigadiers: Ernie Possoja, trombone; Sidney Mear, Norman Kingsley and Jerry Bowne, trumpets; Walter Bradley, Frank Devol, Bob Reidel and Ed Hellman, saxophones; Bernie Mattison, drums; Gene Knotts, piano; Dick Morgan, guitar; Art Thorsen, bass viol; Alvino Rey; electric guitar; Lysbeth Hughes, singing harpist; Larry Cotton, Charles Goodman, Bob McCoy, vocalists; Marvin Newport, Myron Earnheart, Rollin Butts, George Holleman, Ray Serrington and L. C. Smith, Glee Club; Horace Heidt, conductor. Theme song: "I Love You in My Dreams."

* * *

CORRESPONDENCE

Betty Burt: You are right about the setup of the Benny Goodman quartet. It's Gene Kruppa on the drums, Teddy Wilson tinkling the piano, Lionel Hampton swinging away on the xylophone and the bespectacled Benny playing the clarinet.

Evelyn Davies: Fred Waring and his pensive Pennsylvanians are in the land of movies to make a feature picture. On the way out they stopped off to play several one-night engagements.

Mary Tompkins: Emil Coleman, currently heard over NBC from the Hotel St. Regis in New York, is the only Class A band that uses no brass or vocalists. It seems the society trade like their music that way. Sammy Kaye's "swing and sway" music is heard over Mutual from Bill Green's Casino in Pittsburgh.

Catherine Reilly: Helen Ward, Benny Goodman's former vocalist, is now heard on her own programs on WMCA in New York. Incidentally she has just married. The groom is Al Marx of Manhattan.

Alice M. Reinhard: Rudy Vallee was born in Islandtown, Vermont, in 1901. The Vallee orchestra heard over NBC has twenty-five pieces.

* * *

For your convenience—and ours—use this coupon in writing to ask questions. We'll try to find all the answers.

Ken Alden,
Facing the Music,
RADIO MIRROR,
122 East 42nd Street,
New York City.

I want to know more about:

Orchestral Anatomy .....

....

Theme Song Section .....

....

Or .....

.....

Name .....

Address .....

....

I was Never So Comfortable

. . . AND I'M TELLING YOU NOTHING CAN COMPARE TO THE 3-WAY PROTECTION OF KOTEX

Morning at the Club—

① CAN'T CHAFE

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned — the center surface is free to absorb.

② CAN'T FAIL

By actual test Kotex absorbs many times its own weight in moisture! A special "Equalizer" center guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk — prevents twisting and roping.

③ CAN'T SHOW

The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress reveals no tell-tale lines or wrinkles.

3 TYPES OF KOTEX
ALL AT THE SAME LOW PRICE

Regular, Junior, and Super — for different women, different days.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

A SANITARY NAPKIN
made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

IF YOU SUFFER FROM ASTHMATIC ATTACKS

FOR 70 YEARS thousands suffering from asthmatic paroxysms have depended upon Dr. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR...druggists throughout the world have recommended and sold it as a quick and dependable aid to relief. You, too, should experience the same beneficial results. Try it now! Ask your druggist for Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR — in powder, cigarette or pipe-mixture form. Or send for FREE supply of all three. R. SCHIFFMANN CO., Los Angeles, California. Dept. M

HOME-STUDY BUSINESS TRAINING

Your opportunity can never be bigger than your preparation. Prepare now and reap the rewards in earlier and larger success. *Free 64-Page Books Tell How.* Write *now* for book you want, or mail coupon with your name and address in margin *today.*

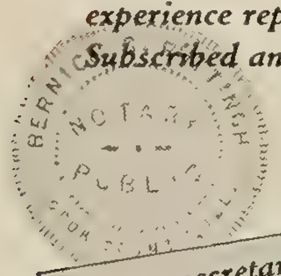
- ☐ Higher Accountancy
- ☐ Mod. Salesmanship
- ☐ Traffic Management
- ☐ Law: Degree of LL.B.
- ☐ Commercial Law
- ☐ Industrial Mgm't
- ☐ Rail. Station Mgm't
- ☐ Paper Salesmanship
- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Business Correspondence
- ☐ Credit and Collection Correspondence
- ☐ Modern Foremanship
- ☐ Expert Bookkeeping
- ☐ C. P. A. Coaching
- ☐ Business English
- ☐ Stenotypy
- ☐ Effective Speaking

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
Dept. 674-R Chicago

Don't Be a Slave to Cathartics

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Bernice J. Ruttinghi
NOTARY PUBLIC



NOTE: *The above letter is but one case but it is so typical of many others that it more than justifies a thorough trial of Yeast Foam Tablets in similar cases of constipation or digestive disorder.*

IF YOU take laxatives to keep "regular," you know from experience that drugs and cathartics give only *temporary* relief. Such remedies merely bring about a drastic purging action. They do not correct the *cause* of your condition.

Doctors now know that in many cases the *real* cause of constipation is a shortage of the vitamin B complex. These precious factors are sadly deficient in many typical everyday diets. In many foods the B complex is *almost completely lacking.* When these factors are added to the diet deficient in them, in sufficient amounts, constipation due to this trouble goes. Elimination becomes regular — complete.

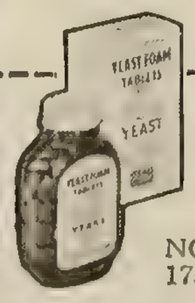
Energy Returns, Headaches Go

Yeast Foam Tablets are pure pasteurized yeast and *yeast is the richest known food source* of vitamins B and G. They should stimulate your weakened intestinal nerves and muscles and quickly restore your eliminative system to normal, healthy function, when these disorders, as is often the case, are due to the B and G deficiency.

With the *true* cause of your constipation corrected, you will be rid of the evil cathartic habit. Your energy will revive. Headaches of the constipation type will go. Your skin will be clearer and fresher.

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. *These tablets cannot ferment in the body.* Pasteurization makes this yeast utterly safe for everyone to eat. It has a pleasant, nut-like taste that you will really enjoy. And it will not put on fat.

All druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today . . . refuse substitutes.



FREE! Mail This Coupon Today

You may paste this on a penny postcard

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free trial sample of Yeast Foam Tablets. (Only one to a family. Canadian readers please send 10c to cover postage and duty.) *RG 6-37*

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

What Do You Want to Know?

(*Continued from page 66*)

Mr. Alfred Herz, the famous conductor. A letter will reach him addressed in care of the Memorial Opera House, San Francisco, California.

Andrew M., Schenectady, New York— For letter addresses of Vincent Lopez, Benny Goodman and George Hall, address them to the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison, Avenue, New York City. Fred Waring has his own office at 1697 Broadway, New York, and so has Paul Whiteman at 17 East 45th Street, New York. Write to Ina Ray Hutton in care of Mills Artists, Inc., 799 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

James Melton Fans, attention!— Since publishing a query from one of our readers in regard to a Jimmy Melton fan club, we've been deluged with letters from Jimmy's ardent fans telling that there is such a club with Louise Mitchell as acting secretary. Her address is Box 1418, Hollywood, California. There are several clubs throughout the country and the fee for joining is 50c a year and in return for dues paid, each member receives a photo of Mr. Melton, personally autographed. Each member also receives a membership card, a Melton Club pin and the Club News.

J. & D. M., Brooklyn, New York—Alan Courtney and his Joymakers is heard every day at 11:30 A. M. over station WNEW in New York. Courtney picks on people in the audience to interview. All the questioning is impromptu. Alan is only 27 years old, light hair and complexion and has a swell smile. If you want to become a member of the mythical club, "Joymakers," just ask to join.

Frances Langford fans, attention! This business of fan clubs! Here's another young lady who wants to know if there's a Frances Langford fan club and says that Frances is one girl that deserves all the attention that can be given her. This anxious-to-be club member's name is C. Lambert, 471 Bosworth Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Mr. Walter C., Wilder, Minn.—At the present time, Guy Lombardo's orchestra is playing at the Roosevelt Hotel in New York City. I'd suggest that you write him there and ask for a picture.

James L. W., Jr., San Bernardino, Calif. —You'll find Paul Whiteman's address mentioned in Andrew M's reply, above.

Jean S., Windham, N. H.—Write to Buddy Clark in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Plaza, New York City.

Mrs. Walter J., Nashwauk, Minn.—Today's Children is not an electrically transcribed program, but you're right about Lady Esther and Frances Moran being played by the same person, and she's Bess Johnson.

Mrs. R. D. G., Long Beach, Calif.— It's been a long time since you asked me about Myrt and Marge, but in case you haven't discovered it for yourself, they've been back since the early part of the year on the Columbia network, every day at 2:45 p. m., except Saturdays and Sundays.

Fanny Lorraine G., N. Tiverton, Rhode Island—As soon as Buddy Rogers returns from England, he will resume broadcasting, playing for the same program that stars Helen Broderick and Victor Moore.

Are you a Kenny Baker Fan?—And still more fan clubs! L. Allan Smith, of 12 Wayside Avenue, Lawrence, Mass., claims he has just organized the only official Kenny Baker Fan Club. Get in touch with him if you want to join.

What Do You Want to Say?

(*Continued from page* 15)

steady diet of grief *is* depressing.

I'm for cheerier scripts, with a dash of trouble if need be, but withal, happiness as the main ingredient.

Mrs. R. C. See,
St. Louis, Mo.

$10.00 PRIZE

WHAT ABOUT OUR PRIVATE LIVES?

Should radio "let down the bars" as Dan Wheeler advocates, (The Curious Case of Radio's Hidden Censorship, March Radio Mirror) then radio would be no longer the great thing it is. The restraint that the censors wield is highly commendable. The press with its privilege of printing anything and everything should satisfy the less discriminating. The American public enjoys little enough privacy—cameras rushing in where angels fear to tread—so why should the private lives of the great be aired?

Statistics show that the radio industry is a leading factor in the country's quickly moving stride out of the depression. This is added proof that the millions are in favor of the censors who think that girdle is a better sounding word than corset—but don't we all?

Mrs. Fred N. Turner,
Washington, D. C.

$1.00 PRIZE

HE WANTS A "STORY-TELLER"

Today our radio brings us almost everything. Music, both classical and popular, drama, opera, comedy, wit, news, all of these in abundance. But sorely lacking is the story-teller.

Yes, there are a few. One of the top-notchers is of course Alexander Woollcott. There are others, too. But few and far between. I think this branch of entertainment should be stressed more on our programs today.

I believe a straight reading program would prove greatly popular. That is, selections from the world's best literature to be read direct from the books themselves by someone with a strong, forceful voice. Someone with imagination. Someone who knows good literature. A reader who can make the real human appeal of the truly great classics come to life and live on in the lives of the masses today.

J. Timothy Pappas,
Memphis, Tenn.

$1.00 PRIZE

SHIVERS RUN UP AND DOWN YOUR SPINE!

Every Wednesday night I have a standing date with Horror. Shivers run up and down my spine, my heart beats quicken, my hands tremble as formidable sounds and ghastly voices emerge from my radio around the magic hour of midnight.

Mad scientists performing amazing experiments; heartless criminals plotting wholesale murder; crafty Oriental magicians weaving insidious spells over helpless victims all come to life on Bewitched Wednesday. It's the night of nights for me!

The sound of fire, thunder and rain; the cries of wild beasts; the screechy voices of witches and goblins form the gruesome sound effects for my weekly tour into this strange realm of the mystic and unnatural.

If you have heard it but once you know I speak of Lights Out. It is a program that is an innovation in thrill entertainment.

Mrs. Nelson Bing,
Anderson, Indiana.

$1.00 PRIZE

HATS OFF TO PHIL LORD!

Since listening to that swell program, We, the People, this drab old world has become a very interesting place in which to live.

We find heroism cropping up in the most unexpected places, hear of strange dwellings actually lived in by seemingly ordinary people, and meet folks in all walks of life—lawyers, bums, philosophers and many with almost unbelievable occupations.

Hats off to Phil Lord for creating one of the most human and most interesting programs ever offered to the radio world.

W. I. Thompson,
Beacon, New York.

$1.00 PRIZE

AMATEURS VS. COLLEGE AMATEURS

Not being from the metropolitan East,

NEW SHINOLA PROTECTS WHITE SHOES WITH A

3-Way Guarantee

BACKED BY DOUBLE-MONEY-BACK OFFER

1. *Guaranteed* NOT TO RUB OFF

This is the famous guarantee that made New Shinola the sensation of the white cleaner field! New Shinola is *guaranteed* not to rub off!

2. *Guaranteed* TO REMOVE STAINS

Grass stains, oil and grease stains, dirt stains, that spoil the neatness of white shoes...New Shinola *guarantees* to remove them. Try it and see!

3. *Guaranteed* TO WHITEN QUICKLY

See your white shoes restored to that smart, just-out-of-the-box newness! New Shinola applies evenly and is *guaranteed* to whiten shoes quickly.

READ DOUBLE-MONEY-BACK OFFER:

Simply apply New Shinola according to directions on the carton. New Shinola is *guaranteed:* (1) Not to rub off, (2) To remove stains, (3) To whiten quickly. In short, New Shinola *must* delight you in every way. If for any reason you are dissatisfied, return the remainder of the bottle with your name and address to Shinola, 88 Lexington Avenue, New York City. We will send you double your money back.

BOTTLES OR TUBES

10c and 25c

FOR GUARANTEED WHITE SHOE SMARTNESS..INSIST ON NEW SHINOLA

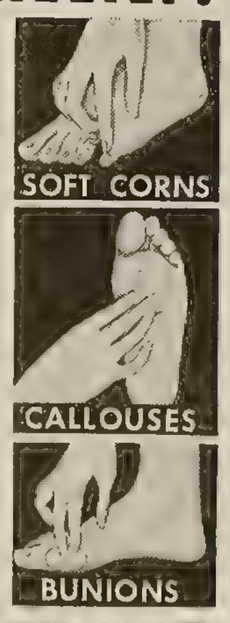
THIS MUCH MORE
Exclusively
IN A
SHELVADOR

• MORE BEAUTY
• ECONOMY • CONVENIENCE
• USABLE SPACE • ACCESSIBILITY
EXCLUSIVELY IN
CROSLEY
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS

SAFELY END CORNS

QUICK, SURE RELIEF!

The instant you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, pain vanishes. Used with the separate *Medicated Disks* included in every box, your corns or callouses soon lift right out. Just the pad *itself* on a sore toe, caused by shoe pressure, will stop a corn before it can start! No other method gives you this remarkable triple-action, so don't accept a substitute. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are *medically safe,* easy to apply; don't stick to stocking or come off in bath. Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns. Sold everywhere.



Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

many say our chance of voicing an opinion is almost nil. However, I believe that an entry that merits attention will receive recognition no matter what part of the country it is from.

When Jack Oakie went on the air, many said he was no good and wouldn't last. I am glad that he has made these wise ones take a back seat. In my humble estimation, Jack Oakie's College program is one of the best in that kind of entertainment.

The program is doing a good thing for the colleges in the United States. To joke about colleges is to boost them. Besides that, he is giving the radio listeners a better type of amateurs. They are amateurs seeking college degrees. Many of them have received fine training in the particular field they broadcast in. Then, too, they have more knowledge, poise and common sense on the whole. We have had enough poor amateurs and Jack Oakie's College amateurs are a welcome addition to the air lanes.

C. O. Arthur,
Casselton, North Dakota.

$1.00 PRIZE

A LISTENER WHO'S "FED UP"

I am ready to declare a sit-down strike on radio feuds. For a time they were amusing and different—Winchell versus Bernie; Allen versus Benny. But, now, too many persons are getting mixed up in this low class form of entertainment and enough has become too much. Such programs have well-nigh become insulting to an intelligent public. They have degenerated into mere piffle. I marvel that the sponsors tolerate it, but perhaps they gloat over the fact that their representatives are mentioned on other programs. Well, I think the people should be the judges. The sponsors' products may suffer in the shuffle. It seems to me there is enough interesting and entertaining material to be culled from over the world for one weekly broadcast without resorting to these time and patience killers. It is a lazy man's way out.

Mrs. V. C. Jung,
Austin, Texas.

HONORABLE MENTION

"My husband and I seldom listen to the dramatic programs nowadays because the men and women nearly always sound as though they were taking parts as dramatic as any Shakespeare ever wrote, even though to an outsider the part seems to call for far less emotion and anguish."
—Mrs. Rachel Goss, Augusta, Maine.

An Ode to My Radio

Seated by my radio
A King of Kings I heard;
I listened to him breathlessly,
I wouldn't miss a word.
He asked me to believe him,
That he renounced his throne,
Nor for any other reason but for love and love alone.
And when he finished speaking,
I softly breathed a sigh,
Ah! I wouldn't ask for crowns nor gold if such love were for I.
And tho such great devotion mine perhaps can never be,
I'm thankful for My Radio which brings such things to me.

(Inspired by the talk of Ex-King Edward on his abdication)

By Edna Sodra Osman, New York, N. Y.

"If hearing a farmer's wife tell how she hangs the family wash on the line is either entertaining or informative, I per-

sonally fail to see it. It only proves how gullible the public is."—Miss Elva Weiland, Binghamton, New York.

"Where is the lovely organ music that accompanies and introduces Amos 'n' Andy? The organ, the theme song, Amos 'n' Andy are inseparable in my memory."—Mrs. Virgil Lovelace, Indianapolis, Ind.

"Thanks to radio, more folks are finding it easier to 'live alone and like it'."—Andrew C. Rabnerr, Doylestown, Pa.

"I want to give three rousing cheers for the best little announcer in the U. S. When her voice comes over the airwaves my household worries are forgotten. If you are discouraged with your household duties, whose voice cheers you up? Bee Baxter on KSTP, St. Paul Minn."—Marjory Evans, Saint Paul, Minn.

"Just a word of appreciation,
For one, whose unselfish kind deeds,
Have endeared him to all the nation,
Irrespective of race or creed!
He has stretched out a friendly hand,
To help many over tough breaks,
Where there's deserving demand,
Eddie's ready, with what it takes."
(An Ode to Eddie Cantor by Mary Battiscombe, Berkeley, Calif.)

"There may be some differences of opinion on the quality of Bing Crosby's voice, but there is no gainsaying the fact that as an M.C. he brings a refreshing personality and charm to the radio that few others radiate in equal degree. And that trick breathlessness in his delivery serves to accentuate his unique and entirely distinctive style."—Wm. Crocca, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Congratulations to Palmolive for selecting Jessica Dragonette to present their new series of programs on Wednesday evening. The Beauty Box Theater is indeed a rare musical treat."—Geraldine Cleaver, Anita, Iowa.

"Radio is looking up! When our entertainers begin exercising the ingenuity and resourcefulness evidenced by the tie-up of the programs of Fred Allen and Jack Benny, we know we are never going to be bored by radio programs."—Mercedes E. Squires, Maplewood, Mo.

"All week, from Saturday to Saturday, at 9 p. m., Pacific Standard Time, I wait for a blissful eight minutes, when I can close my eyes and be transported to an ecstatic heaven of pure harmony that puts my whole being in perfect rhythm for another week—only eight minutes, but with a magic touch of a master upon a violin this miracle is produced.

"Who is Shandor to whom I make this acknowledgment?"—Mrs. G. S. Townsend, Santa Monica, Calif.

Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us.

"Why so much feud and criticism on the air? Why not start a Booster Club and get some of the star knockers or cynics to join, and forget feuds?"—L. C. Geyer, Hamilton, Ohio.

"Sunday night holds no radio arguments for this family as we're all dialing to hear one of our own Georgia gals that's reached the top and deserves it—Judy Canova."—Mrs. Arthur Wilson, Jr., Savannah, Ga.

"'Dialetis' is a disease prevalent among radio listeners. The symptoms are turning the dial to tune out commercial advertisements, the patients not realizing that the sponsor of the program is footing the bill in return for a few minutes in which to broadcast the merits of his product."—M. Berg, St. Louis, Mo.

"Wonderful isn't it? Radio is primarily entertaining, but what a big help in raising our children, and educating ourselves."—Mrs. Earl Scovill, Manhattan, Kansas.

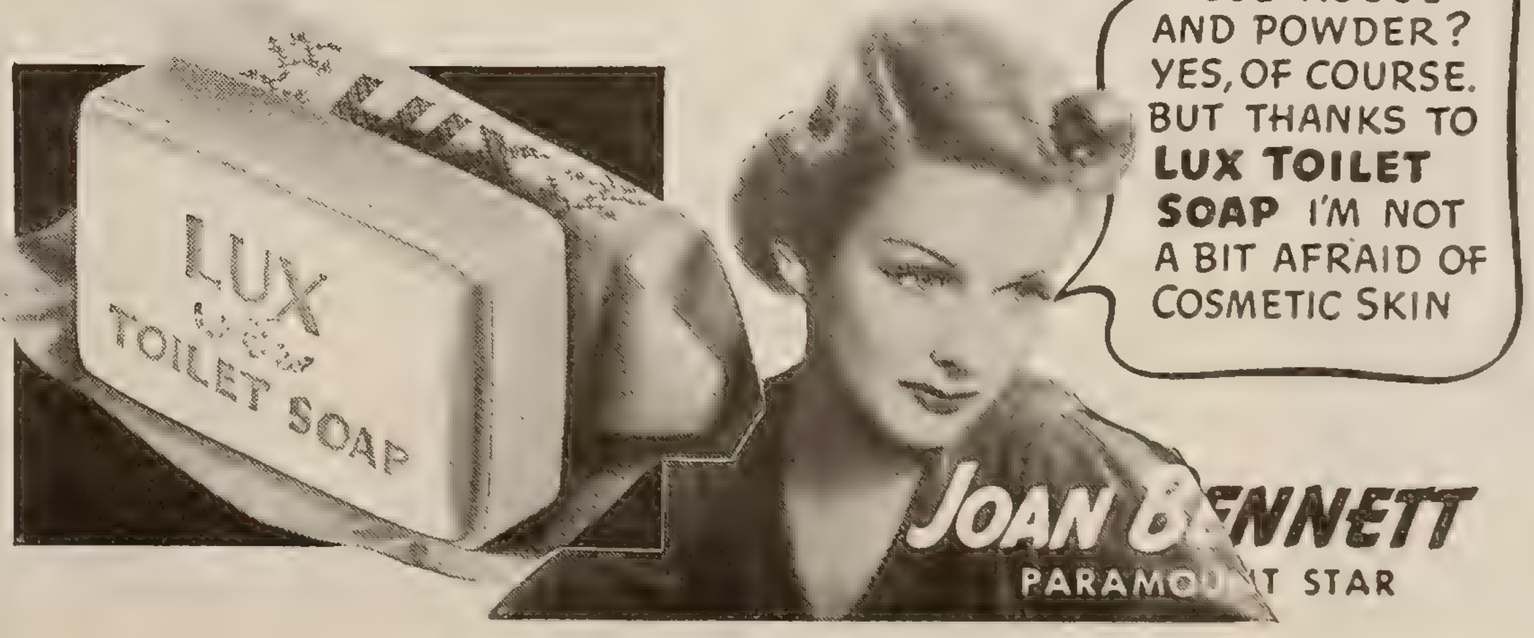
"I think Major Bowes is one of the grandest men on the radio today. My opinion is based on the fact that through him there are many boys and girls realizing their ambitions, owing to his kindness and understanding."—Mrs. Alma Hess, Gratz, Pa.

"If Benny played his fiddle,
If Gracie found her brother,
If Jessel got no answer
Next time he phoned his mother—
If Cantor quarreled with Ida,
If Ed Wynn's aunt should die,
If Jolson lost his mammy,
If Pearl forgot to lie—
If Winchell did a broadcast
Without insulting Ben—
The radio would get new stars
And I'd tune in again."—C. C. McMillan, Oakland, Calif.

Popular Young Things guard against COSMETIC SKIN the Hollywood way

YOUNG Things are enthusiastic about this simple care that guards against Cosmetic Skin—enlarged pores, tiny blemishes! Before they renew make-up—ALWAYS before they go to bed—they use Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIVE lather sinks *deep,* frees the pores of every hidden trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

9 out of 10 famous screen stars use this fine complexion soap.



THE SECRET OF

Youthful Lips

Tangee's Color Change Principle brings lips youthful beauty. Orange in the stick, Tangee *changes on your lips* to warm blush-rose. Paris says, "No painted look!" Tangee *isn't paint.* Use Tangee Rouge for cheeks.

Use Tangee Lipstick at bedtime! Its special cream base makes lips soft, lovely. Doesn't rub off, need not be removed at night. Try Tangee: 39¢ and $1.10. Or send coupon for Tangee's 24-Hour Miracle Make-Up Set.

PAINTED TANGEE

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! *There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for* TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*

"MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET"

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)
Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

*Name*_____
(Please Print)
*Address*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____ MA67

"As a lover of good modern music above all else radio has to offer, I would like to hand a bouquet to Horace Heidt and his versatile band."—FREDERICK JOHNSON, Red Wing, Minn.

"My average wife has asked me to mention one thing. Why do household programs come on at her busiest household hours when she would be delighted to have some nice music or light banter to help relieve her mind of the actuality of the duties surrounding her? If this practice is to continue, why not wait until the machinist comes home from a hard day's work and then broadcast to him a long dissertation about milling machine operations? Wouldn't he go for that?"—LESTER CAMPBELL, Logansport, Ind.

"No, I wouldn't say radio is 'doomed' for television at any stage of its progress will be just an annex, an extension of radio. But with actors as well as their voices coming to us through the air as swiftly as Scriptural angels, I predict the time is less than a decade away when our present-day radio sets will be getting scarce."—ELLEN G. MELOON, Dorchester, Mass.

"So many people today depend upon radio speakers for the correct pronunciation of words that it is sad to note the number of errors even the so-called best broadcasters commit."—MARY ELIZABETH HARRINGTON, Quincy, Mass.

"There has been a lot said about whether screen stars should appear on the radio. To those of us who live where we can get a peek at our favorities now and then, it might not mean much, but to those who are denied this privilege it must mean a great deal to hear their voices. It makes them seem more real, more human, and not just characters in a story as they appear on the screen."—M. H. WALKER, Los Angeles, Calif.

"The Lux program is one that everyone can enjoy. His or her favorite star takes part sooner or later, and it always offers a variety of plays. Some have thrilled me to the toes; others made my hair stand on end."—MISS LEONA MORLOCK, Carrington, N. Dakota.

What Carole Lombard Taught Fred MacMurray

(*Continued from page 35*)

You've read of Carole as Hollywood's biggest joker, the gal nothing can faze, who deliberately taught herself to be hardboiled, to talk hardboiled, to find crazy things for hobbies, to scorn executives, dress outlandishly and get the biggest stars to fall in love with her. It's all true, but until you see what she did for Fred MacMurray you won't be able to appreciate this Hollywood bombard at all.

A little over a year ago, Fred MacMurray walked onto the set of "Hands Across the Table" to begin the first day's shooting. He was as nervous as he always was the first few days of a new picture. It took him about two minutes to discover that his co-star, Miss Carole Lombard, was all he'd heard she was and more. Soon he was wishing the ground would open up and swallow him.

If he'd felt like a novice in this game before, imagine how he was feeling then, trying to be nonchalant in front of the sophisticate of sophisticates. He watched her laughing, shouting, screaming, joking, frowning, clowning and wondered how anyone could ever be so blessed with naturalness.

For the truth is, Fred was a shy, a painfully shy, young man who couldn't believe in his success and was so sure it wouldn't last that he was saving all his money and spending all his leisure time rehearsing lines over and over. His opportunities that were beginning to open up seemed more like responsibilities and they weighed heavily. In those days, Fred was afraid of his own shadow, his shadow on the screen, and his fear made him unhappy.

It made him envious too. He'd look across the set at Carole, sitting with her arms draped over the back of a chair, her leg swinging comfortably under the table, her hair in her eyes, her merry voice booming on, and marvel at her complete composure.

With himself, it was so different. When someone pointed him out and whispered that he was the new star of the hour, he'd blush and worry whether his tie was straight, his hair combed and his suit pressed. He'd remember he was just an inexperienced guy who'd been playing a saxophone in a band a little while ago. Looking at Carole, he felt out of place in the gay world she moved in.

But when work began, really began, on the picture, Fred slowly began to change. The first important thing that happened to him was at noon, between scenes. Fred was so scared he headed straight for his dressing room to go over his script for the hundredth time. But Carole came dashing after him. She took one look at his serious face and said.

"Hey, I thought this was supposed to be a comedy. Come on, we need you in the corner for a game of Monopoly."

Fred tried to get out of it. There were more important things to do than play Monopoly. But Carole kidded him so much about being a stick in the mud he had to give in and go with her.

Fred himself now says, "More than anything else Carole has proved to me that there is nothing so serious you can't have fun out of it. It isn't that she isn't sincere about her work, but she's discovered how valuable it is to know when to let down."

It wasn't as easy as it sounds. In the first place, Fred was not at all sure how to take Carole. No comedy Paramount ever filmed could have been more amusing than the contrast between these two during those first days of work.

Fred was so serious he and Lillian, his bride, stayed home every night working on his lines. Why, he was so sure each picture he made was his last that he actually allowed himself one dollar a day for spending money—the rest went right into the bank.

And Carole!

In the midst of a love scene, Carole would make faces at Fred. The scene would have to be done over. That cost money and it worried Fred as much as the fact that he sometimes forgot his lines. When he would go over his lines with Carole before filming, she'd put her words to some popular tune and hey hey them at him. If he was upset in the beginning, he was three times worse off after a few doses of this.

Somebody tipped Fred off just in time, and it was the beginning of a new era in the MacMurray fortunes. Someone told Fred that Carole never kids anyone

she doesn't like. From then on, every joke she made at his expense, he took as a compliment.

And then came the happy day when Fred actually cracked back at Carole when she'd made a funny remark. Carole sat up, grinned and said, "Now we're getting some place. That Freddie fellow is taking off his earmuffs." About that time, the only scenes Fred felt uneasy about were those he had to make without Carole.

Still, all in all, people who recall Fred in those days remember that he was pretty much a sober, sombre young man. And everyone in Hollywood knows that is exactly the wrong way to make a success in movies. A few gags might show that he was learning, but he'd have to change faster than that. There's no place in the whole world where the old saying about "All work and no play" holds as true as in Hollywood. Fred *had* to change, if he was to stay.

He has learned in time, though. Look at him today, the Fred of "Swing High, Swing Low." There are plenty of examples to show you what I mean, to prove how much more natural and relaxed he is.

FOR one thing, he had to play a trumpet in this picture and he hadn't touched one since he was a kid in knee pants. It took plenty of special practicing before he could get it in tune enough for the picture. Now the old Fred would have done his practicing in a sound proofed room, away from everyone, even his wife. But the new Fred—

The new Fred, inspired by Carole's example—in "Hands Across the Table" she had practiced manicuring on every prop man in the picture—did all his practicing right on the set. In fact he finally went too far and too loud and, in self defense, Carole herself had to steal the trumpet's mouthpiece and hide it. She kept it until they did the last scene of the film. When director Mitch Leisen complimented Fred on his trumpeting, Fred knew Carole was right. Here he'd made a joke of learning to play the trumpet again, had his mouthpiece stolen and ended up by getting a compliment from his director.

Another thing was the costume Fred had to wear in that picture. It was a light, cream colored affair with a bolero type of jacket and a wide red sash, plus —sideburns! Exactly the kind of costume that would have embarrassed him terribly in the past. But not the new Fred. Like Carole, he has learned to shrug and joke about such things.

He even wore the costume, sideburns and all, when he ate lunch in the Paramount restaurant. People stared at him and remarked about his clothes, but there wasn't a blush in Fred's make up. And, if you need any more proof that he's no longer self conscious, there's the remark he made on Valentine's Day. He actually had the easy humor then to say that he was putting himself in an envelope and sending himself to Lillian. His costume *was* just about as fancy as that.

Then too under Carole's astute tutelage, he has learned to add his own lines to the dialogue—and any director will tell you only seasoned and skillful actors ever do that successfully. One afternoon they were working on the proposal scene and Fred was complaining that the last line didn't seem quite right.

In the scene itself, the proposal comes as quite a surprise to both of them. It's strictly one of those on-the-spur-of-the-moment things. He asks her to elope and she stares at him for a moment, terribly happy but scarcely able to believe him.

"Darling, you're not sick, are you?" she asks him, and Fred's answer was supposed to be, "No, I mean it. I'm serious."

After they'd done the scene that way several times, Fred was still doubtful, still not satisfied.

"Well, toots," said Carole, in that honest way of hers, "how did you feel when you proposed to Lillian?"

"I had a funny feeling in my stomach," Fred admitted.

Carole laughed. "There's your line then, my boy!"

AND so it was. You'll hear it in the picture: "No, I'm not sick but I've got an awful funny feeling in my stomach."

No one was more pleased with this new line than Mitch Leisen, better known by Carole's nickname of "Pops." As Pops told me, "It's a good sign when an actor begins doing that. Of course they can go to extremes, but you see what it means in Fred's case, don't you? It means that at last he's reached the place where he can throw off his self consciousness and really feel the character.

"In 'Hands Across the Table' Fred was one of the most difficult actors to direct that I had ever handled. For one thing he used to have a tendency to talk his lines too fast. It was because he was scared of them, of course, and wanted to get them over as quickly as possible. But not any more. Working with him is a pleasure now."

So for Fred, the end of worries and frettings was in sight. He wasn't thinking all the time now about the day he'd be fired, and he was able to study a part through once and put it down pretty much convinced he would be able to do it well. And then came the news that Dick Powell

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SAYS Jane Heath

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never omit this

• EVERY day curl your lashes like daisy-petals! More light enters . . . and what flattering shadows the lashes cast on your face! Use KURLASH, the little implement that curls them perfectly within 30 seconds. No heat, cosmetics or practice. $1 at all better stores.

then this

• THE girl with brittle, bleached-looking lashes stays in the corner too. Use KURLENE, a scientific formula for promoting luxuriance in lashes. Rub a little on your lashes each night and see how silky they stay all the next day. Tube 50c, Jar $1.

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(Please print plainly)

was leaving Hollywood Hotel. In one way, it was a good thing Dick did leave. Otherwise, this story would never have been written and Fred might never have had the last bit of evidence he needed to prove once and for all he'd outgrown himself.

Nobody'll ever know how they got Fred to audition for this starring role. But somehow his agent talked him into going over to the rehearsal studio of Hollywood Hotel. Fred protested that he knew next to nothing about radio, that he'd never had enough training as a master of ceremonies, and that, besides, he wasn't good enough.

Fortunately, no one had the time to listen to him. Executives heard him sing, heard him talk, liked the way he worked and presto; he was signing a contract. Certainly simple enough, and Fred went home feeling pretty good about the big increase in salary. But he'd reckoned without the night of his first broadcast.

As it got nearer and nearer, Fred got more and more nervous. When it was only a week away, his wife thought he was going to have to go away some place. Fred was insisting he'd never be able to go through with it. He wouldn't listen to anyone. And then he had an inspiration. Reaching for the phone, he got in touch with Louella Parsons. In five minutes, he'd persuaded her to try his plan. In ten more, he learned he'd put it over.

Carole was going to appear with him on his opening broadcast. She'd promise to be there to hold his hand and remind him it wasn't as serious as all that. From then on, it was a different matter. Scared he still was, but now determined to go through with it. He couldn't fail now. If he did, how could he ever face Carole the next day when he went back to the movie lot to finish "Swing High, Swing Low"?

IT'S a matter of record that Fred got through that Friday evening. It's also a matter of record that Carole was there to help him pull through. It's also a matter of record, if you'll look closely, that Fred's personal life is now a happy one. For Fred has carried over what he's learned about how to succeed in movies and radio into how to have a happy home life. He's learned not to care too much about what other people think, to forget he's on parade.

He's learned to have hobbies. Guess from whom. From, of course, the original Hobby Girl, Carole. Last month it was golf, this month tennis, and the next, it was to be the horses. Does he still spend a dollar a day? Ridiculous! He's investing in himself now. Not extravagantly. He'll never be a spendthrift. But today he knows what he needs and wants and he gets it without worrying.

And that's how Carole Lombard taught Fred MacMurray how to live—in Hollywood or anywhere else.

Don't miss the inspiring conclusion of Phil Baker's life story — in the July RADIO MIRROR— Read how he found the secret of his success.

DAMAGED GOODS!

Laura

ALL too unfortunately for thousands of innocent victims, this dramatic, true account of the charming high school classmates Laura and Alice, and the unclean man they both loved, could not have been published a few brief years ago. At least the stark truth could not have been completely told. Only recently has an ever-growing social consciousness of responsibility for the ghastly horrors visited upon the victims of the so-called "social diseases" made a frank discussion of the subject possible.

Prudery, which nurtured and spread the very things it sought to stifle by its silence, has had its disastrous day. Governments are speaking out. Municipal authorities are responding to the challenge for action. And PHYSICAL CULTURE MAGAZINE, for three decades a leader in the fight for the protection of American womanhood and babyhood, sees its campaign at last awakening personal and community alarm.

That is why it fearlessly publishes the startling and thought-provoking true life story of Laura and Alice and the disastrous tragedy that came to them through loving blindly and in ignorance. Here, in actual life, you have two case histories bearing directly on the courageous discussion in last month's PHYSICAL CULTURE of what every woman should know about venereal disease. If you were impressed by that forceful, forthright warning, you will find ample substantiation in this month's revelation, "My Daughter Became Damaged Goods." Every father, every mother, every young person considering marriage now or in the future should read this page from the book of living. It may well prove the deciding factor not only for your health and happiness, but even for your life itself!

JUNE

PHYSICAL CULTURE

NOW ON SALE!

Don Ameche Tells "Why I'm Quitting First Nighter"

(*Continued from page* 19)

quitting the program on which he has starred for six years is the biggest thing that has ever happened to him. It has been said about him that no one owes more to radio and admits it so willingly. It lifted him by his bootstraps out of obscurity, poverty, and black depression until now, after six years, he is one of the most promising newcomers in Hollywood, furnished with bigger parts in each succeeding picture he makes. Twentieth Century-Fox, which holds his contract, has no player of whom it is more proud or hopeful.

Little wonder that when I asked Don to tell the whole story of his decision to quit, the first thing he said was, "The people who make up the radio audience brought me whatever success I've had and I shall be eternally grateful. Whatever else you write, please make that clear."

AS I have said, he is not leaving radio permanently. More likely, it will be a matter of days, or a few weeks at the most, after his final First Nighter program, before he begins his new broadcasts. And no matter how far up the ladder of movie success he may go, he will never forget that radio gave him his start, nor refuse to go on the air when the chance comes.

That is why this decision was so hard to make. For months during this past winter, he saw that it was inevitable. But he fought it off. First he tried not to think about it, then he tried to convince himself he could find a way out. In the end, he gave up the struggle and did the only possible thing—notified his sponsors he would have to stop broadcasting at the end of his thirteen weeks' option.

He didn't know then that within a short time he would sign for a new program. There was then no new sponsor in sight. The moment after he had handed in his notice, he wished he could take it back. He was tired and discouraged, and deep in his heart he was feeling that he had taken a step he shouldn't have taken, a step that would only lead him to problems harder to solve.

Even worse, he must leave a program which had been practically synonymous with his name for so many years without being able to offer an explanation to his followers! For that is the way radio is conducted. He knew that on the final night of his First Nighter broadcasts, only the briefest statement would be made to the effect that Don was leaving. What little explanation was made couldn't possibly be enough to tell the story as it should be told.

And so Don talked to me, asked me to tell everyone who tunes in the First Nighter program why he was leaving. When you know the reasons you will understand why he had no choice.

"Have you ever broken up with a close friend you've known for a long time?" he began. "Then you know the funny feeling it gives you inside. I lost just about the oldest friend I had. I would never have done it, if it could have been helped. It couldn't.

"First of all, I'm sure I've been with the program too long. All winter I felt that I had given it all I could. And then when I saw, according to surveys, that the program was more popular than ever before, I knew it was the time to step out and let a new voice come in to bring the show still greater popularity."

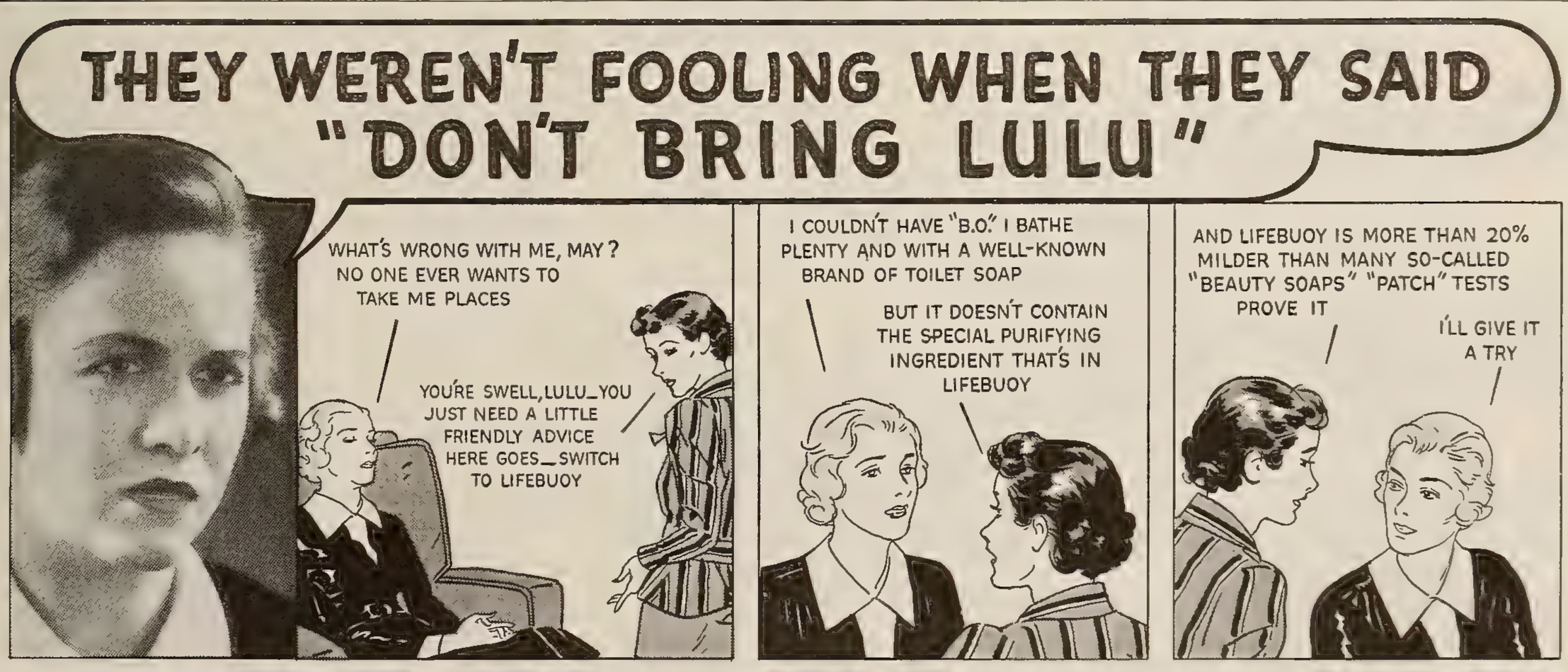
Would anyone who did not hold this program deep in his affections feel this way and talk this way about it? Would he make up his mind to leave only after he was sure that the change would not materially affect its popularity?

THERE were other reasons," Don went on. "In six years' time, I have had just four weeks' vacation. Two of those were during my second year on the program and the other two over a year ago. No matter how much you like your work, you get pretty tired of it with only two brief vacations in six years."

And Don was tired. I had seen him a few weeks before at an open house he had given. I saw, behind all his efforts to appear as gay as he had ever been back in our Chicago days, a shadow of unhappiness, of listlessness.

Then, too—and personally, I feel that this was the strongest motivating force in the whole set of circumstances—Don wasn't happy with the stories that were being selected for him to appear in every week. At first, he had argued with himself that he was imagining things. But soon, in confirmation of his own opinion, his fans began writing. Every week, after a program he was dissatisfied with, huge bags of mail poured in complaining about the parts he had been assigned.

Nothing could have made Don more unhappy. Some of these letters even suggested that it would be better if he didn't appear at all if he couldn't play other



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Your dentist will tell you that to keep teeth white and sparkling, gums must be firm and healthy, too. To do both vital jobs—*clean teeth* and *safeguard gums*—an eminent member of the dental profession created Forhan's Tooth Paste.

When you brush your teeth with Forhan's, massage it gently into the gums just as dentists advise. Note how it stimulates the gums, how clean and fresh your whole mouth feels! Forhan's costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes, and the *new big* tube saves you money. Start using Forhan's today. *Also sold in Canada.*

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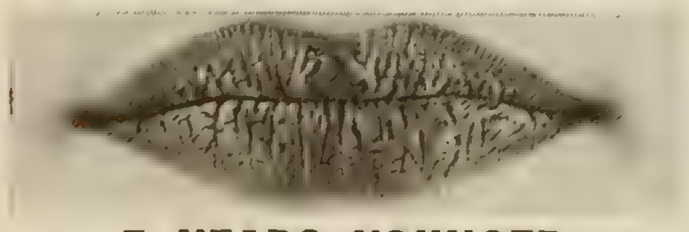

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parts. There are, too, other possible explanations for the growing dissatisfaction among his listeners. Perhaps the increased audience attracted to the First Nighter program by Don's movie work, or the fine parts he has had on the screen, was responsible.

Whatever the cause, it was there. And, almost like the climax of a three-act play, Don learned that the film company to which he owes allegiance was beginning to doubt the wisdom of having him continue broadcasting under the circumstances.

There was, in addition to all this, another feeling that had been growing stronger in Don with each passing week. He wanted to expand his radio activities. After six years, he was hungry to widen the scope of his air work. His brief experience in movies had sharpened that hunger. Yet, if he stayed on First Nighter, he knew he couldn't satisfy this desire. For one reason—he knew that his close association with his program made it unfair for him to do other work on other programs. That, too, he owed his listeners.

So, with new evidence piling on new evidence, the verdict could only have been rendered one way. Quit the First Nighter, leave the program to which he owed so much, send in his notice—and see what happened.

"The First Nighter, naturally, will continue," Don told me. "I have a hunch you'll like the new leading man. In fact, I suspect you'll like the whole program all over again."

I think so too. I also think you had better be tuning in your radio Sunday nights on NBC. Don Ameche's new program is going to give him full scope as a master of ceremonies, a dramatic actor and even—it has been promised—as a singer! Already the sun is shining again for Don and everyone who wants him on the air.

The Studio Applause Racket —Broadcasting's Ruin?

(*Continued from page* 21)

The audience claps dutifully, but the announcer pretends to be dissatisfied. He proposes a little game, a contest between the orchestra floor and the balcony, to see which group of people can clap the loudest. Finally he has everybody all steamed up, just one big happy family, ready to tear up the seats and shatter the eardrums of the outside listeners when the announcer gives the signal.

Different announcers have different signals. Maybe you thought that the old APPLAUSE cards, which the announcer holds up for the audience to see, had been laughed out of existence. When they first appeared a few years ago, newspaper photographers took pictures of them for publication, and radio columnists kidded them; and pretty soon you didn't hear any more about them. But they're still used on some shows. Getting pretty dog-eared and gray, they are, but you can still read the word "APPLAUSE" on them in big black letters.

The applause card is too tame and old-fashioned for some programs, though. They have announcers who can get jobs as collegiate cheerleaders any day. They make wide sweeping motions of their arms, or clasp their hands above their heads, like prize fighters entering the ring, or toss their arms up into the air, imploring the audience to Give.

Usually the job of whipping up the

TUNE IN— TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS

Unless you are already a listener-in on the True Story Court of Human Relations, sponsored by True Story Magazine, you are missing one of the most absorbingly interesting broadcasts on the air.

Each Friday night the True Story Court of Human Relations brings to its listeners a radio drama filled with thrills; drama, suspense. Broadcast over the NBC Red Network, a turn of the dial will bring into your home this wealth of wholesome, highly enjoyable entertainment. Tune in on Friday night without fail.

City	*Station*	*Local Time*
New York	WEAF	9:30 PM EDT
Boston	WNAC	9:30 PM EDT
Hartford	WTIC	9:30 PM EDT
Providence	WJAR	9:30 PM EDT
Worcester	WTAG	9:30 PM EDT
Portland, Me.	WCSH	9:30 PM EDT
Philadelphia	KYW	9:30 PM EDT
Baltimore	WFBR	9:30 PM EDT
Washington	WRC	9:30 PM EDT
Schenectady	WGY	9:30 PM EDT
Buffalo	WBEN	9:30 PM EDT
Pittsburgh	WCAE	9:30 PM EDT
Cleveland	WTAM	9:30 PM EDT
Detroit	WWJ	9:30 PM EDT
Chicago	WMAQ	8:30 PM CDT
Minn.-St. Paul	KSTP	8:30 PM CDT
St. Louis	KSD	8:30 PM CDT
Des Moines	WHO	8:30 PM CDT
Omaha	WOW	8:30 PM CDT
Kansas City	WDAF	8:30 PM CDT
Denver	KOA	9:30 PM MDT
Salt Lake City	KDYL	9:30 PM MDT
San Francisco	KPO	8:30 PM PDT
Los Angeles	KFI	8:30 PM PDT
Portland, Ore.	KGW	8:30 PM PDT
Seattle	KOMO	8:30 PM PDT
Spokane	KHQ	8:30 PM PDT
*Cincinnati	WLW	6:30 PM EDT

*Sunday

TAKE YOUR CHOICE OF THESE STATIONS

Every FRIDAY Night

audience into a frenzy is entrusted to the regular announcer, but one broadcast—it's one of the noisiest ones, and proud of it—employs a special cheerleader who does nothing else. He never speaks a word into the microphone, and the listening audience never hears his name. He just gives his pep talk before the broadcast and pantomimes for applause and more applause during it.

You'd think the comedians would be satisfied to let the announcers prod the audience—but some of them aren't. Some of them aren't satisfied with laughter. They have to have their applause too—and there's nothing phonier than a burst of applause for a comedian's gag. People in ordinary theaters don't clap for each funny thing a comedian on the stage does. They laugh, and when the comedian's act is finished—*then* they applaud. I don't see any good reason why it should be different on the air, but often it is.

Here is how the comedians wring that unnatural applause out of their studio audiences. Each of them has some pet gesture or facial expression—a roll of the eyes, a twist of the lips, a flutter of the hands, which long experience has taught him is as eloquent a plea for applause as any words could be. Show people have a word for this. They call it "mugging," and it fits.

IT works, too. Not all the comedians do it, of course. But next time you hear a gag greeted by a wave of clapping, you can be reasonably certain that the comedian you're listening to has just pantomimed a request for some applause—and, his audience being anxious to show they appreciate their free seats, has got what he wanted.

If all this built-up hand-clapping and cheering made the broadcast any better, I wouldn't care. But it doesn't. A certain amount of applause—just as much as an audience would give if it were left to itself, and no more—does brighten up a show. It helps to introduce the performers on a variety program, and it covers up dead spots while people take their places at the microphone. Rudy Vallee's program, on which applause is neither encouraged nor discouraged, is a good example of how much of this dangerous ingredient you can safely put into a broadcast. Rudy and his guest artists never do more than briefly acknowledge applause, and nobody ever whips it up, so as a result it is never prolonged to the point of listener-irritation.

Rudy, bless him, doesn't pay much attention to the people in the studio. They can come or not, it's all the same to him. I'd swear that often he completely forgets they're there. If only stars on other programs would do the same, and remember only that their job is to put on a good show for a million or so tuner-inners! But you can't blame a star for remembering an audience when said audience is so carefully coached to make noise that only a deaf man could forget it.

It's natural for a comedian who has worked on the stage all his life to play to the visible audience. It's difficult for him to remember that unobtrusive little microphone when there are flesh and blood people present, ready to laugh and—with a little urging—clap. I don't blame the performers as much as I do the producers, but an incident such as the one which happened just the other night makes me mad, no matter whose fault it was.

I was listening to the Community Sing program, and missed what was apparently the funniest thing Milton Berle said all evening. Whatever the joke was, he threw it at the audience so hard it missed the microphone completely. The audience howled (and clapped) and I ground my teeth so hard I chipped one of them.

I've missed lots of other lines, too—when a comedian makes a funny face, wears a funny costume, or indulges in a bit of pantomime. I can't see what he's doing, but the audience can, and it laughs so hard that the noise drowns whatever *is* said into the microphone.

THERE'S one big advantage radio should by rights have over the theater, and it is this—the listener should be able to hear every word that is spoken for his entertainment. Studio audiences, with their clatter, have ruined this advantage. Just another instance of adding to the audience's enjoyment at the expense of the listener's.

The idea, as expressed in so many announcer's opening pep talks, that the people in the audience are part of the show, is nonsense. They aren't—that is, they shouldn't be. We listeners tune in to hear the performers, not a bunch of people like ourselves clapping and cheering. You'll never convince me that anybody ever tuned in on Kate Smith's program simply because he knew he'd hear a lot of applause.

Nor are the comedy and variety programs the only ones that go in for noise. Some musical and dramatic shows are just as bad, with a little less excuse. A few of our oh-so-dignified symphonic hours are not above letting the audience clap and clap after a number until the poor listener, who has got his radio adjusted exactly

THOUSANDS OF SKINNY GIRLS GAIN 10 TO 20 LBS.—QUICK!

IF you're skinny, gawky, lacking in that feminine allure of glamorous curves which attracts the other sex like a magnet, here's glorious news! Thousands of girls who'd never been able to add an ounce before have put on 10 to 20 pounds of solid, normally good-looking flesh *in a few weeks*—with these new pleasant-to-take Ironized Yeast tablets.

Besides, these girls have gained naturally clear skin and lovely color, new health and pep, and all the new friends and good times these bring.

Amazing body-building discovery

Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital food elements you may lack appetite, and not get the most good out of the body-building foods that are essential.

Now one of the richest known sources of Vitamin B is imported ale yeast. By a new process this special yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of blood-building iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets. And these little Ironized Yeast tablets have helped thousands of men and women, boys and girls, to gain long-wished-for pounds—in just a few weeks!

Try them without risking a cent

If you, too, need these vital food elements to aid in building you up, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then day after day watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. See better color and natural beauty come to your skin. Soon you feel like an entirely different person, with new pep, new charm and personality.

If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money back instantly. So start today and watch the wonderful change. Only be sure you get the original Ironized Yeast tablets. Don't accept any substitute for Ironized Yeast.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 226, Atlanta, Ga.

WOMEN! BE SMART

Don't be victims of old-fashioned prudery and stupidity

CONSULT DOCTOR IF IN DOUBT

FEMININE HYGIENE EXPLAINED

1. Happy and fortunate is the married woman who finds the right answer to this grave problem...Happy when she lives *without fear*...Prevents that agonizing worry which upsets so many marriages...*Fortunate in being free from dangerous germs!*

2. Fear and ignorance are unnecessary. Medical research now bring you *dainty, snow white* suppositories for Feminine Hygiene. Smart women appreciate the convenience and *safety* of Zonitors. For Zonitors embody the famous *ZONITE ANTISEPTIC PRINCIPLE.* They kill dangerous germs, yet are free from "burn danger" to delicate tissues.

3. Zonitors are *safe* and *easy* to use...*greaseless, snow white* suppositories, each in a *sanitary* glass vial . . . no clumsy apparatus . . . *completely deodorizing. Easy to remove* with plain water. Instructions in package. All U. S. and Canadian druggists.

FREE—Booklet containing latest medical information. Write to Zonite Products Corp., 649 New Brunswick, N. J.

IN 12 INDIVIDUAL GLASS VIALS — $1 PER BOX OF TWELVE

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BE A TRAINED **PRACTICAL NURSE**

Study at home—train the "Pierce Way." Home Study Course and 6-months Practical HOSPITAL Course for resident students. Write for free book. PIERCE SCHOOL ENDORSED BY AMERICAN TRAINED PRACTICAL NURSES' ASSOCIATION.

PIERCE SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL NURSING
702 West 17th St. *Secretary* C-20, Los Angeles, Calif.

● Mercolized Wax gently melts off faded, discolored outer skin. Reveals the velvety-smooth, soft, beautiful underskin. Blemishes disappear.

Mercolized Wax is a complete beauty treatment in a single cream. Contains everything your skin needs. Cleanses. Softens. Beautifies. Protects.

Start using Mercolized Wax tonight. Win new skin loveliness. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of any complexion.

USE Saxolite Astringent—a refreshing stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel. Use daily. *At drug and department stores everywhere.*

right for the music, has to jump up and cut down the volume before the blasting deafens him. To do them justice, these symphonic hours don't use applause cards or cheerleaders, but they have their audiences trained well enough to applaud for the five-minute intermission talks. There's nothing that strikes a listener quite as harshly as applause for what is obviously a thinly disguised commercial blurb.

These musical program audiences have a perfect right to applaud the great artists they hear. But why don't the sponsors have the consideration for their unseen listeners to insist that the man in the control room must cut down the volume of the noise during the applause period?

Instead, there have been times, on programs of all kinds, when I've strongly suspected the control room of increasing the volume so that the applause sounded even noisier than it actually was.

ONE of the dramatic programs—the biggest one—makes me mad, too. The Lux Theater employs all the skill of famous actors and actresses, talented musicians, and clever sound-effects men to create an illusion in my mind and carry me mentally to the scene of the story being dramatized. And then, at the end of twenty minutes, they shatter the illusion and bring me rudely down to earth with a loud burst of applause. It takes me ten minutes of the next act to get back into the spirit of the play—only to have the same process repeated. Small wonder if I get to feeling that it isn't worth while to give the program my full attention.

Don't give me the argument that in a regular theater there are intermissions which break the continuity of the play.

I know it, but the situation is different. The acts are nearly an hour long, and I have sight as well as sound to help create the illusion that I am actually living the play.

Comedy, music, drama—it's getting so they all have the applause, and the noisier, apparently, the better. But not for me. Come on, sponsors, let's be friends again. Let's go back to the old days when a fellow could listen to his radio all evening and not get the fixed impression that modern broadcasting consists mostly of a loud roaring noise. After all, think how hard everybody worked to eliminate the static. Isn't it foolish to introduce something that's just as bad?

LET'S SETTLE THIS APPLAUSE QUESTION!

How do you feel about applause on your radio programs? Does it irritate you as much as it does the writer of this article? Do you think it makes shows more enjoyable? Or are you able to ignore it entirely? RADIO MIRROR would like to know. Cast your vote on this coupon and mail it to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City. Or, if you want to express your opinions at greater length, write a letter. Whatever the majority opinion of our readers is, we'll publish it and bring it to the attention of the men who produce your radio programs.

Studio applause helps a program and should be encouraged . . . . . .

Studio applause injures a program and should be banned . . . . . .

Studio applause neither helps nor injures a program . . . . . .

Pores really *clean* SKIN made FRESH!

with

POMPEIAN

Milk Massage Cream

• Discover the miracle of *clean pores*—FRESHened skin!—with this weekly home facial. Each 7 days, massage with Pompeian, the "milk diet" cream —70% milk. One trial will be a revelation to you.

AT ALL DRUG, DEP'T. AND 10¢ STORES

The Pompeian Company, Inc.
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TRAIN FOR **Electricity** Spend 12 weeks in Coyne Shops—Learn by doing—many earn while learning. Free employment service after graduation. You don't need advanced education. SEND FOR BIG NEW FREE BOOK. and my "PAY TUITION AFTER GRADUATION" PLAN.
H. C. Lewis, Pres., COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL
500 South Paulina Street, Dept. A7-64 Chicago, Ill.

This Beautiful Lifelike **PHOTO RING**

NEWEST SENSATION! Send any snapshot or photo and we'll reproduce it in this beautiful onyx-like ring. Indestructible! Waterproof!

SEND NO MONEY! **48c** (Hand-tinted 25c extra)

Enclose strip of paper for ring size. Pay postman plus a few cents postage. If you send 48c we will pay postage. PHOTO MOVETTE RING CO., Dept. M5, 626 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

Try This Guaranteed ROACH KILLER

Don't blame moths for the damage roaches do to silks and woolens. Kill out entire colonies by putting out Gator Roach Hives — the proven roach killer. The bait kills old and young. Positively guaranteed effective. 3 sets (9 hives) $1.20 postpaid if your dealer has none.

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DeSoto Chemical Co.
Box 10, Arcadia, Fla.

Look 10 Years Younger

BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR

● Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. BROWNATONE and a small brush does it. Used and approved for over twenty-four years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting —will not wash out. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

Let

Alka-Seltzer

help you keep Feeling Your Best

WHEN you suffer with a Headache, Acid Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Distress after Meals, an Alka-Seltzer tablet in a glass of water will usually bring prompt relief and also help correct the cause of your trouble when associated with an excess acid condition. You'll like Alka-Seltzer because of its pleasant taste and because it is so effective. Don't let common ailments keep you from feeling your best—alkalize with Alka-Seltzer.

All Drug Stores

30¢ and 60¢ Pkgs.

(Slightly Higher in Canada)

Listen to Alka-Seltzer Nat'l Barn Dance, Sat. Night NBC Network

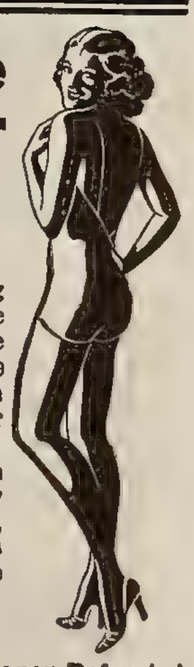
How to Remove Leg or Arm Hair

IN 3 MINUTES

Without Danger of Coarser or Stubbier New Growth

Everywhere you go, everyone is talking about or using De Miracle. Its vogue seems to have started when it became known that this marvelous discovery made it simple and easy to get rid of leg or arm hair, without danger of faster, coarser or stubbier new growth.

No Razor—just dampen hair with De Miracle and then rinse hair away with water. It leaves the skin as smooth, soft and hair-free as a baby's. Leaves no dark hair stubble and does not make hair grow faster, coarser, or stubbier. Try it today.



Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded

De Miracle

Special Now $1.00 Size..... 67c $2.00 Size Now $1.33

At All Drug and Department Stores

Is Jessica Dragonette Losing the Right to Love?

(*Continued from page 33*)

would be giving up the greater career for the lesser. Now, with that admission she made to me in the fire-lit room, comes the first hint of a changing viewpoint. No more than a hint, as yet, but it seems to me to indicate the beginning of a realization that work, fame, the satisfaction of a job well done—that none of these are eventually enough.

When that realization becomes complete, I am afraid, for Jessica's sake. I am afraid of what she may discover.

I am writing this article for two important reasons. First, I want her to read it, because in a sense it is a warning. I can say more in it than I could say as we sat talking the other afternoon. Second, I want all of Jessica's fans to read it. I want all of the people who have grown to love her for the pleasure she has brought them to add their voices to mine. Jessica does pay heed to what you, her fans, write; and you will be doing her an immeasurable service if you will send her a letter when you have finished reading this. You can help her to see where real happiness lies.

Bluntly, I am afraid that when Jessica is ready to accept love, she will not be able to find it. That is what it will amount to if she follows the path she has walked on for the last eight years.

All her adult life, Jessica has given herself up completely to one serious pursuit —music. She has resolutely disciplined herself until she lost the need for gayety and laughter.

THERE were certain things she had to deny herself. When she goes out in the evening, does she go to a hotel or night club to dance? Not often. Instead, you are apt to see her at a concert in Carnegie Hall, watching with rapt attention the technique of a singer or instrumentalist.

When she takes one of her infrequent vacations, does she set out for a smart hotel or sail on an ocean liner for London or Paris? No. She goes to her brother's ranch in the West, for a month or two of complete relaxation and rest.

It has been necessary for her to do this, if she was to give herself wholeheartedly to her music. She has had to keep away from smoky, stuffy night clubs; she has had to learn all she could from other musicians; and her vacations, when she took them, have had to be real rests.

But love doesn't grow in an atmosphere of solemnity and quiet. It thrives in the midst of pleasure and laughter. It doesn't come to a lonely desert ranch, but to a crowded holiday spot. And I am afraid that some day Jessica will find herself barred from love because she has forgotten how to play.

Her sister, Mrs. Nadea Loftus, who is as animated and vivacious as Jessica is serene, is aware of the problem. She told me that she gives Jessica one more year before she comes to the full realization of how much more there is in life than she is getting from it now. To prepare for that realization, she is constantly urging Jessica to go out more and meet new people. Dances, cocktail parties, pleasure resorts—anywhere the brilliant people of New York meet.

Jessica's instinct is to hide herself from such gatherings, to be with the few intimate friends whose interests are the same as her own—proof that her life is in danger of becoming one-sided. She shuns

SO SKINNY SHE WAS ASHAMED TO WEAR A BATHING SUIT!

Now LOOKS FINE and FEELS GREAT!

Posed by Professional Model

Very First Bottle of Kelpamalt Added 7 Flattering Lbs.....!

Read This Actual Letter From Our Files

Kelpamalt Company
"Dear Sirs:
I am 5 ft. 5 in. tall. Before I was married I weighed 110 lbs. That wasn't much, but better than the 94 lbs. I've weighed ever since my boy was born 5 years ago.

I was always active in out of door sports and in dancing, but honestly, I've been ashamed to put on a bathing suit or an evening gown for the last 4 summers. Being so skinny actually changed my mode of living.

Last August I was visiting my mother-in-law. I came to lunch in a sun back dress with straps over the shoulders. Mrs. H. looked at me and said: 'If I had shoulders that looked like yours, I certainly would wear a high necked dress.' Can you imagine how badly I felt. I was glad when the summer was over and I could wear a sweater and skirt.

Now, thanks to Kelpamalt, I'm looking forward to spring. I have taken just 100 tablets and I've gained 7 lbs. Think of it. Seven pounds in 16 days. Believe me, I've sent for another bottle. I feel so well too, and my friends are remarking on my looks. My only regret is, that I didn't start taking Kelpamalt sooner. Three cheers for Kelpamalt! The best beauty product on the market."—Mrs. F. H., Camden, Me.

Make This Simple No-Cost Test

First weigh yourself and see how long you can work or how far you can walk without tiring. Put on your bathing suit and look yourself over. Then take 3 Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets with each meal for one week and notice how much longer you can work without tiring, how much farther you can walk. Notice how much better you feel, sleep and eat. Watch for increased energy, vigor and endurance. Again take stock of yourself in a bathing suit and watch for a marked improvement in your personal appearance. See how scrawny hollows have filled out. If you do not gain in weight, strength, endurance and energy the first week, the trial is free. Your own doctor will approve this way. Seedol Kelpamalt costs but little to use. Try it today. Sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

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SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for fascinating, instructive 50-page booklet on How Thousands Have Built Strength, Energy and Added Lbs Quickly. Mineral contents of Food and their natural effect on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 1208, 27 West 20th St., N. Y. C.

WANT SKIN TO LOOK YOUNG, BEAUTIFULLY FRESH?

USE NEW TANGEE POWDER

Ordinary powders may give your skin a coated, "old" appearance.

See how Tangee's marvelous texture gives youthful underglow.

Famous Tangee magic Color Change Principle brings your skin the underglow of natural youthfulness...Use Tangee Face Powder for a fresh, clear, youthful looking skin. Famous magic Color Change Principle brings softening underglow that matches your own skin tones. No coating to hide your natural color. Tangee ends shine. Scientifically blended with super-sheer texture, Tangee *stays on*. Economical because you use less. Try Tangee. In two sizes, 55¢ and $1.10. Or, tear out the coupon below for the "Two-Shade Sampler."

New 2-Shade Sampler—2 Weeks' Supply of Powder

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY 467
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Please rush new 2-Shade Tangee Face Powder Sampler. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin) (15¢ in Canada)... Send sampler checked:

Sampler #1 ☐	Sampler #2 ☐	Sampler #3 ☐
Contains Flesh and Rachel	Contains Rachel and Light Rachel	Contains Flesh and Light Rachel

Name .....
(Please Print)
Address .....
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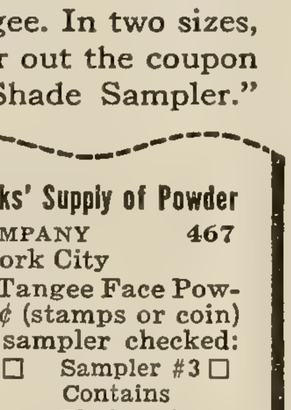
New deodorant cream safely stops perspiration



1. Cannot irritate skin, cannot rot dresses.
2. No waiting to dry.
3. Can be used right after shaving.
4. Stops perspiration 1 to 3 days. Prevents under-arm odor. A white, greaseless, vanishing cream.

ARRID 39¢ a jar

the mental hazards of coming in contact with new viewpoints and of holding her own in a sparkling, competitive social environment, preferring to conserve her energies for the pursuit of her musical career.

As long as she believed that a career and only a career was all she would ever ask of life, this regime was the right one for Jessica to follow. But, last midwinter, came as shocking an event as had ever happened to her. It was the event which produced the first shadow of doubt in her mind. That shadow will grow, and as it grows she must revise her whole scheme of living, before it becomes too late.

After seven years, Jessica left the Cities Service program, to find herself the star of an entirely different sort of program. For Cities Service she had built up a smooth-running weekly routine. She knew her problems in advance, sometimes five weeks in advance. Probably, until she left it, she herself did not realize the regularity with which her work was ticking itself off.

Then, as star of the Palmolive Beauty Box, she was faced with innumerable new complexities. Once again she was acting as well as singing. Each weekly show must tell a story instead of composing a well-balanced bill of music. It was not so much that the new problems were more difficult than the old—but they were new. And they were challenging.

It was inevitable that the change of occupation forced Jessica to take stock of herself. She had been drifting into a routine in her work; might she not also be drifting into a routine in her life?

AS if this were not enough, just before the new program was due to go on the air, Jessica fell ill for the first time in her life. A tiny germ, so small you couldn't even see it, attacked the one thing that meant more than anything else to her—her voice. She couldn't fight it, she couldn't banish it. All she could do was wait.

How could she help scrutinizing her own life more closely in those three weeks of enforced idleness before her recovery? There, in the fact that she couldn't sing, lay the proof of what a slender thread supported her career, that career she had given her life to. Some day another microbe might attack her throat, leaving her voice impaired while she was helpless to fight against it. And then . . . what would be left? So, I believe, the first doubt entered her mind.

Because of her conviction that it is impossible for her to follow two careers—to be a singer and a wife as well—Jessica now is hesitant, uncertain whether she would accept love if it should come. But she need look no farther than the woman who has always been her ideal to know that it is possible to combine stardom and love. Since she was a child, Jessica has admired Geraldine Farrar more than any other woman. And certainly Farrar has lived life to the full, without sacrificing any of her career. Farrar, it's true, suffered disappointments and heartache in her private life, but they made her a greater artist.

Jessica is too lovely to let life pass her by. Underneath her serenity, which I believe is cultivated rather than entirely natural, runs a current of warmth and vitality. She could be vibrantly receptive to everything the world has to offer her, and she must not let her vitality grow withered and old in the service of that chilly ideal, a career. Geraldine Farrar and dozens of other great artists like her have shown Jessica the way to real happiness. I hope—and I am sure all her fans hope with me—that she will follow it in time.

KEEP THE YOUTH GLOW

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BEAUTY OIL SHAMPOO

IT CONTAINS the finest of all hair and scalp conditioners—rich Olive Oil—the shampoo that beautifies the permanent—corrects dry, brittle hair and doubles its tensile strength. Foamless, soapless, no rinsing necessary. Ask your Beautician or get a bottle at your druggist's.

FREE—Send your name and address for liberal free sample.

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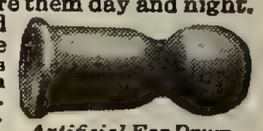
BASICALLY OLIVE OIL AND OTHER FINE OILS

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every deaf person knows that—
Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness.



Artificial Ear Drum

THE WAY COMPANY
719 McKerchey Bldg. Detroit, Michigan

PHOTO ENLARGEMENTS

SIZE 8x10 INCHES or SMALLER IF DESIRED

45c

Beautiful, Cleartone, Nev-R-Fade Enlargements can be made full length, bust, groups or part of groups from negative, photo, snapshot, or tintype. Original safely returned. 3 for 60c

SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo with name and address and within a few days you will receive your Beautiful, Nev-R-Fade Enlargement. Pay postman only 45c plus postage or send 47c—3, 60c—and we pay postage. 3 different photos $1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Don't delay— Act Now! State size wanted. Send photos today.

Film Rolls developed, 2 prints each negative—25c.

QUALITY ENLARGERS, Dept. F-6, River Grove, Ill.

Goodbye FRECKLES

Send for this true story of a freckled face girl's life. Learn how her skin freckled easily — how her homely freckles made her self-conscious and miserable at fourteen — how she gave up hope of ever being popular socially, until one day she saw a Stillman's ad.

She purchased a jar of Stillman's Freckle Cream. Used it nightly. Her ugly embarrassing freckles soon disappeared, leaving her skin clear, soft and beautiful.

It's a real experience that will bring hope to you too, reprinted word for word in our booklet "Good-bye Freckles." 50¢

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THE STILLMAN COMPANY
Box 200 Aurora, Ill., U. S. A.
Name.....
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Stillman's FRECKLE CREAM

YOU'LL LOVE THIS
FAST RELIEF
FOR ACID INDIGESTION

WHY WAIT for relief when you're troubled with heartburn, sour stomach, gas? Keep your relief right with you always, for unexpected emergencies. Carry Tums . . . like millions now do! Tums are pleasant-tasting . . . only 10c . . . yet they give relief that is scientific, *thorough*. Contain no harsh alkalies . . . *cannot over-alkalize* your stomach. Just enough antacid compound to correct your stomach acidity is released . . . remainder passing *un*-released from your system. For quick relief . . . Carry Tums. 10c at any drug store, or the 3-roll ECONOMY PACK for 25c.

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

TUMS ARE ANTACID . . NOT A LAXATIVE

HANDY TO CARRY

FREE: Beautiful Six-color 1937 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of Tums and NR. Send stamp for packing and postage to A. H. Lewis Co., Dept. 23H-72, St. Louis, Mo.

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Earn while learning! Write for magazines, books, newspapers, etc.! FREE literature! No obligation!
U. S. SCHOOL OF WRITING
Dept. 6-T, 20 West 60th St., N.Y.C.

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Compare it with rings costing hundreds of dollars. Wear at our risk. Surprise your friends—its sparkling beauty will amaze them. Mail 10c to cover shipping costs and we'll send on this exquisite full Carat facsimile Diamond, in newest style. Pay only $2.00 monthly until balance of $4.00 is paid. Money back if not satisfied. Send strip of paper showing finger size. State if lady's or man's. Ring sent postpaid to your door by return mail. Rush 10c, stamps or coin, to:
RAYMOR, Dept. 18
203 N. Wabash. Chicago, Ill.

STOP Itching TORTURE *This Quick Way*

For quick relief from the itching of eczema, blotches, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, rashes and other externally caused skin eruptions, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.** Original formula of Doctor Dennis. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes the irritation and quickly stops the most intense itching. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or your money back. Ask for **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.**

Woman 85 Who Never Looked Old

If you are beginning to show signs of age, listen to the secrets of the woman 85 who never looked old, by Pauline Palmer.

Pauline Palmer has for years been writing articles and telling women how to erase wrinkles and other marks of age without cosmetics. Only 5 minutes a day in their own home by an easy method of facial rejuvenation that anyone can do.

Her secrets fully explained with photographs in a thrilling book sent free together with a **Facial Analysis Chart** also free to men or women by writing to Pauline Palmer. 1435F Armour Blvd., Kansas City, Missouri. Write before supply is exhausted. —Adv.

More News

(*Continued from page 7*)

I'm feeling low, to go on a buying spree," she confided. And as for the ring—it replaces the square cut diamond Jerry Hopper put there, and which Martha was wearing last time I saw her. Jerry's ring is gone; the engagement, you know, was broken. And Martha is solacing herself shopping. But her heart is still Jerry's—even though her family broke up the romance.

* * *

GIDDAP, NAPOLEON!—Ben Bernie, noted far and wide as the bookmakers' delight, will stop betting on other people's hosses, and bet on his own, for a change, figuring if he must lose dough, he might as well know how it's lost. The maestro is accumulating a racing stable, first member of which is Wes, a bay filly by Mad Hatter-Mother Goose. Wes has been sent to Jamaica in charge of trainer F. B. Marshall, and will make her debut in the Jamaica Stakes. Yowsah!

* * *

BUCK JONES RECORDS AGAIN!—Speaking of General Mills, however, one of the smartest air deals ever was the signing of Buck Jones, hoss opera star, to do a series of recordings at a rate said to be the highest ever paid for such a job. Discs will revolve about Buck Jones' Rangers of America, a boys' organization sponsored by the actor said to have membership nearly as large as that of the Boy Scouts. Principle of the organization is "a good deed a day," but deed would have to go some to be as good as General Mills' deed the day they set the figure they're paying Buck.

* * *

FINANCIAL NEWS—If Don Wilson owes you any dough, you'd better collect it while he still has some left. The rotund announcer has been playing golf with Norris Goff and Chester Lauck (Lum and Abner) since their arrival, and Lauck says the foursomes, which include Jimmy Fidler, at Lakeside, have already paid for the foundations of the house he's building.

* * *

RICH GUYS WORRY—Haven McQuarrie used to be one of the most carefree guys in Hollywood—until success came his way. Now his brow is creased with furrows. Reason: "Gee, before all these high-priced script doctors went to work on the show," he wailed to me the other day, "it was doing fine. It must have been. They bought it, didn't they? Now since it's been all fixed up, all I hear is complaints."

Haven will learn it first when he reads it here, but the lowdown is that the reason Chase & Sanborn renewed him was that they had contracted for the time and could find nothing with which to replace Do You Want to Be An Actor? However, as soon as the show is dropped, Warner Brothers, who hold a long term contract on McQuarrie, will spot the show on their Trans-America chain.

* * *

SOCIETY NOTES—New version of "going slumming" in Hollywood consists of getting all dressed up and taking a party to Milton Berle's Community Sing. The other week Miss Constance Bennett thus entertained the Countess di Frasso, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, Mr. Man Mountain Dean, the rassler, and Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt. Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Whitney have more money

if not to thrill you when he admires? — And your rouge is so important!

There's nothing beautiful about rouge that looks *painted, artificial.* But Princess Pat rouge—duo-tone—ah, there *is* beauty!

Let's discover the Princess Pat rouge duo-tone secret. In Princess Pat rouge there's an *undertone* that blends with an *overtone,* to change magically on your skin. It becomes warmly beautiful. Unbelievable as it may sound—the color actually seems to come from within the skin; just like a natural blush. You can be a more glamorous personality—try Princess Pat rouge today and see. All drug and department stores sell Princess Pat rouge. Why not get this new beauty today? Sample on request. Write to Princess Pat, Dept. 796, Chicago.

PRINCESS PAT ROUGE

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(**FREE** Test Shows Way)

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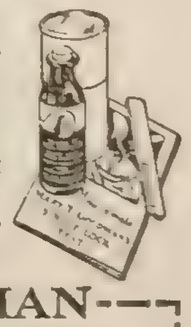

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Street.....
City.....State.....
Color of your hair?.....

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Are your eyes as thrilling as you would like them to be? Do they fascinate men and cast a spell of romance? You can make your eyes sparkling and alluring so easily -- so quickly -- with WINX Eye Beautifiers. A few strokes of WINX Mascara, and your lashes become long, dark, curling, silky. Your eyes look large and starry in a lovely **natural** way! Be sure it is WINX Mascara, for WINX is absolutely harmless, non-smarting and tear-proof -- in solid, creamy, or liquid form.

Your WINX Eyebrow Pencil makes even the scantiest eyebrows graceful and flattering. A touch of WINX Eye Shadow, applied to your eyelids, brings out the color of your eyes and makes them sparkle tantalizingly!

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Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau — Good Housekeeping Magazine

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NOSHINE, *two sizes, $1 and $2.50*

Elizabeth Arden

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than Mr. Man Mountain Dean, but Mr. Man Mountain Dean has more whiskers than both of them put together, which makes it a Mexican standoff.

* * *

QUICKIES—Rudy Vallee's deal with Warner Bros. has curdled . . . Jean Colber, who did the announcing job on the Winchell show from Hollywood, is about to commit matrimony . . .Velma McCall, sec'y to Lum and Abner, is the only outside voice ever used on their airing . . . Marion Talley has bought a Beverly Hills home, and it's goodbye forever to native Kansas . . . Ditto Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard, except, of course, for the Kansas part . . . Mike Pecarovich, Gonzaga football coach, and old college chum of Bing Crosby, has a part in Bing's picture "Waikiki Wedding" . . . and Bing, by the way, has lost eighteen pounds what with his new race track, his picture work, and his broadcasts . . . Joe Penner has bought his family a San Diego bungalow . . . and Vera Marsh (used to be Marshall), new heart interest on Penner's show, appeared in musical comedy with Joe y'ars and y'ars ago . . . No matter what they tell you, all is not serene between Fred Astaire and Charlie Butterworth, and maybe the lid will blow off before this gets into print . . . Kenny Baker is tied so tightly by his Mervyn LeRoy contract he practically has to ask permission to sneeze, and the lads on the Benny show delight in ribbing him about his wet-nurse . . . Mrs. Phil Harris is doing very well, thank you, on the Warner Brothers lot, where her pay checks are made out to "Marsha Ralston" . . . Andre Kostelanetz was slated for Republic's "Hit Parade," but he lost the spot because his name is identified with Chesterfields while "Hit Parade" is tied in with Luckies . . . The lady with Mrs. Conrad Thibault at rehearsal the other day, whom everyone thought was her twin sister, was only her double, Mrs. Edward Burns, of Pasadena—and no relation . . . Conrad, by the way, heads eastward the minute his contract expires in June, because he hates Hollywood . . . Gary Breckner, who does the radio announcing in "Wake Up and Live" is a KNX staff spieler . . . Bobby Breen will appear with Dr. Franz Hochstrater's Peasant Choir, from Vienna, in his next picture, "Boy Blue," . . . Georgie Stoll becomes a full-fledged director at Paramount . . . Shaw and Lee are signed for RKO's "Revels of 1937" . . . When television comes, watch for Penny Gill, on the Jack Oakie show, if you like an eye-full . . . Joe Metzger, of KNX, left there to go into the jewelry business in time to get a good buy on a solitaire for Natalie Cantor . . . Duane Thompson, the telephone girl on Hollywood Hotel, and William Johnson also have an appointment with a preacher . . . Milton Berle's forthcoming film will be "Everybody Sing," starring Tony Martin and Leah Ray . . . Fred MacMurray has recovered from a severe case of makeup poisoning . . . Gene Austin has dropped fifteen pounds for film work . . . Bernie drove Director Lanfield nuts on the "Wake Up and Live" set because the cast listened to Ben's Santa Anita tips more attentively than they listened to Lanfield's direction . . . The radio commentator who rapped Gladys Swarthout's performance in "Champagne Waltz" has been barred from Paramount previews . . . Al Jolson presented a jockey at Santa Anita with a Buick car because the boy's good ride won the mammy man a fat bet . . . Don't shoot crap with Clarence Muse, whose new automobile license is 77777 . . . Finis (Latin for "that's all").

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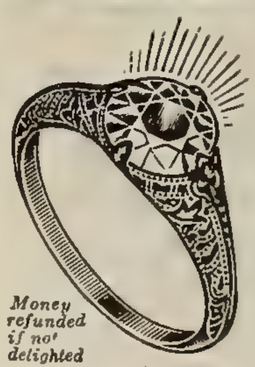

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YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded, or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

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Good Housekeeping Bureau

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That's why millions of people are using the new Blue-Jay double-action method. Pain stops instantly, by removing the pressure. Then the entire corn lifts out Root and All.

Get a package of Blue-Jay today. 25¢ for 6.

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK
SCIENTIFIC CORN PLASTERS

*A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

Hints for Menu House-cleaning

(*Continued from page* 54)

and again for other meals.

TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL

4 cups tomato juice
1 tsp. salt
1 tbl. minced onion.
4 cloves
1 bay leaf
1 tsp. vinegar
1 tsp. lemon juice

Combine all ingredients and simmer together for ten minutes. Strain and chill. If you like it the first time, vary it next time by using a tablespoon of minced celery tops in place of the cloves.

Aside from the delightful drinks you can make with them, tomato and pineapple juice impart new and delicious flavors to other foods—you'll never know how good that old favorite, liver and bacon, can be until you've soaked the liver in tomato juice (along with a clove of garlic, if you're a garlic fan) for half an hour before cooking. Vegetables cooked in half water and half pineapple juice tell a new story, canned celery juice gives new zest to soups and gravies, and so do a few drops of canned lime juice to the melted butter served with broccoli, cauliflower, asparagus and Brussels sprouts. You can even use canned onion and garlic juice which will assure piquant flavors without odorous hands or smarting eyes.

Three excellent menu spring cleaners—tomato timbale, tomato juice aspic jelly and cold pineapple soup—have canned juices for their basic ingredients.

TOMATO TIMBALE

2 cups tomato juice
1 small onion, minced
¾ cup fine bread crumbs
3 eggs
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
1 bay leaf
2 cloves
1 large celery stalk, minced

Simmer the tomato juice with the seasoning ingredients for five minutes. Strain and add the slightly beaten eggs and the crumbs. Pour into lightly buttered custard cups or into ring mold and bake in a moderate oven, the cups placed in a pan of water, until firm. Unmold and serve with white sauce to which one-fourth cup of sliced olives has been added for every cup of sauce.

TOMATO JUICE ASPIC SALAD

3 cups tomato juice
1 slice onion, minced
1 stalk celery, minced
½ green pepper, minced
1 tbl. parsley, minced
1 clove
1 tbl. sugar
1 pinch salt
1 envelope gelatin
½ cup cold water

Simmer tomato juice with seasonings for ten minutes. Strain. Soak gelatin in water for five minutes. Add gelatin to tomato juice and pour into individual molds or custard cups which have been rinsed in cold water. Allow to cool, then place in refrigerator until ready to serve. Serve on nests of lettuce leaves and top with mayonnaise.

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Special bargain. Silk Boucle (all colors). Worsteds, Shetlands, Velveens, etc. FREE— Sample cards, needles and knitting bag given with order. Mail orders promptly filled.. Write **F & K YARN CO., 85 Essex St., Dept. MC-6, New York, N. Y. (Est. 1916)**

$1.39 Lb.

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Think of the things *you* could do with $400!

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Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

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If a romantic story thrills you . . . if your heart beats faster when lovers embrace on the screen—give a thought to *your own* romance! For excited emotions stimulate perspiration glands, resulting in unpleasant body odor.

Are you sure your deodorant lasts through nerve tingling moments? DEW is the deodorant which stops perspiration *instantly* and *thoroughly* —and remains *effective* under all circumstances.

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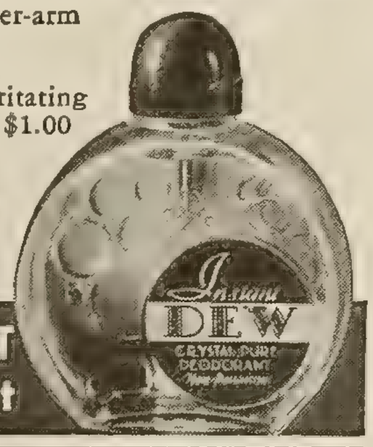
Safe and gentle. Non-irritating to delicate skin. 25c, 50c, $1.00 at drug and dept. stores.



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A NEW "GOLD-MINE" FOR AGENTS!

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The Empire Electric Co., Dept. M-6, Cincinnati, O.

Cold Pineapple Soup

2 cups water
½ cup sugar
½ lemon rind
1 pinch salt
4 tbl. tapioca
2 cups pineapple juice

Boil together water, salt, sugar and lemon rind. Remove rind, add tapioca and cook until clear. Stir in pineapple juice, remove mixture to glass or earthenware jar and allow to cool. Serve in soup plates or bouillon cups with a garnish of whipped cream topped with a cherry.

And now to move our spring cleaning activities from the menu department to the rest of the house. Does your house have that tired-after-a-hard-winter look? Are you getting a bit bored with your color scheme? Do laundering, mopping, polishing and dusting seem unending chores? Cheer up. Something can be done about all these things—easily and inexpensively, too.

Start with the windows. Just as some beauty experts consider the eyes the most important feature of the face, so do some decorators insist that windows are the most important features in a room. So if the eyes of your house, the windows, are not gay and sparkling as they should be, dress them up in new shades patterned in your favorite colors. It isn't an expensive job at all, for these attractive fiber shades may be purchased at your local five and ten cent store.

THEN consider the draperies. Heavy folds, elaborate valances and tiebacks are fine for winter but now, remember, you are letting in the spring, so substitute simple curtains which hang straight at the sides to frame the new blinds.

Next, what about lights? Good lighting is just as essential in summer as in winter, of course, so if you have moved the lamps along with the other furnishings—and what woman ever cleans house without rearranging all the furniture?—be sure that you are not cutting down on the supply of light needed. Check over the bulbs, getting new ones if the old ones are not giving sufficient light, and using different sized bulbs to create the desired effect. Put away ornate lampshades with the draperies until fall—they'll only get dusty in the summer with the windows wide open—and substitute simply patterned ones. By considering these three additions, blinds, curtains and lampshades, as a new color unit you can vary your color scheme without changing your basic color or furnishings.

There are other inexpensive ways of adding color to your surroundings in your spring renovating. Consider, for instance, those dark, coarse-woven table linens which are so smart now, and usually pretty costly. One of the leading paper manufacturers is now duplicating these in heavy, durable crepe paper in dark green, navy, dubonnet and brown. My favorite combination is brown cloth and napkins with white pottery dishes, but clear crystal or glass in a contrasting shade create an equally charming table, as will any patterned china used with a cloth of the same color as the predominant shade in the china design.

For a final touch, you can have these tablecloths and napkins monogrammed, though you will have to ask your local printer to do this for you.

If you prefer service mats instead of full tablecloths for summer, they also come in paper—fragile, lacy mats in white and pastel shades, an amusing one patterned with a map of the world, and

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This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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cross stitch mats in red and in blue, which look like the samplers your grandmother made on coarse linen. These mats also make attractive bureau scarves for summer use.

Now that the spring cleaning is done there is the problem of daily cleaning to be considered, so back again to the paper manufacturer for our final purchases—dust cloths, scouring cloths and a dust mop, all of specially treated paper. They not only take most of the pain out of cleaning but practically eliminate the cleaning equipment parking problem.

I have other fruit juice recipes which I am sure you will like—Southern jambolin, tomato bran muffins, basic recipes for simple fruit ice and mousse which can be made with any fruit juice, and pineapple griddle cakes. Also if you are unable to purchase the paper products mentioned in your local stores, I'll be glad to send you the manufacturers' names. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, RADIO MIRROR, *122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.*

Guide to the Coronation Broadcasts

(*Continued from page* 16)

London are at a premium. A view of the Coronation is only for the visitor who has money to spend lavishly. A seat in the best grandstand, opposite the entrance to Westminster Abbey, alone costs a quoted minimum of $94.50. At the prices you would actually have to pay to get one it would be twice or three times that amount.

Yet in your own home, without spending a cent, you are transported to every advantageous point along the streets the Coronation procession will pass through. You are even carried into Westminster Abbey itself, where none but a few important British subjects have the hereditary right to go.

Radio spares you all the discomforts of the crowded London streets. It brings you the whole panoramic picture of the Coronation, instead of the small section which is all that can be seen from even the most expensive grandstand seat.

You can sit back in your armchair and hear it all: the procession of the Royal Family through the Mall to Westminster Abbey, the booming of cannon, the clank of sabers, the call of trumpets; the solemn ceremony within the Abbey; the triumphant procession through the heart of London back to Buckingham Palace again; and finally the address of King George to his Empire.

The only price you pay is the setting of your alarm clock for an early hour on the morning of Wednesday, May 12—for Coronation Day will begin at 10:30 in London, and there is five hours' difference between England and the eastern United States.

American networks will go on the air at 5:15, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, on that momentous morning. Just remember—if your city is on Eastern Standard Time—the starting hour is sixty minutes earlier; if Central Standard Time, 3:15; Mountain Standard Time, 2:15; Pacific Standard Time, 1:15.

Here is how you can listen to the long broadcast, and get the most enjoyment and interest from it. On page 16 there are pictures of three important Coronation scenes—Buckingham Palace, the Horse Guards, and Hyde Park Corner,

Look Young Again!
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which is the very hub of London. There is also a map showing the route of the Coronation procession. Look at the map, study it, and as you listen, keep it by your radio where you can refer to it. The dotted line shows the route of the procession from Buckingham Palace to the Abbey, and the solid black line shows the route back to the Palace following the Coronation ceremonies.

At 5:30, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, the King and Queen will drive through the gate at the right of the picture on page 16. It will take them about three quarters of an hour to reach the Abbey.

At 6:15, the reading of the Rubrics, the ancient Coronation ritual, will begin outdoors before the grandstand in front of the Abbey. The procession will march into the Abbey, and from then on for the next two hours and forty-five minutes the radio audience will be privileged to hear the Coronation ceremonies while the vast throng in London streets must wait.

There will be no radio commentators within the Abbey, but microphones in strategic positions will carry to the listening world all of the ceremony with the exception of the Communion by the Archbishop of Canterbury. This will not be broadcast.

YOU will hear the words spoken as the glittering Crown of St. Edward is placed upon the new King's head. This crown is never worn in the open air, and when King George leaves the Abbey to ride through the streets in the golden coach of state with Queen Elizabeth at his side, he will be wearing the Imperial State Crown.

At nine o'clock, one of the most colorful features of the ceremonies will begin—the procession back through the winding London streets to Buckingham Palace. As you see by the map, the route makes a wide detour to go along the Embankment, past historic Trafalgar Square where Lord Nelson watches over the city he saved, through Pall Mall and St. James Street to busy Piccadilly Circus, then past the great shops of Regent and Oxford Streets to the Marble Arch of Hyde Park, famed vantage point of soap box orators, through Hyde Park itself to Hyde Park Corner, and finally down Constitution Hill where three attempts were made upon the life of Queen Victoria and one upon the life of King Edward.

All the pomp of Empire will be represented in the parade—the Horse Guards, the Coldstream Guards, troops from the Dominions across the seas. Microphones will be placed at all the important points along the line of march, to bring you every aspect of the spectacle.

It will be almost ten o'clock in New York when the King and Queen are back in the Palace. They will appear for a few minutes on the balcony to receive the homage of their subjects, and will then retire to rest.

Until three o'clock there will be further word-pictures of Coronation Day in London, drawn for you by announcers of the British Broadcasting Company as well as CBS and NBC men who have been sent to England for the event.

At three, the climax of the day will be reached with the address of the King to his Empire—the first time the new King's voice has ever been heard in this country.

The Coronation of England's King will then have gone down in history. In London the day will be long and weary for the crowds who line the streets, hoping to catch one glimpse of their ruler. But we, in our homes, will have seen it all, through the skill of trained announcers and the magic of radio.

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AT LAST! A NEW SHAMPOO FOR ALL BLONDES!
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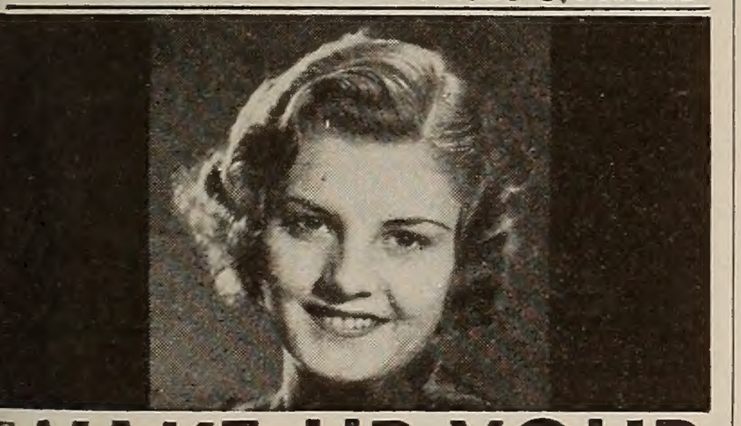

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How Hollywood Turned the Tables on Winchell

(*Continued from page 31*)

to either Hollywood or the movie cameras; for the last few years he has made a practice of spending several months in California, and he has made one or two short subjects. But a featured part in an important production was something else again. It meant he'd have to act!

Walter had watched enough amateur actors to know how ridiculous nine out of ten of them appear—and a man who earns a couple of thousand dollars a week for fifty-two weeks a year by taking pot-shots at the foibles of the great can't afford to be made to appear ridiculous himself.

"I can't risk it," he declared. "I couldn't afford to flop. It would ruin my reputation."

But when Hollywood makes up its mind to hire somebody it doesn't give up easily. The movie people kept raising the ante until finally they were offering Winchell $75,000, which isn't bad money for a beginner. Finally, more to end the matter than for any other reason, Winchell began to demand ridiculous conditions—that is, *he* thought they were ridiculous.

"Well," he pretended to waver, "if I could have a star's bungalow done in red plush and gilt, and tea every afternoon at four, and a private secretary, and top billing, and not have to use make-up, and if there were at least three places in the story where I'd get to punch Bernie in the nose . . . then, maybe—"

"Okay! Sign here," the 20th Century-Fox man said, taking all the conditions in his stride. And somehow or other, there the Winchell signature was, on the dotted line.

BUT Winchell didn't know, then, what he'd let himself in for.

The first disaster was the screen test they made of him a few days after he reported at the studio. Winchell took one look at the test as it was run off in a private projection room, and pulled an emphatic Garbo. "Ay tank ay go home," he declared. The worst of it was that even the most enthusiastic of the studio executives who had kept after him to sign the contract had to agree with him that the tests were far short of being even merely terrific. Bluntly, they were lou—well, bad.

A make-up artist was called in, despite the clause in the contract that Winchell need not use make-up. After seeing those tests, he *wanted* to. They did things to his eyes and nose and chin. They darkened his gray hair. They performed the familiar Hollywood miracle on the Winchell face, even if they didn't feel the Winchell ego.

Then came the first day of shooting. A horrible day. A fiendish day. Just ask Walter, and he'll tell you the same. For he had an advanced case of jitters. He was all nerves, and the camera was a demon. Out of consideration for him, Director Sidney Lanfield shot the opening scene of the picture first, a thing not often done in Hollywood. It was to show Winchell broadcasting, and all he had to do was exactly what he does every Sunday night. But it took two weeks to get that scene right!

What made it so much worse was that Bernie was there on the sound stage all the time leering, ready at every opportunity to let fly with some caustic jibe to further embarrass Winchell.

The Bernie-Winchell feud has gone on for five years now, and although it started

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as a joke and still continues as one, the funny thing is that it has crept into the lives of both the combatants. Neither of them is happy unless he can think up an insult to hurl at the other. It's a game, but it's an important game. Bernie and Winchell are like two old cronies who are eternally trying to lick each other at a game of chess. Each crack one of them can take at the other is like a point in his favor.

Watching Winchell squirm under the lights was a regular field day for Bernie. For the first time since they've been playing the game, he was top man, and no mistake about it. He thought he was safe, for after all, he'd made pictures before, he'd spent years in vaudeville and leading his band, and he knew how to handle himself in front of an audience.

When Winchell first walked onto the set, Director Lanfield took a critical squint at him, frowned, and complained that he didn't look like a newspaperman!

Bernie jumped at that one. "Well, why should he?" the Old Maestro asked. "He isn't." Fire glinted in the eyes of America's Number One columnist, but he choked back the devastating retort he might have made, while Lanfield showed him how a newspaperman should look. That is, of course, the Hollywood conception of a newspaperman. He removed Winchell's coat, pushed his hat to the back of his head, and loosened his tie. The immaculate Winchell, veteran columnist, then looked like a newspaperman.

Bernie chuckled gleefully as he watched his perspiring antagonist struggle with the scene. Winchell's opening speech consisted of sixty-seven words, the same sort of words he broadcasts every Sunday—but it took him one week to deliver them to Lanfield's satisfaction.

"If Winchell has a few more speeches in this picture, the cast is on a pension," Bernie murmured. That didn't improve Winchell's composure. He couldn't even think up answers, because he was too busy trying to conquer his camera fear. Lanfield finally spent hours making him go over the scene with the camera grinding—but with no film in it! That turned the trick. Gradually his fear was dispelled.

THE hardest thing for a novice to learn in pictures is to forget the camera," Lanfield explained, while Bernie nodded gravely at the word "novice" and tried to look like an old-timer.

But Winchell's turn came at last. The next scene was Bernie's. He was to be shown leading his band. Lanfield criticized the movement of his baton.

"But that's how I do it every night at the Cocoanut Grove," the chagrined maestro objected.

"Yah. That's why the dancers all look as if they're sleep-walking," Winchell said from the sidelines.

It made Walter feel better to get in a dig at his opponent and co-star, but from then on the battle waged continuously, with Winchell usually on the losing end. All the advantages, for once, were with Bernie.

Other members of the cast would egg the two on for their own amusement, and it reached the point where some of the more nimble-witted chorus girls made nice side money out of it.

"Say, Ben, Winchell just paid me a buck for a good crack at you," one would tell Bernie.

"Oh, well, I don't have to pay for my material," Bernie would counter. "But what was it? I'll give you another buck to tell me."

"Give me two, and I'll give you a crack that'll top it."

More often than not the deal would be consummated, and the cast would wait eagerly for the two purchased gags to be trotted out by the enemies.

Bernie, because of his experience in pictures, was given the liberty of changing lines and ad libbing, but Winchell had to stick to the script. In one night-club scene Ben grabbed a waiter and had him carry a bowl of scallions to Winchell's table. "Greetings to you—ah from me—ah!" he called across the dance floor. Lanfield liked the scene, but it took three days to get it right, because scallions make Winchell sneeze and the studio had to provide wax imitations before the filming could be done! Meanwhile, Bernie was in a seventh heaven because a scene he had originated was making Winchell uncomfortable.

AT another point, the direction called for Winchell to walk to the orchestra rostrum, stand before the microphone and hold up his hands.

"Winchell is holding up his hands to show you he has his knife in his back pocket," Bernie ad libbed.

Winchell's turn came again when the make-up man had to re-shape Bernie's ears and provide him with a toupe—even though Ben himself often jokes about his thinning thatch of hair. Time after time he muffed his lines because he had trouble keeping the toupee in place.

"But Bernie's used to having trouble with his head," Winchell consoled Lanfield.

Gradually the picture neared completion, and as it did so, Walter emerged triumphant from his amateur days. He turned into a trouper in front of Hollywood's eyes. And Hollywood discovered that it liked him—liked him for the dogged way he made mistakes and admitted them and tried again, for the modesty with which he accepted suggestions from other actors, and for his good-natured willingness to laugh when the joke was on him for a change.

Both Ben and Walter are thoroughly converted Hollywoodites now. In fact, on the last day of shooting, Ben announced that he had notified his band of its impending dismissal.

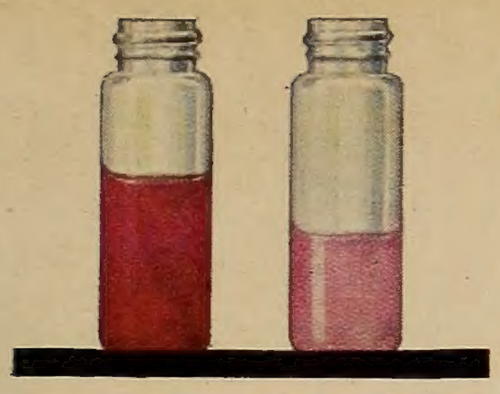
"Me for pictures and the radio from now on," the Old Maestro declared. "No more one-night stands. I want to be an actor."

"It would be a break for your public if you ever realized that ambition," Walter retorted. "Now as for me, well, I always suspected I was a ham but now I know it. Who would want to be a columnist when there was picture work to do? Say, if I could just stay out here, I'd die happy."

"Put that in writing and I'll buy you a house," Bernie called over his shoulder as he hurried off to figure out a possible winner in the third at the Santa Anita track.

But there was more than a trace of seriousness in Walter's words. Don't be surprised if, after the release of "Wake Up and Live," your daily gossip column emanates from the West Coast for at least a part of each year. Because Walter's had his initiation—and now he's a member of the Hollywood fraternity.

FREE! Another of your favorite theme songs in the July RADIO MIRROR



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